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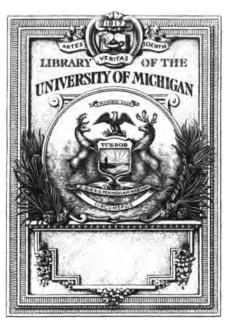
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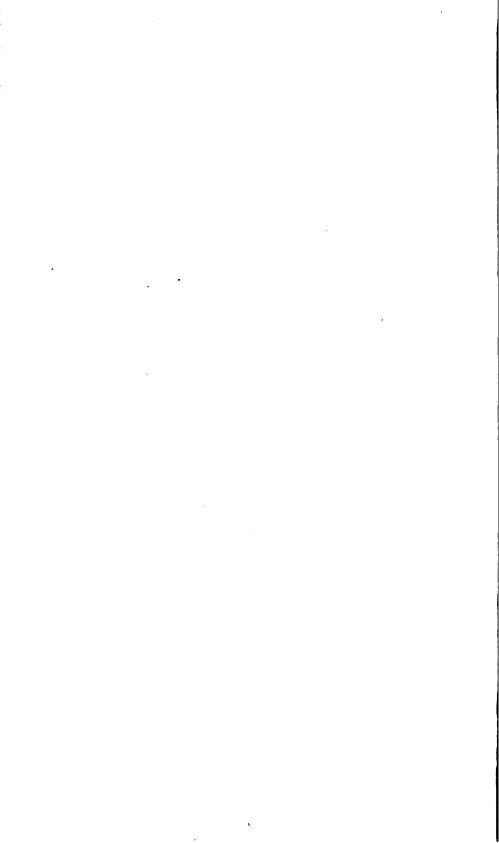
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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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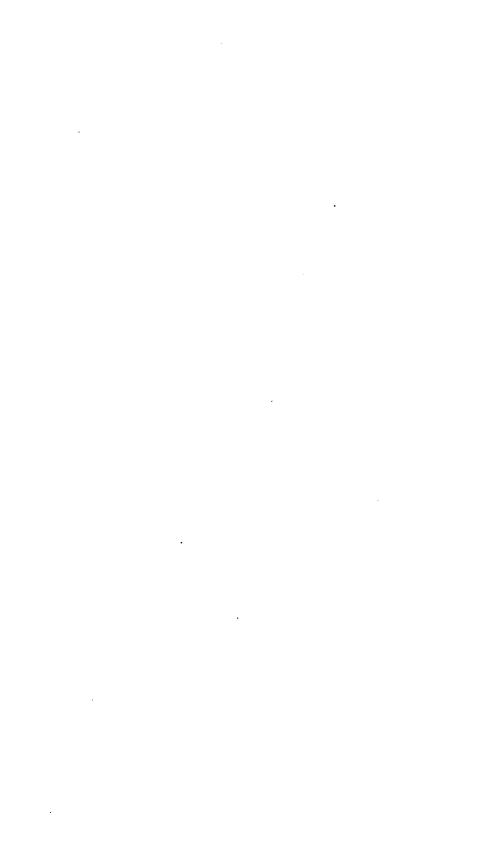
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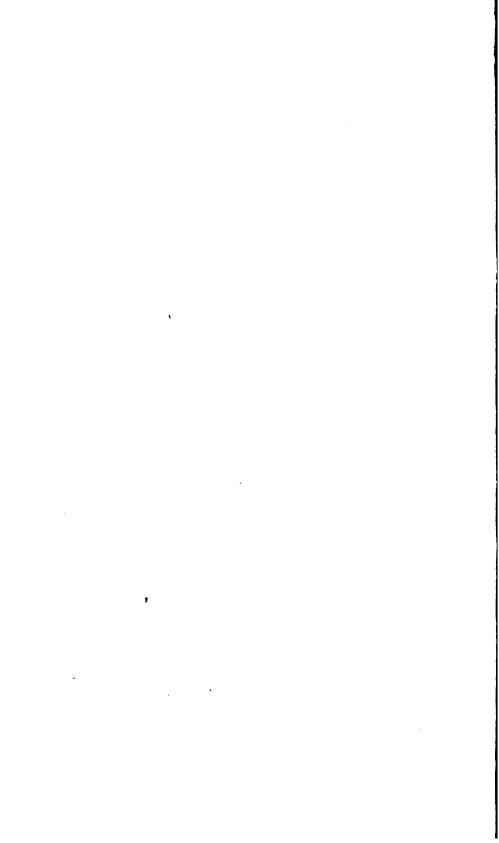
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THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of triffing importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

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All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

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No. 1.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '79.

LUCIEN F. BURPEE, HENRY S. GREEN, LOUIS J. SWINBURNE, AMBROSE TIGHE.

THE LAST YEAR.

GREAT deal of sentiment is commonly wasted on 1 the Senior year. In the eyes of underclass men, it has been whispered to us, Seniors are little gods who sit on a miniature Olympus, spend their days in contemplation of meerschaum bowls, and take their ease generally regardless of mankind. It is needless, perhaps, to refer also to the amazing misconception which somehow gains admission to the parental bosom, that one's last year is merely the last year of illusions, a dreamy paradise. Then there is the flattering notion so often tacitly held, so often hinted at, by one's lady friends, according to which we are reprobates of the first water, "horrid" materialists, tremendous miscellaneous flirts, or, at the best, Bohemians whose opinions are loose and whose habits of life are open to some question. Commencement speakers, too, have always something to say about the nature of the friendships which are formed here, the pleasant days, for the most part innocent, which are passed, the affection for Alma Mater, the tears of regret at parting, etc., etc.

Now we have nothing to say against all this. Doubtless a good deal of real honest sentiment—more than we know—gathers about the last year. Doubtless, too, it is good that it is so. But in looking so much on the sentimental side, there is some danger in losing sight of the serious, sober side of Senior year. It is a great mistake to suppose that the greater part of Senior year consists in smoking, drinking beer, jigging at Germans, living at one's ease and breaking hearts, as the song goes. There is in it, in other words, something more than frivolity, misspent time and thoughtless leisure.

It can never be too often repeated that, all other things being equal, men in a class who reach Senior year are the best and most solid men. The law of the survival of the fittest works nowhere with such beautiful openness and precision as it does in the history of college classes. Look back to your Freshman year. Recall all the irregular geniuses, the "fast" men, the glorious bummers, who used to sit on the same bench with you in recitation, and who perhaps coruscated even through to Sophomore year. Where be they now? Where be their gibes, their merry pranks, their flashes of merriment? Let us look at the matter in a more serious light.

It is in his last year a man begins to understand better the value of the opportunities for knowledge and discipline he has been enjoying. The study of Political Economy opens his eyes to the immense superiority which is given the educated over the ignorant man in the start of life; it acquaints him with the market estimate of ability and actual knowledge. If he has failed, in spite of the resources at his command, to cultivate this talent or that, or neglected the principles and facts of a science that would be of direct and incalculable service to him, he has a mortifying consciousness that a corresponding advantage has been lost by him in the common race of life. But beyond the economic importance of the knowledge he has been acquiring, there is another light in which the subject is likely to present itself to his mind. In contemplating the complex society of which he is soon to become a member, it must inevitably force itself on his attention that a high social estimate is placed upon culture, intellectual gifts, knowledge; that the man who possesses these, other things being equal, will occupy a high position in the social plane, will be sought after, will, in short, come to have social importance.

A consideration of this question irresistibly suggests another of kindred nature. After testing his ability and knowledge, the next inquiry a merchant puts to a young man or his introducers, concerns his moral character. The same is true in the professions, though perhaps not to the same extent. Society, too, it may be, is at bottom less strict than either on this point, because the morality of society is mostly on the surface. But perhaps especially for that reason it censures, all the more, gross and palpable vices with a wonderful show of indignation. There is nothing which so impresses the youthful mind as the immense external respectability of society. The college man, nourished in a freer atmosphere, reared by the fluctuating standards of college morality, in going into the world meets with a new order of things and begins to feel restrictions and conventionalities of a quite different kind, the violation of which has penalties equally new and ingenious to him. These are facts which the man in his last year cannot fail to see. It is quite clear he sees them plainly. It makes him serious. What is more to the purpose, it produces a practical result; for you will observe men—we do not ask whether from a moral impulse or not—gradually abandoning courses which they once practiced. This is the natural result, too, consequent on an expected change of life, pursuits, and It is only sensible conformity to a set of forces, silent now, but which they know to be elsewhere constantly at work and would learn to obey in anticipation.

Questions arise in the last year which have previously received only a passing attention, as for instance, choice of profession, of pursuit. A large number of men are asking themselves, "What am I going to do? What can I do? What are my chances in law, medicine, the ministry, journalism, civil engineering, or business?" The inquiry presents itself always with serious and practical insistance, sometimes with pressing need for immediate answer, it being with some a matter of bread and butter.

This at once reveals an aspect of life which in most cases can hardly be called familiar. Even if familiar more or less, it is one which many have been quite content to forget or have deliberately set aside for the time being, during the quiet years when it did not conspicuously thrust itself upon their notice. But it is impossible long to avoid the serious questions which thus make themselves known. We do not pretend to be able to answer them. The shaping of one's destiny is a matter which is left in each one's own hands. We mention the fact only to indicate the effect which it has on the last year to render men more thoughtful and provident as the pressure becomes greater. Unquestionably, what is often mistaken in upperclass men for absurd affectation of dignity and aping of man's estate, is really but an added sense of the seriousness of life and their relations to it, exhibiting itself perhaps a little too frowardly in their manner.

On account of the agitation of questions like these, the last year has a wonderful awakening and refreshing power. University life, even in America, where its aims are necessarily, from the conditions of our society, so practical and immediate, runs in grooves. There is a certain routine in the pursuits, even in the thought, which gets to be indescribably tiresome; one's course is mapped out for him; there is no unexpected country for adventure, no illimitable field for the fancy to sport in, no surprises, no change of considerable moment. The plane of life is generally as smooth and unbroken as the surface of a lake in summer. It is only as the time for the great event, the debût in May Fair, approaches, that any disturbing elements show themselves. Then, indeed, the fresh, crisp breezes of the outer world's varied and intense activities blow in upon the calm life of books. There is at once an accession of desire, of anxiety, of new hope and new apprehension, of energy, of novelty, of commotion of some kind or another. And this after all is just what constitutes one of the chief charms of the last year, this approximation and commingling of the confines of two worlds. In the one there is an experience which

has been lived out; it is known, definite. In the other there is a something vague, a hope, a dream, possibilities to contemplate. One listens to the roar and tumult, and says to himself, "It is very grand and brilliant; I feel young and strong; let me plunge into it; I want to breast 'the sea of troubles,' and become famous." Another, loving the tranquil life of books and leisure, stands, like a hesitating diver, scared by the mere noise of the angry waves. Whichever way it be regarded, there is the same unaccountable fascination in the thought of the transition.

It must be acknowledged, however, that, in spite of all this, Senior year is on the whole the pleasantest of our college years. If the actual college life has not the same rich flavor, the bouquet, of the first days and the first experiences, and certain things no longer penetrate one with so fresh a sense of novelty, what is more than an offset to this, one has a certain amount of leisure at his disposal. There are cynics, of course, who deride this notion, but there is a sober, intelligent set of men in every class who quietly accept the fact, employ the leisure, and reap its various advantages and delights. For the first time in the course a man has offered to him more or less opportunities for the pursuit of some object or plan which has long been in his thought—a margin of leisure for both physical and mental enjoyments. Here is one who in Junior year became interested in biology or botany, but had no time then to give to them; now the long hours of most of the afternoons may be devoted to his microscope or to rambles in the fields. is another filling up leisure time with the reading which, before coming to college perhaps, he had promised himself the pleasure of accomplishing, though the chance had failed to offer itself before. In saying this, it is not necessary to shut our eyes to the fact that there is another and more numerous class who, laughing at a picture of the last year so fanciful and visionary, have no other idea of leisure than that of its being so many idle divisions of the clock in which to gad about and bore other people who differ in their notion of its meaning. But to some, at least, the having a definite pursuit, the being able to follow one's own bent, this is another of the satisfactions, which the last year affords.

At the same time, while it is the most agreeable, the last vear is full of inevitable sadness. Are not the months of the year a succession of farewells? Habit is too strong for us; a fondness for associations in which some of one's best life has been passed is the natural law of human nature. We do not need to create a medium of false sentiment to perceive this. There are the farewells too, following one another in strict sequence, to lost illusions in aims and enjoyments. The ambitions just and fine with which one came to college, one by one, with the majority of men, have to be given up. The latter days are inexorable in their frankness: one dares to be more honest with himself than he has been before, for the margin of trial is rapidly diminishing and the old confidence growing smaller and smaller; other ambitions spring up to take their place, ambitions of a larger growth for a larger sphere, slender at first and hardly syllabled to oneself in their completeness. But the sense of failure in the old essays still remains, reproaching quite enough without any coddling of useless regrets. enjoyments, also, acquire a melancholy charm, historic for the most part, for they are resorted to only at intervals. You who sit in your study by the light of the faithful lamp, confess, is it not sad, on one of these magnificent, luminous Fall nights to listen to a band of Sophomores come strolling into the campus quadrangle singing the same worn, dear old songs you used to sing - songs which seem your own by the right inalienable of association? But you could not sing them again in exactly the same way, and with the same glow of tranquil pleasure. It seems to you they are not the same songs. They sing them badly! And you! three years ago! Ah well, let us say no more about it. The only thing left to do, is to try to renew impressions, reproduce as perfectly as possible the old sensations. But this at best is a melancholy pastime, and there remains the consciousness of disillusionment.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

RABID, not-to-be-conciliated anti-railroad man. Does the expression convey any meaning to your mind? Let me go further. A partisan, only too ready to die shouting, "Down with monopolies," or enthusiastic enough to go to England and cultivate Mr. Ruskin's acquaintance—for is it not one of the cardinal points of the creed of his St. George's Society to shun railroads and cultivate the stage coach? Any one or all of these is what I grew to be during the quiet summer just gone. And how? On this wise. When first the burning sun began to beat on the city house-tops, at once \bar{I} was worsted, and girding my loins, fled to the mountains. Till that time it had never occurred to me that steam engines and rapid transit were anything but altogether lovely. Were they not the boast of this enlightened age of ours, this glorious nineteenth century? One day's experience made me a skeptic, and a month's, a confirmed and polemical disbeliever. Our first stopping place in New Hampshire was Centre Harbor, where we spent a quiet Sunday. Whatever the attractions of the lake with the three hundred and sixty-five islands, and it has many, its most enthusiastic admirer would hesitate to claim for it a cool and bracing atmosphere. At all events while we were there, it was wofully warm, and I, as languid and as stupid as when wrestling with the city's sun. Oh for a gasp of mountain air! And so, as we were consulting our own pleasure only, we fled again, leaving Red Hill unclimbed, this time on top of a great lumbering stage coach, for the Profile House, thirty miles away. How sleepy and wretched I felt as I took my seat away up in the air amidst those towering pyramids of baggage. To breathe more than exhausted my small stock of animation. An hour in a railroad train would have meant aches and pains unendurable. A minute we wait. Then all is ready, the driver seizes his reins, cracks his whip, quickly the leaders are let go—and we are off amid the cheers of

the crowd. I sneered. What were they cheering about? What did I care whether we were off or standing still? Altogether I did not see anything so very wonderful. So I yawned sleepily and as sleepily inquired how long before we would reach our destination. When the answer came. "Five hours," I yawned again. But away we go none the less through the bright and smiling country, galloping here and galloping there, with the whip cracking merrily, up hill and down hill, till at the end of ten miles we pull up at our first stopping point, with horses foaming and panting, only to start again all afresh a minute after. And now the pure mountain air rushing in gusts into my face by reason of our fast driving, and sucking down my lungs like an improved Doctor Ox machine, began to have its inevitable effect. I began to move restlessly here and there, as far as the limited room at my disposal would permit. I threw my arms about most recklessly. wanted to talk. And talk I did, in true stage coach fashion, to everybody about me, whether or not I had ever seen them before. The further we went, the more my spirits rose. I leaned away out over the side and made the acquaintance of an inside passenger. I really believe that I could have sung—but I restrained myself. make a homely comparison, I felt very much the way I imagine a dog must when from mere exuberance of animal nature he scampers aimlessly and madly up and down a dusty road. Or to try again and put it more plainly vet, I was simply drunk with too much oxygen. And when at last we hove in sight of the Old Man of the Mountain, in parliamentary style I moved that henceforth we, as a party, should shun the railroads. And a vote being taken, there was not a dissenting voice.

And so it came to pass that all our journey through, we coached where we could, walked where we could not coach, and resorted to rapid transit and the steam engine only where we must. Thus also I became the rabid, not-to-be-conciliated anti-railroad man that I am. If I were rich, I would run a coach line through the White Mountains, and never tire of the cry of Tally Ho as we gal-

loped over the hills day after day. Alas for the blindness of those who will not see! What has the rattling, deafening, dust-begrimming, dangerous, unsociable railroad car, with its foul air and jolting gait, got to offer in competition with the stage coach? Hurrah again for Ruskin and his St. George's Society! What so sociable as a party on the top of a stage coach! What pleasant people you meet there, sweet young girls; jolly college boys, hearty and talkative; garrulous old men and women seeking a new lease of life up here in this region where the boys live to be a hundred years old and the old men never die! What else can you do but learn to know them as you go hurrying along by their side? You have read up the Guide Book and know things about the country of which they are ignorant, and do you not have to tell them? Or when perchance you dodge together some great tree branch protruding into the road, only to knock your heads against one another underneath, how can you help laughing and becoming acquainted? When, pray, were Verdant Green and his party ever so jolly as when under the guidance of Four-in-hand Fosbrooke? And then, too, the mountain air makes everybody sociable and everything seem joyous and agreeable. What glorious fun it seems when the coach stops for the young natives with trembling frame to offer for sale their hard cider and maple sugar, in that mountain dialect which knows no long vowels, and the plethoric traveler laughingly squanders his income on them! Or who could ever forget when he has once tasted it, that milk punch, "the best in the world," or that famous lemonade at the half-way house, where the coaches stop between Lake George and Glens Falls?

It makes me sad to think that the days of coaching in the White Mountains are numbered. A railroad here and a railroad there kills off now this and now that route. Bethlehem and the Profile House are to be connected by steam as the next project, and when this is accomplished, the stage coach's last stronghold, the Franconia Valley,

must succumb. At the Crawford House there now remain only the little tin signs on the porch pillars to remind one of the days that have passed. Once upon a time it was the fashion to drive decently down the Crawford Notch and enjoy at your leisure good air and the beauties of nature. This year I followed the crowd, and thundered along over the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, in the so-called observation train. Observation, forsooth! Why observation? It must be on the lucus a non lucendo plan, I imagine, for the only difference which I was able to discover between an observation car and an ordinary car was this, that while in the latter you keep the windows shut and your eyes open, in the other, windows there are none, and your only chance of escaping a shower of burning cinders is to close your eyes. When it came time to go up Mount Washington, we eschewed Jacob's Ladder and walked by the bridle path from the Crawford House, and though wiseacres warned us and though the fog was well nigh impenetrable for the first hour, we kept on to be rewarded in the end by as clear a day as could be desired. And the next morning at sunrise we had actually the finest view of the season. everyone has heard of that notice posted in the Tip-Top House, which forbids guests making use of the bed blankets when going out to see the sun rise. What a sight it must have been when the custom which made that injunction a necessity, was still in vogue, to watch the morning procession of sight-seers clad in their yellow toga-like wrappings! But when we went forth at early dawn, though we were blanketless, we could easily enough see as far as Mount Mansfield and the Camel's Hump away over in Vermont. What else was in sight I need not say. I do not believe that I know. I for my part never care to know the names of the points in a landscape. whole thing is grand and beautiful is enough for me. But I cannot help gently remarking that Kearsarge loomed up in the distance, just to get an opportunity to express my contempt for the intellectual convolutions of the author in the July Contributors' Club, which evolved

Currier Sargent, some unknown and undefined trapper, as the source from which the name of that grand old mountain has been derived. Surely he must have been reading Blackmore's Erema, and become infatuated with the etymological theories of Betsey, who held that neuralgia was derived from new and rager, and that diphtheria was a corruption of "differeria," being so-called because it differed so much from all other complaints.

MATINS.

Oh, cheerily sings the dawn!

Ere the hours be born,

And the moments die;

Ere the noon be high,

And the echoes gone,—

Sing merrily soul o' the morn.

Ah! Lily, thy song is the morning:

But the glittering birth distrust;

For the shrine of thy love,

In the purple grove,

Shall waver and kiss the dust.

The sea has the flush of the morning!

Yet the noon and the night shall be;

When the crimson streak,

On the ocean's cheek,

Will be lost in eternity.

Merrily, cheerily sings the morn.

Though the voice is now,
And the voice is dead;
Though the soul is low,
And the echo fled,—
Cheerily, merrily sang the dawn!

w. H. H.

A NEW REPUBLIC, OR ROBIN HOOD OF THE 'RONDACKS.

"Lithe and lysten, gentlemen,
That be of freebore blode;
I shall you tell of a good yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode."

THUS sang some gay minstrel of the thirteenth century, as the "sack" circulated about the board and the yew-logs crackled in the center of the vast chimneyplace; thus sang the minstrel to the men of old England. the men under the heel of fatted bishops and rapacious earls; bishops who fleeced the people, and earls who held their lives in the balance. We doubt not the beer tankards rapped the table long and loudly after every feat that ended in the discomfiture of the king's servants, and no doubt every knight wished he had a forest where he might play the communist in a royal way. In fact, as I read the old ballad, the days of Henry the III. and of Queen Victoria became confused; my book fell from my hand, my head rested back on the cushion, and my thoughts carried me away-far away to the North Woods. I left the rattling, crowding world where men are such sophists that we must study Paley, Sir William Hamilton, and the subtleties of metaphysics in order to think and know our own thoughts; where men are so rapacious that we must foil them by studying Kent and Blackstone three years; where our whole life is reading a book, and our whole ambition is to read more than our predecessor. Is it strange that my spirit carried me among lakes, the mountains and the fragrant balsams of the virgin forest? the old song has it:

> "When he came to grene wode, In a merry mornynge There he herde the note smalls Of byrdes mery syngynge."

In my dream I was transported to a beautiful spot on the borders of a crystal lake, which the spirits told me was Camp Pine Not. I was not long in perceiving the peculiar appropriateness of this title. The spirit of the chief, whose head was bound in a bright blue scarf and from whose shoulders flowed a long scarlet cloak, pervaded his fellows, for:

"Robin was a proude outlawe
Whiles he walked on Grounde
So curteyse an outlaw as he was one
Was never none yfounde."

In my dream I met a noble company of men and maidens; all appeared to have had spiritual experiences which drew them from vulgar resorts and commonplace topics. They all agreed on only one point, and that was that *their* idea of life was correct, and that they were to submit to the judgment of their chief the best plan of a social state that could possibly be devised. All had thought on life, few had tested their conclusions. To me they appeared like the student at college, who bandies with the destiny of worlds while reading a composition before one of the divisions of the rhetoric class. However:

"Make glad chere, sayd Robyn Hode, Sheryfe, for charyte, For this is our order I wys, Under the grene wood tre."

And they fetched all manner of *chere*; for this was the great day when the destiny of the *new Republic* was to be decided by an archery match.

"What is the wager, said the Queen, That must I now know here? Three hundred tun of Renish wine, Three hundred tun of beer."

On hearing this, the Yale delegate became jubilant, but was quickly taken to task for "giving himself away," by the body guard of Robin Hood, each of whom carried a sword in the shape of a pine-knot, and had in addition this

emblem tattooed upon their arms. The match takes place, and Robin wins—naturally, for:

"Whan they had shot aboute
These archours fayre and good,
Evermore was the best,
Forsooth, Robyn Hode."

So Robin wins, and tells his plan to all his listening company.

"Ther of no fors, sayd Robyn,
We shall do well ynough;
But loke ye do no housbonde harme
That tylleth with his plough."

Upon this text he preaches his sermon of directions and laws. Every person should evolve his peculiar happiness out of his own inner consciousness. Every person shall do as he pleases, provided he does whatever every body else pleases; moral sermons and homiletics in general shall be preached only by the fairest of the maidens, and then in the spirit of brotherly—or sisterly—affection; penance for violation of law shall consist in rowing a maiden fifteen to twenty miles, and receiving a moral lecture "en route." The rest of the laws I have forgotten. To be brief, I became a rabid communist. I was in "durance vile" all the time, and served very cheerfully, in rowing maidens to and fro among the beautiful islands of a crystal lake. I was found however entirely too advanced in my communistic notions for some of the more conventional of the fraternity, and one fine morning I woke and found myself on the floor, with a banjo and a load of books on top of me. I damn my chum for playing a low trick upon me, and crawl to bed with my head full of Robin Hood, communism, and next morning's Political Economy-never more to build new Republics-but let Tacitus write my epilogue: "Sciant, quibus moris, illicita mirari, posse etiam sub malis Principibus magnos viros esse: obsequiumque ac modestiam, si industria ac vigor adsint eo laudis excedere, quo plerique per abrupta, sed in nullum Reipublicae usum, ambitiosa morte inclaruerunt."

THREE SONGS.

EDITH.

A FRAGMENT.

If thou smil'st, thou art more pleasing Than the calm of summer night; But when coy and wilful-teasing Harsher than the first frost's blight. When thou coldly sweepest past me, Storm and hail and winter wind Are less cutting and unkind Than the look which thou dost cast me.

If I snatch a chance to kiss thee And to whisper 'Je l' adore, Wilt again in wrath dismiss me, Pout thy lip and cry—"No more!" Dark eyed Edith, clear souled Edith Give me love, not cruel care; Quick! Thy heart! for who receiveth Loveth thee beyond despair.

HEUTE ROTH, MORGEN TODT.

"Why ride so late, O young lord-knight With bloody spur and glove on helm? Why ride so fast with hot speed dight, As if for life and king and realm?

Swift, dark, and rising is the stream,
Toilsome and steep the mountain pass;
Then tarry, sir knight, as doth beseem
And quaff with me a friendly glass."

- "Good host I may not heed thy hest,
 For love and duty fast I ride;
 The Maid of Bruges, by foes distressed,
 Hath called me champion to her side."
- "The Maid of Bruges, doth cry thee speed?
 The Maid of Bruges?" he slowly said;
 "Then doff thy helm and stall thy steed—
 Thy love, the Maid of Bruges, lies dead."

DELIA.

Why should I gaze on rubies rich and rare, Or bright camelias tipped with morning dew? For these, her lips excel beyond compare.

Why should I linger o'er the budding rose, Steal from the dying sun his faint last blush? When on her cheek a lovelier crimson glows.

Why should I sigh for soft Italian skies, Or showers that twinkle 'neath the dying moon? For these, and more, I see within her eyes.

Why should I love the lowly russet moss
Or trailing fern leaves tipped with golden brown?
When every wandering breeze doth kiss and toss
The nut-brown hair which gleams her beauty's crown.

L. D. S.

BITS OF CHINESE SONG.

II.

THE quick fancy, the vivid imagination of the Chinese has presidented nese has provided them with a vast variety of ballads, legends, folk lore, long since become popular throughout the Middle Kingdom, in the same manner as have the stories of Romulus, Lancelot, or Robin Hood, that are still remembered and recited in European countries. Under the title of "The Butterfly's Dream," an oft-repeated ballad, after the fashion of "The Nut Brown Maid," but totally different in its denouement, is told a tale of the philosopher Chuang and his process of testing his young wife. The original Chinese conveys into the song a grim humor that does not fail to express in an exceedingly forcible style their appreciation of the frailty of women. The plot is briefly this: Chuang one morning happens into a wayside burial ground, and as he is seating himself for a moment's thought in this quiet place, he is disturbed by sounds of grief. Turning, he finds a young woman clad in deep mourning busily fanning a

grave. Astonished enough at this queer scene of woe, and moved as well by a lively curiosity, he goes towards her and asks in tones as pleasant as possible the reason of such a strange practice.

"So she answers demurely: 'Listen, sir, if you please,
And I'll tell you the reason I'm fanning this grave.
My husband, alas! whom I now (sob, sob) mourn,
A short time since (sob) to his grave (sob) was borne;
And (sob) he lies buried in this (sob, sob) grave.'
(Here she bitterly wept), 'Ere my (sob) husband died,
He called me (sob) once more (sob, sob) to his side,
And grasping my (sob),—with his dying lips said,
'When I'm gone (sob, sob) promise (sob) never to wed,
Till the mould is (sob) dry on the top of my grave.'"

This she faithfully promised, but temptation is too strong; before nature has had a fair chance she is at work with her fan trying to help the sod to dry. The good-natured philosopher smilingly takes her fan, and by help of his magic—for he has no mean pretensions to necromancy soon dries the grave and the poor widow's tears at the same time. The sequel is still more entertaining, for Chuang goes home and tells his wife of the adventure, which she no sooner hears than she breaks out into the loudest protestations of her disgust at the young woman's conduct, and swears that such a deed could never be told of her. Chuang, however, has in his head a plan of testing her devotion; he falls sick and soon dies, but before gasping out his last, reminds her of her vows to him and urges her to faithfulness. Again her mingled oaths and prayers are loud and frequent—so earnest, indeed, that the husband dies with them dinning in his ears. Now our sorcerer applies his art, turns his spirit into the body of a fine young man, and presents himself to the afflicted widow as she is mourning over the coffin of her departed spouse. The effect of his entrance and her gradual steps from coyly looking up, then admiring, then entertaining. then loving, then marrying this new-found lover, all while her former partner is lying in the same house, is very neatly told in the satirical ballad before me; however,

tempting as it is, I must not quote, but hurry on to the finale. Soon after this masterly stroke of making his widow his bride has been well accomplished, Chaung, in his new form, falls again into a frightful illness, makes his wife quite wild with terror, laments his probable end, but states one cure, which is, of course, impossible, viz: the brains of a living man or of one recently dead. The widow's mind is soon made up:

- "A capital plan! why the remedy named Is a trifle!" she said with a laugh:
- "You shall have old Chuang's brains; I know they're not stale; He's been dead but a day and a half!"

So with a chopper she opens the coffin—

"But, oh! what mortal pen could paint her horror and her dread;
A voice within exclaimed, 'Hollo!' and Chaung popped up his head!"

The end is soon reached; Chaung's enquiries she answers by a series of artful lies, but he very speedily stops her expressions of joy at his recovery by the overwhelming news:

"To test your faithfulness to me I've been merely shamming dead, I'm the youth you just now married—my widow I've just wed!"

The moral of this ballad is proportionate to the temper as well as the length of the tale, while the lesson is almost fiercely driven home. It concludes:—

"Do your best—but avoid supercilious pride,
For you never can tell what you'll do till you've tried:
And you might do a worse thing than fanning a grave."

Some of these romances and songs of the Chinese date their origin so far back in the ages that it certainly surprises one to consider their duration; still they are always fresh and beautiful. Perhaps the most famous of romantic tales is that of Yang Kwei-fe, fairest of the fair, who was loved, was worshiped by the Emperor Ming-kwang—Li Tai-peh's "Son of Heaven," mentioned in another paper. Rare in history or fiction is an instance of so pure a love, so perfect a devotion.

"Side-by-side with Yang Kwei-fe
Listening to the play of fountains—
Climbing up the mimic mountains—
Through romantic scenery,
Of hill and lake, rock, dell and tree."

So their time was spent; the lovers were constantly together. Finally the people, exasperated by neglect and imposition, while the government ran riot, demanded the death of the favorite. This damsel was undeniably luxurious, one of her whims exacting every day a fresh supply of southern fruits. Since the fruit had to be brought a distance of more than eight hundred miles, her fondness was the cause of immense suffering and injustice to the poor people. The messengers carrying the supply presuming, in virtue of her distinction, to all manner of violence and wrong; the Emperor's concubine, so rumor at last said, was caught intriguing with a noble who raised the banner of rebellion, in hopes of afterwards obtaining her. However this may be, the Emperor gathered a large army, and, thinking to convince all of her innocence, made Yang Kwei-fe accompany him. was too much, even for despotism. The army stopped when near the enemy, mutinied, and called for the life of the woman who had brought upon the country widespread woe. Some accounts add that the favorite was murdered by the soldiers, others that she courageously killed herself; she perished then and there, nevertheless. leaving in her life and death a halo of romance and beauty well nigh inexhaustible to the poetic fancy—a Sappho, a Cleopatra, the most beautiful woman that ever lived. Besides being mentioned or referred to in every properly constituted love song for a thousand years or more, she is especially praised and honored in a collection of some fifty poems or plays written by Li Tai-peh and a number of noted versifiers. This, for instance, is from a native anacreontic too long to be quoted entire, but filled throughout with intensest passion. It is considerably later, however, than Li Tai-peh.

"Beautiful was Yang Kwei-fe:
Eyebrows shaped like leaves of willows,
Drooping over 'autumn billows;'
Almond-shaped, of liquid brightness
Were the eyes of Yang Kwei-fe;
Now half-closed, now twinkling slily,
Peeping from their corners shyly
Drooping coyly, archly glancing,
Gleaming, flashing, beaming, dancing,
Who had brighter eyes than she?

At one moment with tears her bright eyes would be swimming, The next, with mischief and fun they'd be brimming.

> Bashfully, swimmingly, pleadingly, scoffingly, Temptingly, languidly, lovingly, laughingly; Witchingly, rougishly, playfully, naughtily, Wilfully, waywardly, meltingly, haughtily Gleamed the eyes of Yang Kwei-fe.

Beautiful was Yang Kwei-fe:
Lips more crimson than the cherry,
Pouting, sulking, laughing, merry:
Seem to murmur, 'We are luscious—
Come and with your own lips brush us,
Taste us, kiss us, press us, crush us!
We will teach you what true bliss is!
Feed you on delicious kisses.
In these ruby lips of ours,
Lurk the sweets of choicest flowers;
We possess the power of giving
Life to lifeless, bliss to living!'

When she smiled, her lips unclosing,
Rows of pearly teeth disclosing
Cheeks of alabaster, showing
The warm red blood beneath them glowing—
Peaches longing to be bitten—
First dew-moistened—then sun-smitten.
Four lines, Li-tai-pai has written,
In more expressive words convey
What others might in vain essay:—

"Oh! for those blushing dimpled cheeks,
That match the rose in hue!
If one were kissed—the other speaks
By blushes—'kiss me too!""

That she should have been so detested while alive, and lauded and worshiped after death seems, in part, as marvelous as the strange history of her career. Sympathy for her unhappy fate, following close upon the rush of anger for her sins, may account for this sentiment among the people. To add to the mystery of her death—which is involved in great doubt—she is fabled to have become a fairy and disappeared, body and all, after burial. In reference to this last superstition, I may add here that Chinese poetry is bountifully supplied with mythological aids, as well as with magic and legend. Hills, valleys, woods, fountains, rocks—all have their presiding spirit; they sing besides of such fine characters as Hwuy loo, "the monarch of fire," Luy koong, "the thunder god," the god of war, of music, of writing, the spirit of the autumnal wave, and others without end. Yueh laou, "the old man of the moon," is a divinity deserving of no small notice. It is his business to tie together at their birth, with an invisible silken cord, all youths and maidens predestined for each other; after which, come what may, nothing can prevent their union. In addition to fancies of this sort, the muse may call upon a race of fairies or sprites who do all manner of fantastic deeds—after the manner of more Christian fairies. fucius unhappily neither sanctioned the belief in these beings nor did he expressly deny the same, leaving the Chinese of following generations in a whirl of doubt as to the proper line of conduct in regard to them. If we ask one now whether or not he acknowledges the power of elfs, his answer is sure to be quite unsatisfactory.

These are a few of the sources from which a great nation, until of late scarcely known to us even by reputation, have for centuries drawn their song. That we are upon the threshold of a complete knowledge of their literature, is proved by the constant acquisitions made by foreign students, in their researches into this branch. The reflection that we know so little of their rich field of learning is more than aggravating, when we judge from some of the known compositions, how many and entertaining must be the volumes that no savant has yet had

the opportunity of examining. The notion is preposterous that I have in this cramped note done justice to even that small part of Chinese song which has been placed before outsiders; but time and the long explanations required for each phase of their verse—sometimes each simile—renders it impossible to do more than indicate that, after all, the celestial has other accomplishments than

"Ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

I seem to have made selections enough showing the warm admiration and appreciation of woman common among the Chinese—still for another specimen of their love sonnet I cannot refrain from giving this, teeming with sentiment and fancy:

"How shall beauty be portrayed?
Paint the spring-time's lovliest maid,
On her cheeks shall beauty's power
Smile as smiles the almond flower;
And the crimson of her lips
Shall the peach bloom's hue eclipse;
While her waist is slim and slight
As the willow leaflet light;
As the autumn sunbeam flies
O'er the ripples, so her eyes;
And her footsteps seem as fair
As the water-lilies are!"

A favorite parting song between husband and spouse is not entirely out of the way in conclusion.

"Long years flown past—and thou away;
Yet joined at last, thou wilt not stay!
What though we swear to meet again,
Will not the promise be in vain?
For age comes on,
Youth soon is gone.
Vanish fast after the rain
Shadows of the passing cloud;
Fallen leaves can ne'er regain
Their bough, stripped in tempest loud;
So will this parting be
Long as eternity!"

A SERENADE.

Weird, ghostly gloom shrouds earth in its embrace, And rolling, threat'ning clouds of ebon hue Command the lover's orb to veil her face, And icy-cold the thickly falling dew.

My heart and hopes are crushed with doubts and fears, My thoughts, more gloomy than the darkened sky. My mourning lute-strings, wet with dew and tears, Scarce to my firmest touch can make reply.

I'm weary, weary with my fruitless singing,
All night, my sleeping love, I've sung,
My heart's love in my quiv'ring voice is ringing,
My fate upon my serenade is hung.

Despairing! With my brain in madd'ning whirl, To yon rough crag of misty height I'll fly. To dimmest depths myself and lute I'll hurl Brok'n frame and lute embracing there shall lie.

A light! A curtained casement opened wide!

A peerless figure draped in soft, pure white!

A silver voice, soft as the ebbing tide,

Scarce strikes my ear, yet thrills me with delight.

Behold! One grand, full blaze of glorious light, Victorious o'er the clouds, the struggling stars Attend their lovely leader, queen of night: No tinge of mist their sparkling radiance mars.

To glowering gloom the luscious light succeeds
To deep despair, the maddest melting bliss.
My love's awake! My lute's sad strains she heeds—
Its strings are jeweled in the star-light's kiss.

The moon grows silver-pale with envious hate
As, lighted by her rival's richest rays,
My love in whispers coy reveals my fate—
My lute is wreathed with myrtle by the fays.

AN ENGLISH INN.

COMEWHERE up in the northern part of England, in a region which the average tourist seldom visits, is an old inn. Nestled snugly among the Cumbrian range of hills, it is sheltered in winter from the breezes sweeping westward from the Irish Sea. At scarce a stone's throw the Tyne flows gently along its narrow bed, as though it hardly yet realized the fact that its puny waters were dignified with the name of river. In point of landscape, the situation of this inn could hardly be surpassed. Hills covered with velvety grass, well cultivated farms, tortuous little brooks, hastening to add their small stores to the Tyne, a view of the Cheviots on the north and of the sea on the east, are the features of this rural picture. But to him in search either of the picturesque or of comfort for the inner man, the inn itself is the main attraction. Tradition has it that it was built during the reign of the First Charles, by a noble of great power, a favorite of the king. Tradition, furthermore, hints that it was built to satisfy a whim of that noble's young and pretty wife, who made this one of the first acts of a tyrannizing wifehood. Be this as it may, time and the snows of two hundred winters have worked many changes in the old manor house. Parts fallen to decay have been replaced by newer portions, so that there are more shady corners, sudden projections and wonderful gable ends than one sees now in a hundred modern houses. Yet the more recent additions serve only to make the original structure look older, and, taken altogether, it is such a romantic, sleepy, antiquated piece of architecture as delights the eye of poet or painter. Picture to yourself an old castle of massive stone, an ivy-covered abbey of brick and a modern frame mansion; throw them together without regard to regularity, and you have no bad idea of this old inn. Here and there are long ivy-mantled galleries, which in the olden time afforded fine opportunities for a promenade on

moonlight evenings. From the roofs innumerable high chimneys arise like giant sentinels, and now and then when the swallows, which have built their nests within, dart upward, your imagination readily converts them into arrows discharged by these grim watchers, and if by chance one shoots swiftly by, you feel almost like seeking cover. Over the front door, bulging out as though in very hospitality advancing to welcome you, is an old portico. Alas! it looks deserted now, yet one half century ago sat here the merry frequenters of the inn. Here in the cool summer evenings they drank their ale, smoked their long clay pipes, and in an overflow of light-heartedness, sang their songs and told entertaining stories.

From here, too, when the great coach with its four horses came bustling up, they could see the travelers alight and judge in an instant from a new comer's face, what promise of good cheer they might have. But, availing ourselves of the writer's privilege, let us forget the long lapse of fifty years and see things just as they were when our fathers were children.

It is evening, and the inn seems almost asleep, so quiet and peaceful it looks in the evening air. Wrapped in silence, the frequenters of the inn, oblivious of the busy outside world, are sitting on the porch above the door. Down along the dusty road, winding in among the hills, something is in motion. Nearer and nearer it comes, and our watching eyes recognize the old coach. Ten minutes pass, and, with a toot of the horn, a cracking of the whip, the clattering of hoofs and the rattling of the wheels, the coach is at the door. The inn is awake. All is now bustle and activity. The travelers, alighting, are welcomed by the fat-bellied landlord. Those on the porch have doubtless found encouraging signs in the faces of the new arrivals, for they are now enjoying their mugs of ale at the expense of another. But there are a few moments to spare, and the driver enters the inn to wash down the dust from his throat (as he laughingly remarks). He is a great favorite with the habitués of the place, and well may he be, for he has driven this same old coach for more

than a quarter of a century, and in all that time they have never found him other than the same cheerful, honest, obliging fellow. He gives them all a hearty grip of his rough hand, kisses the handsome daughter of the host, drinks his ale, mounts, and, amid the tooting of his horn, is away in less time than it takes to tell of it. Ah, what a ride awaits him? Let him who has never experienced it read of Tom Pinch's ride from Salisbury to London, and share Tom's pleasure. But things are quieter now and we look about us. What a monarch of a room it is! The heavy oaken beams of the ceiling are dark with the smoke of two hundred and fifty years. Here a huge old fireplace, great grandfather of our puny little ones, well filled with its great back log, sends forth such a cheerful light and warmth that it fills all present with its own spirit, as it crackles and blazes and spits, and sends forth smoke, and seems almost to talk, it makes so much noise. Would that there were more of you, you jolly old fire-

In one corner of the room stands the bar, with whole worlds of ale and porter, and in fact, everything in the way of liquids that a reasonable man could desire. At this throne, the good natured host presides like a second Bacchus. If we are lucky we may be served by his pretty daughter, who occasionally waits upon guests especially honored. All the sweeter I am sure is the wine which she smilingly hands you, drinking to you meanwhile with her merry blue eyes. Through a door slightly ajar comes the odor of the almost prepared supper, while a faint glimpse of the table spread with a snowy cover greets our hungry vision.

If possessed of the power of speech what a tale could this old room tell? Years and years ago it was the ball room of the old castle. In this room stately minuets were once danced by many a bright little beauty whose dainty feet seemed shaped only to peep shyly, as some one says, like "little mice," from beneath the folds of the cruel dresses which try in vain to hide them. Here in the dance King Charles once led off with the old lord's wife as

partner, and here, while the frightened dancers looked on, my lord's son, in a moment of jealous anger, ran through and killed a more favored rival. It has witnessed its marriages and its funerals, too, for here in state lay dead its very builder, and the old room seemed to be wondering what manner of ball was this where all were still and sad instead of gay and careless. But all this is over and now 'tis merely the principal room of an inn. Yet it seems not sorry for the change for it echoes again and again the merry laughter of the light hearted drinkers.

Proud as he is of this room, the host has still other rooms which he delights to show to one who may take an interest in them. He will take you to his cellars—regular mammoth caves—and with pride point out to you his vaults, which are filled with the best of old wines. And up the wide stairway to the garrets, where are drying all manner of eatables, and where are stored boxes and trunks and piles of heaven knows what, in such profusion as might make a child's heart glad for many a rainy Saturday afternoon.

But were I to do justice to my subject, volumes would be the result. Already I have trespassed too much upon your patience. In conclusion, go as I have gone, to this old relic of past time, see for yourself and with me you will be prepared to repeat Shenstone's famous lines:

> Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome at an inn.

> > M.

NOTABILIA.

For an October evening there is nothing like an easy chair and a contemplative cigar under the faithful lamp. What a mild and rosy charm the serenity of leisure and the fragrance of a Havana lend to the complexion of vour lucubrations! Under these beneficent influences the editorial mind is relieved of all care; he puffs it away in thin curling wreaths of blue smoke. Such a mood disposes to reflection. It is necessary to revert a bit. Of course you were rejoiced to get back, like the rest of us. Of course there was no particular reason why you should still go on hopping at Mt. Desert, or yachting at Cape May, fishing in the Adirondacks, or footing it on the Rhine or in the Alps, or mooning it at the North Pole with the love-lorn Esquimaux. Of course not. And so we come back, as we did last year and the year before, and shall next year—but shall we? Each year increases the mystery. Did you notice how small and confined and narrow things looked in comparison with three years ago? Is the illusion one of vision merely? How circumscribed seemed the campus! The red brick front of old South appeared more scarred and crevassed than ever. And then the grass had grown so tall and tangly! and the cosy rooms of Durfee looked so small! My friends, if this sort of thing goes on in future years in an arithmetically diminishing series, how is the dear old place going to look when we are forty, and come back to find our class ivy and make bad speeches at the Alumni dinner. Of course, these are the conceivable impressions of Seniors exclusively, and if (an hypothesis utterly beyond our credence) they meet with ridicule at the hands of credulous, disrespectful underclassmen, it is not much matter. The same underclassmen will put on the same airs next year—the same, only a little less tolerable. That is the only thing you may be sure of if you live to celebrate your centenary.

WHEN a felon on the finger gets to be very bad, and comes to a head, you are forced then to pay some attention to it, however much you may have overlooked it before. It exposes itself and demands a remedy by its very rankness. This, sic parvis componere magna solebam. is the history of our college financial system. Its gross abuses have at last made it universally offensive. decidedly the liveliest topic of the month; it has been touched on in the weeklies and hotly discussed at all the breakfast tables at the clubs. The final straw which broke the camel's back, appears to have been the collection of exorbitant coutributions for the University crew and ball nine from the Freshman class. Contributions of such magnitude have never before been solicited, at any rate never secured. We have nothing to say about the methods employed in the collection of this money: whether they are unjust or not remains yet to be ascertained. Certainly no individual collector should be censured without a fair hearing, especially when you consider he may be the victim and not the originator of a vicious system. The point of real importance is that the system of asking for contributions in excess of what is actually required—and there can be no question that this has been done in the present instance for the Navy-is unjust, impolitic and pernicious in the extreme. Unjust, because the rate in percentage of the contribution tax commonly established between the classes is considerably increased against one class without any sufficient grounds being shown; impolitic, because next year '82 will refuse to contribute their full quota on the pretext of their having been gulled in Freshman year; and pernicious, as it tends to bring in a diminishing return in future years. The remedy is clear enough. At the beginning of each Fall term an estimate allowing a wide margin of the annual expenditure of the department, whatever it may be, should be made out, and the tax on the classes strictly proportioned to that estimate. With such a chart to guide them-and it is not difficult to calculate the annual average cost of a department—there would be no chance and no justification for excessive taxation of one class. We hope that '80 will profit by the disclosure of this abuse, and regulate the matter aright next year and hand the tradition down to succeeding classes.

AFTER the highly delightful and veracious account of the Fall Regatta by the Sun's reporter, we imagined there was nothing more to be said on the subject. Strange illusion! Some have been found who even presumed to disbelieve and discredit the information of this enlightened organ of New York opinion. That is another one of those fatal mistakes which college men always commit and which the religious press take so much pains to correct. There is, however, to return to our muttons, something more to be said,—some of us think, considerably more to be said. The papers seem very generally to have overlooked the main fact, the true significance of the Regatta. '79 won her race and still holds the championship of the college. We find that immensely important fact nowhere stated, except in the Courant, with the clearness and precision with which it impresses—us. We are sorry, of course, for the accident which happened to They, too, have an unquestioned the Junior crew. privilege to be sorry for it. But they have more chances for victory, and as for the Seniors, why it was the last for It leaves for '79 a splendid boating record.

WE are happy in being able to commend the action of one of the Junior societies in refusing to recognize the necessity or justice of coalitions for the election of their Lit. board. It is an admirable initiative, but only that. If the principle of coalition is wrong, it should be done away completely and forever. To coalesce for the purpose of gaining one honor and not to coalesce for another, is manifestly inconsistent. It is, moreover, only a partial reformation of the real evil, for evil it all is, as the experience of almost every class for the last five years abundantly proves. We allude to the matter thus publicly, not only because it has become a matter of common discussion, but because it not unnaturally concerns the present board. There is really something more to be done in the

matter of the Lit. election. It ought not to be left in this undecided condition, for as it stands now, a coalition may very easily be formed next year or any year after. Measures should be taken to render the resolution binding on all classes which come hereafter, so that the possibility for coalitions for a Lit. election may be destroyed once for all. They who accomplish this will render the college posterity an inestimable service. It will be a guarantee for future peace and justice.

OUR cigar is not quite yet burned out. We have still a little matter to bring before the attention of the Freshmen. It is a matter which most nearly concerns us—a little matter of subscriptions. You have acted admirably for the most part; you have given nobly to the Navy, that is a public matter and we thank you for it; you have fought nobly at Saltonstall and elsewhere, that is a matter of class congratulation. The one thing needful, however, has been singularly neglected by some of you, of course through carelessness or ignorance of custom. For sins of the latter kind, you may rest assured, we have no word of blame. The LIT. is essentially a college magazine—the representative standard of college literary opinion. It is true it is possible to take almost any of the periodical magazines for only a little more money. In acknowledging this, however, we must at the same time assert that you do not touch the point at all. Whatever may be the literary excellence of the LIT.—and that is a thing which depends upon the college at large, not upon any board of editors, as we have often taken pains to declare—it is distinctively a college institution, and as such, and holding a distinguished rank among similar productions, it certainly deserves your generous support. Besides that, any Senior or graduate will tell you the real pleasure of having bound editions of the LIT. during their college course; but if you should fail to secure your copies for the first year as they come out, it would be difficult at the end of the year to procure a complete set, the board not always having them to dispose of. Verbum sapientis. etc.

PORTFOLIO.

--- Of course you have read the "New Republic." Of course you have been immensely entertained by that clever and brilliant satire. Some good friends of ours have taken it seriously; no view could be further from the truth. It is a delicate, subtle, but tremendous satire of the modern philosophies. Under rather transparent disguises, nearly all the prominent leaders of the English school of thought are caricatured and laughed at. Matthew Arnold appears in the light of a mere dilletante, Huxley plays the social boor more than once, Professor Clifford is given the rôle of a violent materialistic buffoon, and Walter Pater, if it is he that is meant, stands for the æsthetic doughhead. Even the literary lady to whom the book is dedicated, is made ferocious fun of. One doesn't generally dedicate to a woman a book in which she is painted as a silly, sentimental coquette. Only Mr. Ruskin and a certain charmingly pensive Roman Catholic escape the author's grosser satire. One of the best things in the book is the passage in which various definitions of life are given by the different members of the party. They are talking about life. "Well, then," says Professor Jenkinson, who is supposed to represent Jowett, the learned translator of Plato's Dialogues, "let us find out first what life really is." Mr. Rose (Walter Pater) begins by saying that life is a "series of moments and emotions," to which Jenkinson retorts by adding, "a series of absurdities, too, very often." Another declares life to be a solemn mystery, that is, matter. Lord Allen gravely dissents from this and pronounces life "the preface to eternity." "Life is a damned nuisance," mutters the blase friend of the host, and there you have in a nutshell all the diversified views of life, material, ecclesiastical, scientific, social, reduced to the last analysis.

—I had a tutor in the classics once upon a time, who would branch out from his particular department now and then to recommend me a course of reading in English. He belonged to what we may perhaps call the old school of thought, and his ideas may be taken as fair specimens of the style of books considered profitable by men of good literary education thirty

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or forty years ago. He was the most enthusiastic opponent of the promiscuous and desultory reading of novels so popular nowadays. There is nothing to them, he would say. You are no better after you have finished them. He would allow some latitude to Bulwer, because of his apostrophe to Virtue in Devereaux, and his disquisition on Knowledge in My Novel. But when I assured him that any right-minded novel reader would most naturally skip both of those passages, he would shake his head and say that then there was no use in reading the books at all. I believe that he could recite page after page of the "Fool of Quality," and with him beside me to direct and sustain my enthusiasm, I myself read and enjoyed no small portion. But when he lent me any of his books and left me to wrestle with them alone, then I invariably came to disaster. He used to revel in the wearisome eloquence and verboseness of Rev. George Crowley's "Salathiel." That was his idea of fiction. I tried to read it but could not. He advised me to buy a small edition of Young's "Night Thoughts" and carry it around in my pocket to amuse myself with at odd moments. At his suggestion I almost made up my mind to attack Jonathan Edwards' "History of Redemption," but have postponed so doing till now I fear that it is too late. Last of all, for my weary, dejected moments, or when I had nothing to do for an instant, he recommended Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." And for this I shall never cease to thank him. Nobody in college nowadays ever thinks of reading Burton. I remember once suggesting to one of our greatest undergraduate literary men who happened to be speaking about some book good to look in for ten minutes after dinner, that perhaps it was something like the "Anatomy of Melancholy." "Oh, no, indeed," he answered, "there is nothing lachrymose or melancholy about it." And how many men on the campus see anything ridiculous about his reply? But I laughed in his face. Call my Burton melancholy! Read him and see if there is anything melancholy about him!

[—]What is our most characteristic institution in this country? The Declaration of Independence? Oh, no. The corruption of the ballot? No again. It is neither of these. It is the County Fair. We know most about the Greeks from their grand old festivals at Elis; their best life was there, the intellectual, the æsthetic. There is nothing which shows us

the individuality of the Roman as the feast of the Lupercalia and the Circus. The County Fair is the American festival, and the best we have achieved as a nation is shown there.—the industrial, the material. These remarks have been suggested by the Connecticut Fair which has been going on the last few days. Did you see the procession up Elm St. to Hamilton It is a pity that what is familiar and common so often escapes our view. There could be nothing more unique and interesting. If the ingenious and elegant M. Taine had been standing on the corner when that procession passed, he would have been immensely entertained. Why? Because everything was peculiarly American, home-bred, of home manufacture, representing the strongest and most prolific side of the American mind. And he would have acknowledged, too, it was all admirable in its way,—these prodigious threshing and mowing machines, these superb black-limbed prize oxen, this wealth of excellent grain, these cottages of thatched straw on wheels, and then he would have gone to Hamilton Park and carefully observed the Fair for a couple of days, noting particularly the And he would have asked himself in what respect it differed from or resembled the Roman feast of Ceres or the harvest-home of France, it being the only agricultural feast we have during the year. What, also, are the sources of enjoyment, of amusement? You see the result at once. would have seen a great, orderly, ill-dressed, long-featured crowd, mostly in wagons, waiting hours for the trotting races to come off, listening to a wheezy brass band, cracking peanuts in the interim, grouped about hawkers of magic oils and corn cures, staring open-mouthed at the wonderful bespangled acrobats and tumblers, inspecting Devons and ploughs and rakes. And the great Frenchman would have gone away, muttering "Mon Dieu! Comme on s'amuse ici!"

——It does not require long reading of Thoreau to find a happy thought, a very happy suggestion. I opened my book the other day to this: "You must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which ruminates when walking." Now we walk a great deal here in college, but, alas, how little do we ruminate like the plain camel. The illustration is not bad, moreover; many a time I have watched a train of camels; each one of them is a study. He marches onward, perfectly confident in the lead of the beast in front of him, to whose tail

his nose is tied, and seems to devote his entire attention to-I cannot put in a better word. For see well, ruminating. his care-worn face, his anxious, protruding nose, his deep, melancholy eyes that are more beautiful than the doe's; his circumspect munching that has in its wistful manner a certain thoughtful tone; you cannot help the idea;—this camel is perfecting some momentous conception, this camel is measuring the subtle cords that bind the experiences of the soul, as animating an extended sensorium, with the ego as a knowing agent. How different with us. I take up my stick; I trudge away from the comfortable steam heater, too seductive, too sleepy by half; I am chewing away on the cud of a theme that might keep me busy for hours. But I have scarcely wandered a dozen rods before as many different things have flitted in and out of my brain so well directed. My reader, you do the same; ah, we have acted like the cow who puts away her cud when she is walking home, not like the camel. At the campus gate we met our freshman friend; well, bow to him; I hate snobbishness, especially in upper-class-men. At the street corner there is a dog fight. Show me the philosopher who can gaze on a dog fight unmoved! This calls up thoughts of class politics, of our chances, of that infernal fellow, Blank, who—there goes Miss J., our sweetest bow, and she has flitted by, turning us to recollections of bows, of archery last summer, of Alice, whom I saw hardly longer than a day, of dreams, and so we drift where every one of us (you too, reader,) will drift-into building castles in the air. Still, there is everything in dreams. I used to have a notion, which I prided myself upon vastly, until I ran across the identical whim in the Essays of Elia (but Charles Lamb must have stolen it, I know), that if a young poet came to me for advice, I should ask him, "Well, sir, what do you dream of in your rambles?" If he told me, could I obtain any criterion of his creativeness when really working? But I have drifted on paper just as I -just as we all drift away from our philosophical cud in walking. You see, reader, my very error has proved my point. Shall we force ourselves to correct thought in walking, shall we meditate upon proper, prosy affairs, as the poet has put it—

"And muse on Nature with a poet's eye."

or at least confine ourselves more to this world—be more like Campbell.

-The Universalists base a great deal of their peculiar belief as to the hereafter on the impossibility of reasonably interpreting the parable of Dives and Lazarus by any possible construction of the orthodox formula of Heaven. know exactly how they arrive at this conclusion, but arrive they do, logically enough I presume, and with the true spirit of Christian bodies having reached an equation which the value of the unknown quantity which solves every other case, will not satisfy, they assume another value which satisfies this particular case, pin their faith to it and are willing to fight and even die for it. I find no fault with their belief. I do not know but that they are perfectly right. But nevertheless do I consider it dangerous to base one's faith on a parable. Figures of speech are dangerous things and deceptive things. You cannot probe them to their depths. I remember hearing a man talk once upon white as the emblem of perfect purity and red as the emblem of sin. But before he had gone very far, preacher-like he got wandering about and by and by began to prove some moral lesson by the compound character of white, emphasizing the fact that it was made up of seven different colors, and had he gone far enough he would soon have been calling everybody's attention to the fact that white or perfect purity was made up largely of red or sin. vet the simile was not a bad one—in fact it was a very good one and had the sanction of Isaiah himself before it got into the hands of my preacher. The trouble was that he pressed it Spurgeon uses a good many similes. Among other things to which he has compared the Christian life, for the Christian life has been compared to about everything, was a root which grew in a bottle and conformed itself to the shape of the bottle instead of growing here and there and everywhere in its own wild, uncultivated state. By all of which he meant that a Christian obeyed the laws of God instead of those of his own sinful nature. But when you begin to press the image and ask, is the Christian life a stunted and deformed thing like a root in bottle, you begin to do what I think the Universalists do, press a rhetorical figure too far.

——It has passed into an axiom that we Americans are a rapid people. We talk rapidly, eat rapidly, live rapidly and generally end our lives prematurely by overwork. In college perhaps we are less liable to that misfortune than elsewhere,

but the "daemon" of hurry is with us even here. Who, in his more rational moments, has not considered with amazement how an ordinary dinner passes. What a noise of clattering knives, forks and plates follows the filling up of the table! What a babel of "Give me this-s" and "Pass me that's" ensues when all are fairly at work. Let the waiter serve things quietly and with some order. By no means. We haven't time. Not that there is anything to do, but get through we must whether or no. It is the air of hurry in the place. impels us and to resist it would be to fight custom single handed, and probably walk back from dinner alone. Tell me too, ye lazy risers, how far you had to run to chapel this morning? Did you have a quarter of the time allowed at a railway station, or did you drop into your seats, feed yourselves while the first bell rang and then aid your digestion by running during the ringing of the second? Alas for the folly of such shortsightedness. The English laugh at us a good deal because we derive so little solid enjoyment from our circumstances. What an Englishman himself would do under the influence of our bracing October mornings, when the air seems charged with a subtle energizing power, and every breath is followed by a thrill of exhilaration, is a question. His manners might be put to a severe test. But whether we are to blame for our climate or not, is it not too bad to make a business out of pleasure? A jolly crowd ought surely to be able to eke out three-quarters of an hour at dinner and be better for it. Perhaps late dinners might obviate the difficulty. The feeling of calm repose and general peace with the world that follows a well spent day is perhaps heightened by nothing so much as a good dinner. When there is nothing just ahead to hurry for, what better excuse too could there be for pleasant social talk than that same good dinner. You think this question of eating or feeding of no importance? You may think differently sometime. Marvelous stories of two-minute breakfasts do very well for the first Thanksgiving recess. and fifteen-minute dinners for the second, but when grim dyspepsia comes as their avenger, they lose their brightness sadly.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our record extends from June 22 to October 24.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

Was delivered in Battell Chapel, June 23. The text was, "I am the Light of the World; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Tuesday, June 25, was

Class Day.

The poem was by Mr. H. C. Coe, on the subject "Questions." The orator was Mr. W. H. Taft, and in words that were listened to with close attention, he spoke of the present condition of democratic principles in the country. The ceremonies in the Chapel closed with the Farewell and the singing of the Parting Ode, written by Mr. H. W. Bowen. In the afternoon the

Class Histories

Were read on the campus, and the ivy from Stratford-on-Avon was deposited in an angle of the Library. The Ivy Ode was composed by Mr. H. C. Coe. In the evening, the brilliant and enjoyable

Senior Promenade

Was held in Alumni Hall, where, on the following morning, the graduates assembled to the

Alumni Meeting.

The Hon. Dwight Foster, class of '48, presided, and speeches were made by President Porter and many prominent alumni. In the evening the Glee Club gave their usual concert in Music Hall. On Thursday, June 27, the

Commencement Exercises

Took place in Center Church, and in all particulars were like those of preceding years. The Valedictory was given by Clarence H. Kelsey, of Bridgeport, and the Salutatory by William H. Taft, of Cincinnati, Ohio. These exercises were followed by the

Alumni Dinner,

At which speeches were made by President Porter, Gov. Hubbard, Dr. Bacon, Eugene Schuyler, Hon. S. B. Chittenden, Rev. Dr. McFayden, and others. In the evening the President held his reception in the Art School. The

Prizes

Awarded by the Faculty are as follows: Douglas Fellowship (\$600 per annum)—E. S. Bottom, '76. Soldier's Memorial Fellowship (\$600 per annum) -C. H. Kelsey, '78. Larned Scholarship—George T. Knott, '78. Clark Scholarship—W. E. Waters, '78. W. W. DeForest Scholarship-C. H. Shaw, '78. 1st Freshman (Woolsey) Scholarship-P. G. Bartlett, '81. Hurlbut and Runk Scholarships (for 2d and 3d rank at the Woolsey examination)—R. A. Bigelow and W. R. Bridgman, adjudged equal. Sophomore Composition Prizes—1st prizes, J. A. Amundson, A. B. Nichols, S. C. Partridge, and Doremus Scudder; 2d prizes, W. M. Hall, F. W. Hopkins, W. C. Husted, and E. P. Noves; 3d prizes, W. N. Eddy, T. R. Morrow, H. W. Taft, and Stephen Trumbull. Senior Astronomical Prize -W. E. Waters. Scott German Prize in the Senior Class-A. L. Ripley. Scott French Prize in the Junior Class—L. L. Stanton. Winthrop Prizes in the Junior Class—1st, E. B. Nichols; 2d, J. G. C. Sonn. Sophomore Mathematical Prizes -1st, W. M. Hall; 2d, F. W. Hopkins; 3d, W. H. Sherman and W. C. Wheeler. Sophomore Declamation Prizes-1st, W. D. Murray; 2d, W. D. Barnes and J. F. Woodhull; 3d, D. Scudder. Freshman Mathematical Prizes—1st, F. B. Lucas; 2d, O. H. Briggs and A. E. White. Freshman (Berkeley) Premiums for Latin Composition—1st, E. E. Aiken, B. W. Bacon, P. G. Bartlett, R. A. Bigelow, W. R. Bridgman, A. E. White; 2d, A. E. Bostwick, Sherman Evarts, N. C. Fisher, A. G. Stedman, S. L. Whipple, C. O. Whitmore. The anniversary exercises of the graduating class of the

Sheffield Scientific School

Occurred on Tuesday evening, June 25, in North Sheffield Hall, when selected theses were read. In

Base Ball

The two brilliant victories were succeeded by these unfortunate scores:—

New Haven, June 24.

	HARVARD.												
	R.	IB.	T.B.	PO.	E.	A.	R. IB. T.B. PO. 1					E.	A.
Hutchison, s.	, 2	2	2	0	2	6	Thayer, c.,	2	I	I	I	0	3
Parker, c.,	0	3	3	1	0	О	Tyng, h.,	0	0	0	12	0	4
Smith, h.,	I	2	2	8	2	3	Latham, r.,	0	2	2	5	2	İ
Ripley, r.,	0	О	0	I	0	Ō	Ernst, p.,	0	I	I	ŏ	I	7
Downer, a.,	0	1	I	13	2	0	Holden, r.,	0	0	0	I	О	ò
Walden, b.,	0	О	0	I	5	3	Wright, a.,	3	2	2	6	0	o
Brown, l.,	0	0	o	I	5	3	Winsor, m.,	2	I	I	I	I	o
Carter, p.,	0	0	0	0	2	5	Howe, r.,	2	I	I	0	0	О
Lamb, m.,	0	0	0	I		ŏ	Nunn, s.,	2	0	0	I	0	1
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Total,	3	8	9	27	14	17	Total,	11	8	8	27	4	16

Boston, June 26.

3	ALE				HARVARD.							
R.	1 B.	T.B.	PO.	A.	E.	İ	R.	IB.	T.B.	PO.	A.	E.
, I	2	2	2	4	2	Thayer, c.,	2	I	I	I	3	0
0	I	I	0	3	0	Tyng, h.,	2	I	1	5	3	3
0	0	0	5	I	0		I	2	2	3	3	o
0	I	I	I	I	0	Ernst, p.,	I	I	2	ō	6	2
0	I	I	15	0	I	Holden,	0	0	0	3	0	0
0	0	0	I	3	I	Wright, a.,	0	I	I	11	o	0
I	0	0	0	0	1	Winsor, r.,	0	0	0	2	0	0
0	I	I	I	2	2	Howe, m.,	2	3	3	2	0	0
0	2	2	2	О	0	Nunn, s.,	I	1	I	0	2	0
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2	8	8	27	15	7	Total,	9	10	II	27	17	5
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Hartford, June 29.

					•		,						
	HARVARD.												
	R.	IB.	T.B.	PO.	A.	E.		R.	IB.	T.B.	PO.	E.	A.
Hutchison, s.	, о	I	2	0	4	2	Thayer, c.,	4	I	I	2	1	0
Parker, c.,	o	I	I	3	2	2	Tyng, h.,	2	2	3	6	4	5
Smith, m.,	I	I	I	2	I	I	Latham, b.,	2	I	I	5	3	0
Ripley, r.,	I	2	3	3	0	I	Ernst, p.,	I	2	3	I	7	0
Downer, a.,	0	О	0	12	I	I	Winsor, r.,	0	0	0	Ţ	0	0
Walden, b.,	0	0	0	2	3	2	Wright, a.,	1	3	3	II	0	1
Brown, l.,	I	2	3	I	0	1	Howe, m.,	2	3	3	0	0	I
Carter, p.,	0	0	0	4	1	8	Holden, l.,	2	I	I	I	I	I
Ives, h.,	0	0	0	4	I	8	Nunn, s.,	2	2	2	0	3	0
	_	_		_	_	_			_	_	_	_	_
Total,	3	7	10	27	14	20	Total,	16	15	17	27	19	8

This Fall the University nine have played as follows:

Yale versus Haymakers, Hamilton Park, Sept. 28, 1878.

Innings,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total.
Yale,	О	4	o	I	II	0	5	21
Haymakers,	О	·o	0	0	0	2	O	2

Game called at end of 7th inning.

Holyoke, Oct. 5.

	YALE				HOLYOKE.						
	А. В.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.		A. B.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.,	4	2	2	I	1	Roseman, l.,	5	2	3	0	0
Parker, c.,	4	0	0	0	0	Winchester, b.,	5	3	4	2	I
Billings, m.,	4	I	I	3	1	Donovan, r.,	5	1	2	0	I
Ripley, r.,	4	0	0	Ō	О	Powell, a.,	5	2	2	I	I
Watson,	3	0	0	2	4	Connor, c.,	5	2	3	0	0
Camp, l.,	3	0	0	0	Ó	W. Sullivan, m.,	5	2	2	0	0
Lamb, p.,	3	0	0	2	5	Shattuck, s.,	5	I	I	2	I
Hopkins, a.,	3	1	I	0	ō	Dorgan, h.,	4	2	6	2	I
Walden, b.,	3	0	0	4	1	J. Sullivan, p.,	4	I	1	3	0
		_			_		_			_	
Total,	31	4	4	12	12	Total,	43	16	24	9	5

In the class series up to the present time, '79 has withdrawn and '81 holds the first place, with '80 as a dangerous competitor. '82 has also done some excellent playing for a Freshman nine. In

Boating,

Our misfortunes culminated at New London, June 29. Every one is well aware of the ill luck and disaster that attended every effort of Capt. Thompson and his crew. They deserve the highest praise for the indomitable pluck and perseverance with which they met such discouragements and rowed the race. The university has cause to be proud of such a crew, which, although handicapped by one sick man and a substitute of only three days' training, made the remarkable time of 21 min. 29 sec. Harvard crossed the line in 20 min. 44 sec. That our defeat has occasioned no disheartening is shown by the energy with which boating affairs are conducted this Fall, and also by the enthusiasm at the annual meeting of the

Yale University Boat Club,

September 18. President Aldrich, owing to the unavoidable absence of his predecessor, was unable to give a detailed account of the financial condition of the Navy. Prof. Wheeler, however, declared the present debt to be about \$200; and in an interesting and striking manner, pointed out the lack of business-like methods in collecting and expending the money of the Club. A committee was appointed to tender a vote of thanks to Prof. Wheeler, Mr. Cook, and Mr. Sheffield. A motion was then unanimously carried that we challenge Harvard to row a four-mile, straight-away race. This challenge Harvard at first voted to accept, but subsequently laid upon the table.

The Fall Regatta

Took place at Lake Saltonstall, Saturday, Oct. 12. In spite of the unusually rough water, the Barge Race was called, and resulted in a victory for '79. Following are the crews and their times: '79, red-E. P. Livingstone (bow); H. S. Green, 2; Julian W. Curtiss, 3; O. D. Thompson, 4; J. V. Farwell, 5; F. E. Hyde (stroke); C. F. Aldrich (cox); time, 15.57%. blue-F. O. Spencer (bow); Preston King, 2; F. W. Keator, 3; N. G. Osborn, 4; H. W. Taft, 5; W. R. Innis (stroke); E. W. Knevals (cox); time, not taken. '81, white-J. F. Merrill (bow); W. W. K. Nixon, 2; P. C. Fuller, 3; Henry Ives, 4; J. B. Collins, 5; A. B. Beadle (stroke); H. N. Tuttle (cox); time, 16.263/4. The Dunham Club was represented for the first time, by the following crews in a one-mile race: Blue-P. Bigelow (bow); M. S. Wilson, 2; L. M. Higginson, 3; F. A. Stokes (stroke); J. J. Nairn (cox); time, 6.30½. Red—J. E. Wilson (bow); T. E. Rochfort, 2; R. H. Munson, 3; H. H. Donaldson (stroke); J. Bulkley (cox); time, 6.37 1/2. Freshman Barge Race followed, with this result: '82, red—T. DeW. Cuyler (bow); H. H. Knapp, 2; F. M. Eaton, 3; C. B. Storrs, 4; L. K. Hull, 5; H. T. Folsom (stroke); A. Fitzgerald (cox); time, 15.561/4. '81 S. S. S., blue—A. D. Bevan (bow); M. Olcott, 2; C. Chamberlain, 3; C. M. Carpenter, 4; L. J. Schiller, 5; F. A. Hubbard (stroke); G. L. Sargent (cox); time, 16.30. The water being too rough for the single sculls, that race was postponed till Monday, the 14th, when Mr. Jones won in 15.45, beating Mr. Edwards by 30 seconds. The yearly meeting of the

Foot Ball Club

Was held Oct. 10. President Rochfort and Captain Camp, who had met the delegates of Harvard and Princeton at Springfield, reported that those two colleges had united in favor of fifteens, and would listen to no proposals to play with elevens. Since, therefore, it was useless to insist on what we still believe to be the better number, the meeting unanimously voted to accept the only conditions on which our men can enter the field at all.

The Jubilee,

In spite of every effort to revive it, seems stone-dead. The Faculty have again refused to suffer it to be celebrated.

Linonia

Admitted the Freshmen on Wednesday evening, Oct. 25. The society has arranged for a course of lectures on economic and social subjects.

Obituaries.

WHEREAS, God has seen fit in His all-wise Providence to take unto himself our beloved friend and companion, DAVID TRUMBULL, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the University Boat crew of Yale College, sincerely and unitedly mourn his untimely death.

Resolved, That by his fearless adherence to principle, his fidelity to duty and his open acknowledgment of faith in his Master, he has left to us an example of true Christian character.

Resolved, That we, who had learned to appreciate his many manly qualities, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family and those who mourn his loss.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning: that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his home: and also that they be published in each of the college papers.

F. E. HYDE, G. B. ROGERS, H. W. TAFT,

Similar resolutions were passed by the Harvard crew.

WHEREAS, An All-wise Father has seen fit to lead home from among us our classmate, W. N. Eddy; and

WHEREAS, In him we have always found a true friend, and one who by his genial disposition and outspoken independence gained universal respect and affection; be it

Resolved, That we, the Junior Class of Yale College, express our heartfelt sorrow at our loss, and our sincere sympathy with those who have experienced a yet greater; and

Resolved, That the class wear the badge of mourning thirty days, that these resolutions be published, and that a copy be sent to his friends.

T. R. MORROW,
A. B. NICHOLS,
D. W. RICHARDS,

BOOK NOTICES.

The Family Library of British Poetry. Edited by J. T. Fields and E. P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. For sale by Judd.

"It is an awful truth," said Wordsworth, "that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine love of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God." Whatever allowance must be made for a consecrated poet, speaking at a time of general neglect, we must still confess the absolute worth of the highest poetry as a means of mental, moral and religious culture. To promote such a culture, nothing is better fitted than such a work as the one before us; for it is surely not unreasonable to think that a more "genuine love" will be aroused by a knowledge of the wonderful richness and variety of English poetry. Such selections cannot fail to stimulate many readers to go over the field in detail and find in the work constant instruction, inspiration, and delight. More than four hundred poets are here quoted, and the wide sweep of selection includes various kinds and degrees of power. There are extracts from the Canterbury Tales and the Legend of Good Women, from the Faery Queen and Epithalamion, and in the midst of them Lyly's Cupid and Campaspe, and Sidney's Sonnets. "Well-languaged Daniel's" Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland is here, and Drayton's Battle of Agincourt. Of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton, and a host of others we find the selections numerous and admirably made; and the same may be said of what has been chosen from the poets of a later day. In the Appendix are Fair Helen of Kirconnell, Chevy Chace, Robin Adair, Annie Laurie, and many others of those ballads which several centuries have failed to make too familiar. No doubt many readers will.miss a favorite poem or two; but the present collection is wonderfully complete, and furnishes a view of British poetry which affords pleasure in itself and, it would seem, cannot fail to kindle a desire in appreciative readers to know more of those treasures which now lie almost buried in a thousand volumes.

Maid Ellice. By Theo. Gift. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale by H. H. Peck.

From an author who has the ability to sketch two such characters as Margaret Herne and Ellice Devereux, we may fairly expect a more powerful story than is given us in *Maid Ellice*. But having made them real and life-like, he stops short. As we find them, so we leave them. The author has failed to develop his creatures either by their influence upon each other, or by giving them the opportunities he has made them to need. It is with dissatisfaction, then, that we lay down *Maid Ellice*,—with a sorrow for the pleasant anticipations awakened and disappointed, for which the interesting style and pretty bits of description cannot compensate.

[The first edition of *Maid Ellice* was spoiled by the blunder of a proof reader, who plentifully sprinkled it with italics. The publishers desire us to say that they are ready to exchange copies of a revised edition with all who may have purchased incorrect ones.]

Visions: a Study of False Light (Pseudopia). By E. N. Clarke, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. For sale by Judd.

A deep interest is awakened and a valuable lesson taught by the circumstances under which this book was written. "When the author had read his death sentence," says Dr. Holmes in his introduction, "and knew that the malignant disease of which he was the subject would be slow in its work and involve great suffering, he felt that he must have something to occupy hismind and turn it away in some measure from dwelling only on the tortures of his body. He therefore took up the study of a question in which he had long been interested and made it his daily occupation to write upon it. So long as his strength lasted sufficiently, he wrote with his own hand. After this he employed another to write at his dictation." The book before us, the result of this heroic plan, arouses a thorough admiration for the author. Stopped short in the full tide of professional labor and success, bidden to sit still and apart while the world rushed on without him, and knowing that the escape which death alone could bring would be long in coming, this wise man, with Socratic calmness, devoted himself to an absorbing task as well for his own relief as for the benefit of those he had already left behind. His rare fortitude and successful endurance no one who reads this book can doubt. Surely, herein is a lesson well worth our meditation.

The subject of which Dr. Clarke treats is one likely to prove of interest to many readers in this country, where belief in supernatural phenomena is by no means confined to the more ignorant classes. But little satisfaction, however, is in store for those who incline to the supernatural because of a preference for the sensational and mysterious. The author makes a complete and elaborate analysis of the physiological phenomena involved in sight, both objective and subjective. He instructs the reader minutely in the anatomy of the organs concerned, and teaches him to follow the "visual stimulus" from the retina through its many stages to the gray matter of the convolutions. It is then clearly demonstrated that the seeing of visions is a "purely subjec-

tive illusion," involving no phenomena but those in accordance with the functions of the human brain, as it is now known. It often happens that our senses deceive us, or that we deceive ourselves; or, in the last place, that some one else is deceiving us, knowingly or unknowingly. Such, Dr. Clarke observes, are the possible and wholly probable explanations which should suggest themselves whenever any extraordinary or apparently supernatural phenomena are presented to our notice.

The Europeans. A Sketch. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. For sale by Judd.

Received by us. To be noticed hereafter.

Essie: a Romance in Rhyme. By Laura C. S. Dayton. New York: John C. Graaf. For sale by Judd.

A spicy, well-written story of an American girl's hidden freaks and novel wooing by a "proper" Englishman.

American Colleges and the American Public. New edition. By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. For sale by Judd.

Received by us. To be noticed hereafter.

The French Revolution. Volume I. By Hyppolyte Adolphe Taine, D.C.L. Translated by John Durand. New York: Henry Holt & Co. On sale at Peck's.

In his study of what he terms "The Origins of Contemporary France," M. Taine has now reached the second stage. "The Ancient Régime" being finished, he proceeds to "The Revolution." In his survey of this period, M. Taine has discarded the commonly accepted authorities, and all the historical doctrines based upon them. He goes straight to the original and contemporary sources of information—the letters and journals of travelers, the public and private memoirs, the gazettes and newspaper files, and above all to the great mass of manuscript documents preserved in the State Archives. Herein lies the chief merit of the work. M. Taine has no principle of his own to illustrate; he brings his readers face to face with the authentic facts and documents, many of which are so new and instructive that it seems as if the real history of the Revolution has been hitherto unpublished. The author's laborious industry and great literary skill open to us a close and intimate view of this interesting period; and as if by actual vision we seem to see the sufferings of the people, their awakening, and their terrific rush from a state of feudal oppression to the wild excesses of anarchy.

There is, however, one drawback to M. Taine's method; he has given us the materials of history, rather than history itself. After he has proved, demonstrated, and confirmed a fact until no one would dream of questioning it, M. Taine goes on to an infinite accumulation of details, till the mind is bewildered and loses the capacity either to retain or discriminate. Moreover, it is with colder sentiment and severer style than usual that the author treats his subject; we miss those brilliant, almost spectacular, descriptive passages which add so much to the literary or rhetorical charm of his previous writings.

Hathercourt. By Mrs. Molesworth (Eunis Graham). (Leisure Hour Series). New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale at Peck's.

This novel certainly answers to the description the publishers give to the Leisure Hour Series: it is "light and entertaining, though not trivial." The plot and denouement are neither new nor startling; but there is a certain high tone and healthy vigor about the characters which saves the story from becoming wearisome, or too commonplace. Hathercourt, though by no means as good as some of its companions, is not unworthy of the select company into which it has been admitted. Indeed so great care has been taken in choosing the one hundred volumes which this series now contains, that one is sure to find within these cool linen covers something both interesting and profitable. From the strong sketches of German peasant life and character by Auerbach to Hardy's delightful stories, they are to be commended for their literary excellence as well as for their cleverness and interest.

In the Wilderness. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. For sale by Judd.

Of the mass of what is called American humor, the writings of Charles Dudley Warner are among the best. The present volume, simply a collection of a half-dozen papers on the Northern Wilderness, together with one entitled "How Spring Came in New England," will prove a surprise to those who have an idea that Warner is a "mere humorist." He shows himself to possess a wide range of literary faculty-fancy, wit, pathos, and satire. "A Fight with a Trout" and "How I killed a Bear," are delicious bits of satire, the equals of which it would be hard to find; while "How Spring Came in New England," is a travesty upon Victor Hugo, which loses none of its attractions because the author's own fine style will now and then break forth. But in the highest humor there is always something better than mere humor to be found. Mr. Warner understands this, and has given us two essays in which we find a more serious vein. Only subtle art, aided by keen observation, can set before us a character like that of Mountain Phelps, so that we seem to have met him in person-this, too, without the aid of caricature. "A-Hunting of the Deer" presents something besides a fine sympathy with nature, expressed with exquisite picturesqueness; its pathetic irony teaches a beautiful lesson in humanity and mercy. Of all Mr. Warner's writings, we think this in the highest way the best.

Play-Day Poems. Collected and Edited by Rossiter Johnson (Leisure Hour Series). New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale at Peck's.

The volume before us is the first collection of humorous verse that has appeared since James Parton published his "Humorous Poetry of the English Language, from Chaucer to Saxe." In the twenty-two years that have passed since that time, a new school of wits has sprung up, of whom Bret Harte and John Hay are representatives in this country; while in England Calverly, who has raised parody to a fine art; Dobson, whose satire is as delicate as his verse is graceful; and Gilbert, the author of the famous "Bab Ballads"—have all made their appearance within ten years. And again the later publications of the older wits—as Holmes, Lowell, and Saxe—have been by far their brightest. While the author has made the most of his selec-

tions from the above sources, he has also found room for many poems which have long been classic and which no lapse of time can rob of their merriment. The collection is an excellent one, and sufficiently varied to present something for every taste.

Gaddings with a Primitive People. By W. A. Baillie Grohman (Leisure Hour Series). New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale by Peck.

Mr. Grohman, being by parentage half an Austrian, and consequently familiar with the German language, had exceptional advantages for gaining an insight into the lives and characters of the Tyrolese. His work entitled "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," which was published in England a year ago, attracted a deal of attention on account of the bright and picturesque manner in which so much of interest about an out-of-the-way people was related. Soon after appeared a series of sketches on Tyrolese life and customs, which were so eminently readable that they were received with marked favor. The enterprising publishers, Henry Holt & Co., at once conceived the idea of combining the two masses of material into a single volume, and issuing it as one of their Leisure Hour Series. We are therefore favored with Gaddings with a Primitive People, which, by reason of the value of the information it contains and the vivacity of the style, is such a book as we seldom have the opportunity of reading.

Plays for Private Acting. Translated from the French and Italian, by members of the Bellevue Dramatic Club of Newport (Leisure Hour Series). New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale by Peck.

Admirable taste has been displayed in selecting the plays in this volume. With one exception they have been taken from the two collections, *Théatre de Campagne* and *Saynètes et Monologues*, which have lately been published in Paris, and proved enormously successful. They are spicy and entertaining, require little or no scenery and from two to seven characters, and have been thoroughly fitted for American acting.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Another year of grinding, Another year of moil, Another summer left us, And nothing left but toil."

So sings the Lampoon. The Lampoon is supposed to be a funny paper. We wonder whether it thinks this funny. Very humorous, isn't it? To us, O Lampoon, it seems very serious indeed. In fact, your entire first number has a very saddening effect upon us. What, for instance, is there to laugh at in those pictures about New London and Hartford? We do not see anything. To us, O Lampoon, they seem very serious indeed.

But perhaps we were not in a laughing mood when we pulled you out from

the tangled mass of popular literature, exchanges and text books heaped upon our center table. Tangled, we say, notwithstanding the luxury of a private servant, which one half the students of Yale enjoy, according to the Michigan Chronicle. (Wouldn't the gibbering Alston or the light-limbed Jackson grin to hear himself called "the luxury of a private servant?") Before we came to you, we had been reading the Archangel, which is published with the approval of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Oregon City, and hoists as its watchwords, "Religion and Science." We had been reading its "Considerations on the Creation," its views on the "Value of Time and Knowledge," on "Death and Immortality," and we felt sad. Not about ourselves; oh no, we are like the Archangel, too good to be concerned about our own state. But we felt sad to think that any sane individual could approve of the monthly production of eight pages of cant and moral formulæ of which these articles consist. And it set us asking ourselves whether cant did not receive considerable encouragement even amongst us. The Archangel comes with disgusting regularity, and it always makes us sad. We shall see whether something cannot be done to stop it.

And the first *Crimson* too had sent our thoughts galloping back to the summer. It does not do to think about the summer when the leaves are falling from the trees and the sky is overcast and the wind is whistling around the corner. To suggest one reason why it does not do, it is apt to make you sad. Why cannot the sky always be blue and the air always balmy? Why cannot our nights always be summer nights?—summer nights, for instance, like those of which *Crimson* tells:

"Riding in a buggy
On a summer night,
Sat a Harvard Junior
With a maiden bright.

Maiden very timid, Student very bold (Maid a little prudish If the truth were told).

On the seat behind her
Lay the student's arm,
Maiden in a flutter
Feared she'd come to (h)arm.

Suddenly horses started—
'Take both hands, for I've—'
Student interrupted,
'Some one s got to drive.'"

Our *Courant* says it does not understand this last verse. But the *Courant* has grown very frolicsome lately, and probably is only joking. Can you not see the wily misinterpretation by the Harvard man of the use to which the

timid maiden intends the two hands to be put? Oh unsophisticated or frolicsome *Courant!* We wonder whether you will understand this, which we copy from the *Cornell Era*:

"Scene upon the campus,
Ten, last Sunday eve:
Pretty little maiden
Clinging to his sleeve,
Very much embarrassed,
Don't know what to say,
Freshie's very verdant—
Silent all the way!

Coming up the hill he'd
Scarcely said a word,
And they'd walked so slowly
It was quite absurd!
Damsel on his arm is
Clinging pretty tight;
Asks him what the harm is
Talking Sunday night?

Fresh, grown braver, says the Moon, so bright above
Brings to mind the text, that
Always 'God is love.'
Then the sweet, sage maiden,
Ere they've gone a rod,
Laughs, through red'ning blushes,
'Let us talk of God!'"

It may be of interest to compare the subjects for Senior Forensics at Harvard with our own: 1. Have modern facilities for locomotion increased the sum of human happiness? 2. Are the more violent athletic sports conducive to mental vigor?

But thinking of compositions reminds us of the impending Townsend, still untouched and unthought of. And we grow sad again. In fact, till the green leaves come again, oh friends, till the green leaves come again, we'll put on a dark and mournful look, till the green leaves come again. Is there a balm anywhere? We think so. The Lampoon pretty nearly finds it when it sings:

"Checks and reverses and all kinds of ill
Have made my business a wreck;
Yet my heart loves a pretty pull-back still
And still better loves a checque."

52 no mide

VOL. XLIV.

No. 11.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



Dum mens grata manet, nomen landesque VALENSES Cantibunt Soroles, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1878.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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SIDERCE VXVIII.

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THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE .- Conducted by the Students of This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest col-Vale College. lege periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail, Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '79.

LUCIEN F. BURPEE, HENRY S. GREEN, LOUIS J. SWINBURNE, AMBROSE TIGHE.

A TRAMP.

T AVE you ever been in a condition to appreciate the 1 striking simile of my friend Jocus? Returning late the other night from one of a protracted series of mild dissipations, and gazing sadly at the hearth from which the last gleam of warmth and brightness had faded, he replied in answer to my friendly questioning: "Feel! I feel worse than that bed of ashes-more dismal, more disgustingly cynical, more alkaline." If you can find in your heart an answering echo to this frank confession of the usually merry Jocus, there is some hope that you may also recognize the stern necessity which drove us forth upon a thirty-five mile tramp. No matter how we got excused, perhaps the very fates had pity on our condition. The pervading memory of that last flunk threw a tinge of melancholy into our view of the situation as we turned our backs upon the old elms whose newly-widowed branches drooped aimlessly in the empty air and seemed almost as blasé as the little group of Senior loungers on the fence beneath them. We passed along West Chapel street at our most approved student swing, and stared the regulation stare at every person whom we chanced to

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meet. Our conversation was at first intermittent with the properly sarcastic nil admirari standard studiously observed. But when at last we struck off on the Derby road, our high-toned swing insensibly fell into the unpretending, plodding gait of an old stager. The pseudoprofundity of our spasmodic discussion on economic laws began to seem incongruous with our surroundings, and gradually gave place to expressions of qualified approval as we paused for a long breath at some favorable point of view. We were drawing far enough away from the narrow, mind-your-own-business spirit of the town to get now and then a pleasant nod or a hearty "good morning!" from the country people whom we met.

The first adventure of our quest befell the gallant Jocus. To be sure, our noble chargers had to be imagined in order to make our knightly semblance quite complete, and the fair damosel came not

"Alone, afoote and in affrightte,"

but sitting very composedly in a buggy. No bold knight of the Round Table, however, could have paid his princess prouder courtesy than that displayed by the undaunted Jocus. Doffing his Dunlap helmet, and with a respectful "Permit me, Madame," he loosed the checkrein of the lady's steed beside an ancient water trough,—

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend On whom their favors fall,"

I murmured to myself, while the fair one straightened up a trim little figure with some dignity and said, in a brusque, patronizing tone: "Thank you, young man; hope somebody'll be as good to your wife some day." Jocus collapsed. I refrained from quoting Tennyson further, as I had intended, and remarked, in an undertone, "soured on." This unlooked-for reception of his gallantry did not permanently blight the youth's spirits, however; indeed, the incident seemed to merely furnish him a text, for he proceeded at once to discourse with great enthusiasm on his ideal conception of the future

Mrs. Jocus. This led on to a discussion of our plans for the future in general, and how they were interwoven with those of Tom, Dick or Harry back at college. by slow degrees, we came back to that old subject which we have all discussed so often in our rooms together the fellows. But how much more broadly charitable was our criticism, how much heartier our praise than when we joined in the delightful occupation of dissecting a classmate's character beneath our own vine and fig tree on the campus. It was impossible but that the dreamy, purple haze which filled the atmosphere on this glorious autumn day, mellowing the tints and softening the outlines at every point of the bright landscape should shed its influence over the objects of our mental vision. What a noble, manly set of fellows they seemed as we mentioned one familiar name after another; how dear our friendship for this man, how ardent our admiration of that one's literary talent or practical ability or reasoning power. we could always thus get far enough away from a man when criticising him so as to take a comprehensive view of his whole character, we might escape much of our tendency to misanthropy.

I cannot stop to trace out even in this rambling narrative the tangled thread of our conversation, which was more full of sudden turns and changes than the winding country road we traveled on. Sometimes it was enthusiastic gush, and sometimes mere banter. But if our hearts grew light so did our stomachs; if our spirits improved so did our appetites. In spite of numerous assaults on wayside apple trees we felt the need of a good dinner, so we halted at a little inn which marked the center of one of those long, sprawling villages so characteristic of New England. A big dinner and a little rest, both taken with the keenest relish, sufficed to send us on our way rejoicing, for had we not accomplished more than half our distance, and had we not thus far made exceedingly good time? We congratulated ourselves and trudged on gaily through the short, bright November afternoon. forest leaves had not lost all their brilliant colors.

oak trees were resplendent, and were set off in fine contrast by the dark green firs. Soft lights fell on the fields and tree-tops and the "purple rim" of the encircling hills had a dreamy inviting look which made one curious to look beyond it. Now and then a gray squirrel would scramble up a tree close to us, but always managed to put the trunk between himself and the bloodthirsty Jocus before the latter could bring his pocket battery to bear. Once an oid ruin of a cider mill loomed up before us in the way and stayed our progress for some minutes. After a refreshing draught we resolved to endow a similar institution on the campus whenever it should become our duty as a rich alumnus to bring our little contribution to the "President and Fellows."

But November afternoons are short, and this was no exception. Over one of the most charming landscapes I have ever seen, old Sol threw an additional glory, as he bade us one of his grandest good nights. Still we walked on and watched the ever varying splendor of the clouds until the ruddy hues began to fade and die,

"And, rapt thro' many a rosy change, The twilight died into the dark."

Yet not the dark, for a bright moon shone above us so bewitchingly that it was a pleasure even to such weary, hungry, footsore specimens of humanity as Jocus and myself to be walking in her light. It must have taken a more absorbing interest in the romantic than we possessed. however, to have appreciated all the glories of that moonlight evening, when, after a brief rest, we started on the last three miles. We walked slowly, because we were lame; we went down hill very softly, because our toes were blistered and did not hold back well; we uttered explosive monosyllables, because we sometimes kicked our toes against the pebbles, and we sat down frequently, because it was so pleasant. Our goal is set for us, however, and we must not give up. Slowly the distance is covered, and the announcement of only one mile more is accompanied by a sigh of relief. A half mile, and we are quite jolly; a quarter, and we are positively hilarious; and—yes, the light from the window. Here we are, old fellow, by Jove, and what care we now for lame muscles and blistered feet. I wish, indeed, that I could introduce you to the pleasantest part of the performance, the finale at the old farm-house. But I am forced to leave you outside with the bright light streaming its glad welcome from the cheery sitting-room. It would spoil the charm to introduce so many strangers all at once. I cannot do it; but, perhaps, if you just peep in here at the window where the curtain is drawn a little one side, if you put your face up close and look at the generous old fire-place and the logs—such as your Franklin stove in South has never dreamed of-blazing merrily up the broad-mouthed flue, if you look at the cosey little room and the bright, happy faces, you may be willing to acknowledge that there is some pleasure to be gained from a long day's tramp.

A HOOSIER JACOB.

A WELL-KNOWN and intelligent English writer has told us that the American is a silent, uncommunicative and reticent being; that when he travels he strictly minds his own business and seldom converses with casual acquaintances. But good Dr. Dale, for it is of him I speak, confined his travels in this country to the East and a scrap of the South. Had he ventured west even as far as Cleveland, he would have said that the American was loquacious, communicative and good humored rather than polite. Such at least I found him during a recent trip to the West, the land of the How? and Ha? where the girls have a dash and the men a slouch unknown to dwellers east of the New York Rhine.

Musing somewhat in this strain, while traveling on a railroad near Lafayette, Indiana, a gentleman entered the

car in which I was sitting, whose good natured salute and profuse thanks for the trifling favor of a light, seemed to bear out the position of an English friend of mine who vehemently asserts that you cannot meet an American on the cars without his telling you in half an hour, how old he is, what is his business, how many children and how many teeth he has. The dark complexion and prominent nose of my friend proclaimed the Jew, while the firm mouth and quick "vigilant" (to use Shakespeare's adjective) eye, showed determination and activity.

"He looks above the ordinary," thought I. "Perhaps he will be worth talking to, and may not be afflicted with that dreadful paucity of ideas which poor Heine found everywhere save in his own much-beloved yet everreviled Germany."

"Dusty day," said I.

"Yes," replied he, puffing at his cigar with evident enjoyment, "very disagreeable. Not nearly as disagreeable though as the weather in the place I have come from."

"Indeed. Been traveling long?"

"Yes. More than two days and nights."

"That's a long journey. Business or pleasure?"

"O, business. I am a lawyer from Indianapolis."

Since he was neither a Philadelphia lawyer nor a shark, and moreover looked extremely intelligent, I was about to continue the conversation when he saved me the trouble by saying—

"You are an Eastern man, I presume."

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"Well," he replied with a smile, "your clothes fit and therefore betray you. Besides, there is a look of the 'crisp New Yorker,' about you which is unmistakable."

My thoughts wandered to Broadway and my unpaid tailor's bill with a sense of bitter pleasantness, when my friend, lighting another cigar, continued:

"I lived in New York myself once, so I know how it feels. Just now I've been out to Carson City, Nevada, and had quite a little business adventure, which perhaps you would like to hear about." "Certainly," said I, settling myself as comfortably as possible on the slippery discomfort of a smoking car chair while he went on to say—

"Some time ago a well known business man of Indianapolis failed, under rather suspicious circumstances. After close inquiry, his creditors entertained a strong suspicion that he was still well off, but they could no more touch his property than if he carried it in gold around his neck in the Desert of Sahara. By that glorious piece of humbug which the American law abets and sanctions, he had assigned it to his wife, and instead of paying for this fraud by being in the penitentiary, he was leisurely preparing to move west. Nothing could be done at the time, so he was permitted to depart, while a few weeks after I followed him in the somewhat forlorn hope of being able to collect a note for \$3,000, held by one of my firm's clients. On arriving in Carson City I discovered that a large and well stocked dry goods store had lately been started in the place in the name of this man's brotherin-law, whose agent merely he himself was supposed to Somewhat discouraged, I determined, nevertheless, to investigate further, and soon struck up an acquaintance with Truckling (for such was his name), by walking by his store two or three mornings, at first nodding only, and soon striking into conversation, which is the way we do things in the West, you know. Having some knowledge of the dry goods business I was able to talk to him about the prospects thereof, in which he was much interested, of course, seeing this was his first venture. took me all over his store, which I found very well stocked and worth at least six or seven thousand dollars. This was particularly exasperating, as he was, in spite of all my advances, still quite reticent about his private affairs, and spoke of himself as an agent only. One morning, when I had been in Carson about ten days, and when I seemed no nearer my \$3,000 than when I started from Indianapolis, I resolved to try one last move for the money, and if unsuccessful, pack up my bag and depart.

"Truckling, said I, the next morning, "how's business this month?"

- "'First rate,' replied he. 'I've just made a big sale to a man from the country.'
 - "'And you think you will do well here?"
 - "'Very well."
 - "'How would you like to close out your store?"
- "Truckling looked at me sharply, as much as to say, 'What axe have you to grind now?' for a rogue is always suspicious, and replied—
 - "'Why? Will you buy me out?"
- "'Yes. I'm a man of few words. I have been looking around for the last ten days, and concluded to start in the dry goods business here if you would sell out at a fair valuation.'

That evening Truckling went to work at making an inventory of his stock. In two days it was completed, and the total value of the goods put at \$7,543.78.

"'All right,' said I, after examining the particulars. 'We will have the papers drawn up and will sign them at Lawyer Higgins' this evening.'

Duly at the appointed time up came Truckling with a smiling face and the necessary papers. Just as we were about to sign I threw down the pen as if a sudden thought had struck me, and said,

"'Look here, Truckling. This won't do. These goods don't belong to you, but to your brother-in-law. You've no right to sign them away in this manner.'

Truckling's brow grew dark, and he made a quick clutch at the breast of his coat, but recovering his selfcommand, said with a forced smile,

- "'O, that will be all right. He will agree to my acting for him.'
 - "'Can you show me his power of attorney?' asked I.
- "'No. I really did not think it worth while to write for it.'
- "'Then I must decline to sign, for I cannot buy the property without a clear title to it.'

It was a critical moment. The gambler's face was pale and great drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, while I was wondering that he did not hear the thumping of my heart, which seemed to me to be making within me

noise enough for an express train. For half a minute there was a dead silence in the room, which was broken by a harsh laugh from Truckling, as he drew near to Lawyer Higgins and myself, saying in a hoarse whisper,

"'It will be all right, gentlemen. This about my brother-in-law is all humbug. I own the goods and will give you a clean title to them.'

"'Very well,' said I, immensely pleased both apparently and really, 'but you must put it down in black and white in justice to me and in order that there may be no mistake whatever.'

He gave me another dark look, but did not hesitate long, since he was in for it now, for better or worse. Accordingly, when I had written out the few lines necessary, he signed them in a bold hand and handed them back to me. Having carefully read the document again I put it in my right vest pocket, and from the left hand pocket drew forth my note for \$3,000, saying,

"'Will you be kind enough to settle this little bill?"

He staggered back as if stunned; made a clutch for his breast pocket and whipped out a revolver, but I was on him quicker than thought, and had it wrested out of his hand almost before he knew it.

"'Now,' said I, 'this is all nonsense. It won't do you any good to shoot me; you will only swing for it. Besides, you'll have to settle that little bill, for *I've got you!*"

"A few moments' reflection convinced him that I was right. He merely said in a thick, husky voice, 'Lawyer, you're a better man than me. You're too smart for me." And then he made arrangements upon the spot for settling that little bill. And the \$3,000 I have with me now," continued the lawyer, tapping his pocket with a cheerful smile.

Ah, but here we are at Lafayette. Handing me his card and begging me to come and see him at any time, in true western style, he marched away in company with a fresh cigar, leaving me to reflect upon the character of a man whose boldness might have made him a Robespiere, and whose strategy a D'Israeli.

THE YALE LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.

Aspasia: the Study of a Yortrait.

BY ALFRED BULL NICHOLS, OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THERE is one majesty that Death cannot discrown. The princes of the mind shine undimmed as the stars. Beyond the sphere of storms, too high in their courses to be obscured by the mists through which the planets lately risen must climb, they gleam in a cold, clear distance, withdrawn from the life and interests of the present, and kindle no warmer feelings than wonder or admiration.

He should be welcome who can call before us the men and women in whom these lights were shrined, who can draw back the veil of centuries and touch these chill abstractions with the glow and warmth of their summer of life. As the astronomer transforms the keen points of the midnight sky into orbs of strange activities and richest possibilities, so our star-gazer brings nearer to us the far existences that seem, like the moon, to give light, indeed, but to have no further human interests on their ashen faces.

Such an interpreter of vanished lives is Landor, who pours his own rich personality into the dry channels and makes the past blossom afresh.

In all his reproductions there is a certain piquancy, a delightful sense of surprised discovery, like the chancing on some unknown country of quiet twilight skies, with a strange, misty beauty on its hills and valleys; a hushed dignity invests the most sprightly humor. We feel instinctively that no garish light must fall in this new land, no unsympathetic criticism be uttered from the standpoint of our realistic age; the half-light, clear to reveal beauties, serves as a tender veil to the infirmities of the dead, and is no whit less truthful in giving the grand outlines.

Through the dim clearness we see the vanished lives of statesmen, poets and philosophers; we hear the voices of fair women and brave men, like the sweet vesper bells, sounding clear and far over the waters of a Swiss lake, and the procession passes on. There is this fine charm where we are reading of the worthies of our own era, but when we turn a new page and catch the twinkle of loving wisdom in the old slave's eyes, as he tells his fables to the fair Thracian, or listen to the calm tones of Socrates beneath the planes of the academy, or watch the shafts of Diogenes' surly wit reach their mark, we feel that here is the magic of genius.

Fairest of all does Athens lie, pictured in the clear mirror of Landor's pure style as in the magician's mirror of ink; or as if, while sailing over a calm English lake, whose limpid depths give back in faithful line and tint the heather-clad hills, the far mountains, the cloud-flecked sky, and as well the daisy and the reed bending from the turf or the shallows of the shore, one should see forming in the lucid abyss below, a Grecian temple with circuit of gleaming columns, with frieze triumphant with the high procession of its Virgin Goddess, with stately, white-robed worshipers; all lying immovable below, save for a chance ripple on the surface that we call To-day;—

"A city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry; the ocean floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;

Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded."

It would be interesting to study the faculty, which is rather an instinct,—one of those instincts the serviceable possession of which constitutes genius,—that can thus project itself through centuries into the essence of the national and individual life long gone, and from the shreds of tradition can weave a fair and complete web, which, if not identical with that long stored from mortal eyes in

the chambers of Fate, has all the colors and material tone, and no improbable pattern on warp and woof. The secret of this rare success lies in the one word, sympathy. wasting of logic, no quickness of intellect can avail here, or do more than supplement the intuitive knowledge of feeling and consciousness under external conditions so widely differing from those of our century. It is something that no mere history can supply; the comparison suggested by the title is a just one. The great painter gives in his work far more than words could do; how much that would not else be known do not Vandyke and Raphael and Titian tell us of their sitters. plements words; imagination supplements history. Let this all-embracing, far-reaching sympathy be given, and the lapse of years and centuries but clarifies the intervening atmosphere, and puts the soul of the present into more intimate connection with that of the past. As men and eras approach our own time the fairest critic becomes partial; "The mirror is too close to our eyes and our own breath dims it." Interstellar space offers no refracting medium, while yonder mountain looms through the air in bewildering, uncertain proportions.

We have space to do but the scantiest justice to Landor's preëminent fitness for the task he took upon himself. Kindled with the antique spirit to the heart's core, the deep richness and calm self-control of his style unite the contrasting, but not incompatible, beauties that the ancients sought in splendid shrines stained in scarlet and purple, and in severer temples of Parian.

Aspasia! the name itself is a spell to the student of Grecian history. She shone preëminent in an age which gave a host of rival lights to the intellectual firmament. Singular in wealth of endowment, it was no chance wave that tossed so splendid a pearl to the surface at that time.

There was a meeting of currents; a refluent stream, destined at last to turn the whole mass of waters with its ebb, met the advancing tide with the effect of raising the level yet higher and endowing the popular life with its brightest though briefest affluence. The intense vitality

of sentiment and action, feeling and perception, infused into the national veins by the deep-stirring, recurrent crises of the Persian invasions, was a vigor that till long after the age of Pericles thrilled in the brains and arms of the poets and heroes of Grecian blood. But it reached its climax in that age, not from any limit inherent in itself, but checked and hemmed by opposing tendencies that, gaining strength, slowly asserted themselves. As the heart of civilization, Athens had been for many olympiads draining outlying provincial Greece of its best blood; in no vampire fashion, but, while taking the richest spoils to herself, giving a stimulus that more than made good the loss.

A dilution had begun in Athens, a good quickly to become an ill; the intense civic consciousness that burned into every soul the sentiment of devoted nationality was an altar-fire to which the foreign spices and incense at first proved but fresh fuel, then stifled and smothered.

Breadth is sometimes weakness, and as the strangers thronged the porticos to catch the wisdom from the lips of her philosophers, and crowded the theatres to honor her poets, a shadow fell, unseen, unfelt, upon the selfreliant splendor of her strength. But in Aspasia's time this tide of foreign life, with its ready sympathies and admiration, was wholesome. Drifted from Miletus, she, as her townspeople had done, felt the atmosphere of Athens more native than her own. The freer, more luxurious, semi-oriental tastes and habits took for their possessors' eves a new and pleasing grace amid the simpler Athenians, who soon proved ready scholars in luxurious ways. The varied oils and perfumes, the brilliant robes, the numberless refinements of taste made life a very pleasant and graceful thing, and the mutterings of a few dissatisfied Diogenes were quite inaudible. For all this fine dancing the flutes were played, but not then.

"The heat and ferment of the compost are necessary for raising rare plants," and where we find these, mindful that even in this nineteenth century the world is none too tropical for such growths, we might wisely turn to investi

gating the soil wherein they have grown. If the compost were sufficient without the seeds, we should seldom fall in need, for even the fairest state can supply that element of artificial forcing, and Athens in its prime showed a seething, turbulent populace behind her nobler representatives. As for Miletus one would think the stimulus something overstrong, as indeed it proved to be again and again; but at least one fair lily bloomed there, fortunately transplanted betimes to a more wholesome air and soil. The Persian wars had not been without influence for arousing, as well as disquieting, the Milesians, and now in a season of brief peace they could reap the harvest of their troubled sowing. The city's individuality had by this time become well asserted to itself, and beside shrewd traders with northern Thrace and southern Phœnicia, there were philosophers of no mean attainments. and poets whose only fault lay in not being eminent enough to compete for posthumous fame with those of

But we know too little of Aspasia's early training to make speculation profitable; that it had noble elements in it we may be sure. The freer life of the Ionian Greek gave opportunities of association with the scholars of her city which a maiden of so splendid promise would readily seize. It is the full-blown blossom that catches the eye as we turn the pages of the history of the fifth century before Christ; the strong, womanly sharer of Pericles' best life; the woman-flower of Grecian culture.

The ideal Athenian woman she was not. That ideal meant a matron leading a secluded life, of which, as with the Hebrew, the bearing and rearing of healthful children was the crown. With little or no intellectual culture, she could rarely be a companion to her husband, and it is no wonder that a class fitted for this relation was promptly accepted and domesticated. As Matthew Arnold concisely says, the mission of the Hebrew nation was to teach the law of righteousnesss, of the Greek to teach the law of beauty;—each a divine mission, dealing with an aspect of the eternal truth. Such national lives, inspired and

unified by one supreme motive of supreme excellence, could but be poems, although the rhythm was often broken and jangling. To the full-toned perfection of this music of the Highest went numberless undertones plaintive in their helplessness and seeming failure, and in Greece it was woman who took this lesser part, and filled out with simple melody the grand bursts of the inspired ones of her race. In the duties of this narrower sphere lay possibilities which come to us idealized in the conceptions of the poets. Antigone, Macaria, Iphigenia, were no abstract embodiments of heroic ideas. The process has always been, and always must be, the reverse of this. They were the incarnation of the collective nobility of traits found in the women of Greece. They were splendid exceptions of the woman's part in the gospel of The gem was doubtless slow in crystallizing from out the surrounding solvent of the commonplace; but when a genius came, skilled in such a chemistry of ethics, he found in tradition the outlines ready for his perfecting hand. Genius is not strictly creative; there must be at least the nebulæ of material before. So it came about that the hidden life of patience and endurance found its acknowledgment and crown. They did their part, these wives and mothers, in giving to the world these noble ideals of womanhood, had they never trained heroes for the death-fields of Thermopylæ and Marathon, nor stood with proudly-anxious hearts on their doorstones to bid their sons return with their shields or on them. As the dim lives that we can only guess at, filled out with dull vine dressing on Attic slopes, or with tending of flocks in Arcadian valleys, or hardened to a stern patience by starless toil on the Ægean sea, blossomed into beauty in Homer's song; so the close housewifery, the faithful rearing of children, the quiet, unquestioning devotion to her own, the self-forgetfulness, the reverent regard towards the gods above, laid the large groundwork of sentiment on which the bright women of the poets' dreams moved amid recognizing applause and love.

Do not think it incongruous or a profanation that, be-

side the images of these white-robed maidens with brows filleted for the altar, this gracious Milesian, smiled on by the brightest sun of Athenian fortune, untouched by sorrow, unconsecrated by the gray shadow of an overhanging fate, should take her stand. She for herself would only humbly lay a living wreath there; but though there was no tragedy in the full prosperity of her life, and the picture lacks that emphasis of shadow, she inherited the traditions of the Greek as no unworthy country-woman of Antigone.

To the earlier heroines of tradition and song had been entrusted the lighting at the altar-fire of the emotions and affections, the torch of the noblest passions. It was Aspasia who first held aloft full blazing the torch of intellectual life for women, kindled at the same altar. rising sun first smote the solitary snow-clad summits withdrawn apart, and as it ascended higher struck lower across the fertile pastures of the lower slopes, that were to team with summer's plenty. The speedier-blooming flowers of the heart preceded the rarer, more exotic, growths of the mind, but both alike were the native and legitimate products of Grecian soil, brought to perfection by the slow, quiet processes of Nature. The centurynourished flower of the aloe has no more of the miraculous than that of the daisy of the fields; both come in their due course, the one requiring only more favorable conditions of soil and climate than the other.

On the mythical heroines had followed women like Corinne and Sappho, women whose lives were lyres, the strings of which quivered and thrilled with a passion of love and beauty, and whose sweet strains were to haunt the ears of after generations. They differed from the earlier type in that they had passed from the unconscious inspiration of emotion to conscious delight in its exercise and expression. But here the advance stopped, and woman's intellectual life existed only in the directions in which it was stimulated by sentiment. The atmosphere was, as it were, charged with divine fire, and though the intensest life blazed along the lines of its passage by the

conductors of poetry and music, the depths of the mind remained unstirred and dormant. Heiress of their raptures, Aspasia and her peers put words to the inarticulate music,—exalted passion to the moulding by its torrent heat the more inert and precious masses of philosophy and ethics; turned its illumination on the paths of history, of science, of religion, and where she had plucked only flowers before, woman reached forth her hand and gathered fruit. Then it was that Beauty saw herself mirrored in fullest perfection. The national mission, unwittingly borne on, was accomplished.

Let us turn back to our magician and place ourselves under the charm of his wand. The Milesian maiden stands in the theatre of Dionysus; yonder in the sunlight sleeps the Saronic Gulf, the steely mirror bossed with the dark bronze of Salamis, which such a little time ago reflected to the startled heights of free Greece the countless fleets of Persia, and to her throned monarch his swift and disastrous defeat; on the stage lies the fettered figure of the Titan Prometheus;—a worthy introduction to Athens by the twin gates of her valor and her genius. Only a mind at home in the broad realms of the Grecian bard could grasp the might and majesty of such a conception. "The character of Prometheus is more heroic than any in heroic poetry; no production of the same extent is so magnificent and so exalted. But the Iliad is not a region, it is a continent; and you might as well compare this tragedy to it as the cataract of the Nile to the Ocean: in the one we are overpowered by the compression and burst of the element, in the other we are carried over an immensity of space bounding the earth, not bounded by her, and having nothing above but the heavens."

From the Homeric primer the student passed to the presence of the semi-divine heroes, and in the dramatic rites of the Dionysian god found a worship deeper than the external form consciously symbolized. In the conception of the Promethean tragedy and in its comprehension and reception, as far as it was comprehended and received, is found one of the nearest approaches of the Pagan mind

to the Christian. The nearest, but at a single point; as a whole system of morals the earlier Doric faith centered around the Delphic temple, answered more closely, approaching, as it did, Israel's love of Righteousness. The cultured Greek mind was profoundly reverential, even when it took the most skeptical attitude towards the popular creed. But the fungus growth of mythological tales, that had overspread and made monstrous the nobler impersonations of the deities, had rendered the elimination of the personal element inevitable. No Olympian had been exempt from this degradation:—

"God by God goes out, discrowned and disanointed;"

and in spite of the national spirit of reverence the tacit disbelief had spread far and wide. It was at this crisis that Æschylus embodied the noble dissatisfaction and longings for a diviner faith in the veiled and cautious teachings of his great trilogy. Many and wide as are the contrasts between the two systems, if the word may be used,—the Christian and the Promethean,—the latter, in spite of its final concession to the prevailing forms of faith, holds forth in dim and strange imagery the eternally essential truth, unchanged by the flight of centuries, of man's need and helplessness, and a final hope, the dawn of which was too distant, and its light on the horizon too faint, to inspire in the poet's soul aught more positive and assuring than a new interpretation of an old myth. have in Prometheus once more an effort at a personal belief or rather hope, not crystallized to a creed, but affording to those wearied by the clever abstractions of the day a dim promise that sat,

> "Veiled in light, behind the morning, Till the soul of man should lift up eyes and see."

It was with such an atmosphere pervading the upper plains of life that Aspasia entered upon her life in Athens. There was a great hush, a holding of the breath, while in the stillness and darkness the hand sought for some clue to guide, now that the old cord of doctrinal myth had parted. They who had the finer instincts were happy in being able to detect the gossamer threads of the higher truth hidden from grosser eyes. They could do nothing to save it from the dull, rude touch that quickly tangled and broke the ethereal thing, but for such clear eyes the new development of poetry in the tragedies bore its message of deep meaning. In their ears was, in truth, sounding the last evangel of the gospel of their race; the purest, highest responses of the oracles of the beautiful fell from the lips of Æschylus and Sophocles, were embodied in the marbles of Praxiteles and Phidias.

We can little doubt that Aspasia's wonderful gifts were intensified and guided by the quickness and delicacy of perception and the justice of sentiment native to her sex and people, and that in this dim religion of hopes and beauty she stood as priestess. Behind the veil of mingled philosophical skepticism and becoming reverence lay a lovely landscape of inner life, warm with the sunlight of faith in goodness, bright with the blossoms of faithful love. While Hellenic to the subtlest shade of thought, such sentences as the following are attuned to the noblest morality of Christianity:

"We think too much on what the gods have given us, and too little why."

"Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune or industry or virtue has placed in it."

"Wholesome is the wisdom that we have gathered from misfortune; sweet the repose that dwells upon renown; and beautiful the life that is the peristyle to immortality."

The nectar gained an added flavor and sweetness in passing from her hand, and for the great leader of his age was woven a cord of love and trust, which, slender as it seems, may well have served as a cable in the shifting gales and sudden storms which surrounded and assailed his ship.

In noting her influence on Pericles one must not overlook the admirableness of that union in which so splendid a character was willing to be merged. It is the binary

star, twin planets, but shining as one. How large a share of any man's deeds is to be credited to others must be indeterminable; it is seldom given too large; but in the case of Pericles, of whom Anaxagoras said that "in truth he could not be called ambitious, since he was content to be a ruler when he might have been a philosopher," and whose clear-cut, elevated personality, almost lonely in its lofty isolation, severed him from the distractions of baser men, the part played by such a woman can be but faintly conceived. In spite of the saying of Anaxagoras, Pericles was too philosophic in the best sense not to have a just valuation of greatness; the world in which the philosophers worked was more sublime, their materials more ductile, their immediate results more nearly perfect; they wrought exquisitely their bits of fine gold,—the ruler had but clay, stubborn, fragile, of uncertain value when it had come from the furnace. But the man of larger scope nobly chose this moulding of the vessels of state and society, which must hold the precious ores of the sages as well as the baser metal for daily service. The philosopher's stone was a dream of the alchemist; its moral prototype is still the inspiration of such men as Pericles, the transformation of the lives of others, as well as their own, into conformity with the ideal. Aspasia supplied the fuel to maintain the flame of this appreciative love of Too often the lack of such support best at its height. has killed the noblest part of nature as unpractical, has blasted the richest fruit. "In contentions for power the philosophy and the poetry of life are dropped and trodden down. Domestic affection can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics than flowers can find nourishment in the pavements of the streets."

It was in the graceful fulfilling of this subordinate sphere,—no subordinate one in truth,—by a life-duty so well paid that Pericles could link her happiness with Athens' glory as his greatest and dearest trusts, that Aspasia will linger longest in the world's memory and closest to the world's heart.

LOST AT SEA.

Only a sailor, the captain said,
Only a sailor—a man at the mast.
He has saved the babe. But he is dead.
Let the body into the sea be cast.

So the good ship stopped for a moment or two, And a prayer was uttered, a tear was shed, And the body went down in the waters blue, And the ship passed on. A sailor was dead.

In the door of a cottage a mother stands
Awaiting the coming of her dear one.
A cry of anguish—and out of her hands
Falls the letter that tells of the death of her son.

He was only a sailor. The captain was right.

But to her—to his mother, old and gray—

Well !—the light of her life went out that night,

And her life went, too, at the break of day.

For the world is selfish and stern and cold, And cares but little for one man's fall. And the captain forgot, as the story he told, That every only is somebody's all.

M.

NOTES.

H OW greatly does the satisfaction of a student depend upon the number and quality of the notes which adorn or encumber his classical text-books! When he first holds in his hands the volume which is to be his companion and his enemy for weeks to come, he casts a short critical glance at the binding and gilt letters, makes an unsuccessful dash at the first Greek sentence, but turns to the notes as the basis of his final estimate; and woe be to him if he there surveys a wilderness of genealogy or a bog of Latin.

Frequent disappointments lead us to wonder on what principle these curious patch-works are constructed, and then to try and solve that problem by establishing a consistent theory. First rises in the mind the thought that notes are written with an honest purpose to clear the way through the jungles of difficult translations, to point out the lurking-places of concealed allusions, and to make manifest the beauties of a classic style. But this primitive idea cannot be for a moment reconciled with facts, and the wide discrepancy drives us to a misanthropic belief that the author is stealthily misguiding his readers into tangles of impossible genealogy and pitfalls of unreliable interpretation; for when did an instructor ever confirm the judgment of the notes on a disputed passage? idea, however, imputes to editors an unprofitable malice —a much less likely motive than financial shrewdness, which would impel them to swell classical text-books to a paying size. But, though such a motive might account for the weak, dropsical corpulence of some primary school volumes, we here again encounter a troublesome fact: the price of our books is usually in inverse ratio to their size.

This third theory failing, we try one quite different. The editor has in his mind a host of trifles—fine discriminations, far-fetched etymologies, learned quotations, odds and ends too few of a kind to be published in separate volumes, too various to be classed together. He therefore prints a new edition of some ancient work, and appends his pet miscellany under the title "Notes."

This hypothesis has many strong points: it explains the needless translation of an easy passage as an opportunity to air some favorite phrase; that extraordinary monograph upon the Roman calendar, aimlessly attached to Ovid's poems, proves to be an old astronomical thesis of the editor's school-days; and the notes to a certain Philippic of Cicero are the copious contents of a Latin scrapbook, carelessly pieced together with a few transitionwords of English. Still this cannot be exalted to the dignity of a general theory, and a general theory is the

object of our search. We will not here detail the roundabout process by which we obtain the next formula; suffice it to give the result. Notes are subjective, written by their author primarily to put on record for himself the thoughts suggested by the text, and the explanations which he has been obliged to seek in classical and antique dictionaries, lexicons and grammars; making thus an elaborate memorandum-book, a diary of intellectual experience. All difficulties will yield at application of this test; all observed phenomena confirm its truth. The grammatical references, the disquisitions on etymology, the endless rain of dates and names, the extracts from the dictionary of antiquities, the dissection of argument, the anatomy of style, which neither benevolence, nor malice, nor avarice, nor the publishing fever can fully account for are explained by our supposition of a scholarly prudence which wishes to preserve for its own satisfaction these fine evanescent threads of thought. annoying to us, that notes are fullest on the easy passages and wanting on the hard ones, is because the editor wishes, perhaps, to take up no part of the work which he cannot exhaust, and so does not read the knotty sentences himself. There is also a strong negative confirmation of the theory in the absence of notes from mathematical works. Surely few algebras or trigonometries can be understood in their present form without elaborate explanation; yet the necessary notes are omitted, because an accurate record of thoughts and sensations experienced while reading such a book would be too highly spiced with strong language to set before a fastidious public.

Here, then, is a comprehensive Theory of Notes: let time prove its merit or demerit. It is respectfully dedicated to the shade of Charles Anthon.

THE EMPIRE OF SILENCE.

COME fifty years ago two men stood talking by the Shore of a New England lake. The name of this lake has long since passed away if it indeed ever had one. The region about it is all known now as "The Three Graves." It is a little body of water almost entirely surrounded by woods. Upon the northern edge is a gentle knoll, free from timber; and upon this knoll is a little elevated seat made by means of a few rough stones thrown promiscuously together. It was evidently a council-seat of a tribe of Indians at some earlier date. It was now about dusk of an evening in May. The trees were beginning to put out their fresh green leaves, flowers were sprinkled over the top of the knoll, sending out delicate wild perfumes to their nostrils, and there hovered around that peculiar atmosphere which comes only in the spring. The lake lay in front, its surface unruffled by the slightest puff of wind, while away off in the distance could be caught the dim reflection of bluish hills. this rising stretch of ground stood these two men. The scarcely perceptible rustling of the trees, and the chirping of a few early crickets, was all that disturbed the silence of the evening. For a long time they stood communing only with themselves and gazing silently upon the scene before them. As they stand, let us take a hasty glance at them. The smaller and evidently the younger is fair-haired and slimly built, with a dreamy look in his mild blue eyes. But the look seems not only one of vacancy, but more a look of sadness. The face has over it an expression of weariness, a feeling of regret at the thought of going back to mingle with the noise and bustle of the outside world. Every now and then he seemed to sigh and look away off over the lake, the trees and the blue hills, to try and discover some bourne for melancholy souls beyond. The other was the direct opposite of the first. He had lifted his hat a little to catch

the light breeze just beginning to stir, and showed a face already marked with increasing years of melancholy. His eyes were dark and glowing, sunk back in their sockets and burning now with their deepest intensity. His hair was dark and brushed back showing a noble forehead, now scowled up as if the owner were brooding over some morbid fancy. There was something about these men that showed them to be the same in feeling yet capable of the greatest hate on the one hand and forced hate on the other. Men born as other men they truly were, but with the addition of a longing, unquenchable feeling for something beyond. Sometimes such men are poets; they are always dreamers in the eyes of the world.

At last the elder spake: "Why, Justin Norcross, have you stood so long without speaking. Remember you are with your only friend now and not with the world outside."

The fair-haired dreamer started at the deep rich tones of his associate and looking up began in his dreamy tones to speak: "I was thinking, perhaps you may call it dreaming, of an imaginary land—perhaps not wholly imaginary either-the Empire of Silence. And I will tell you what I wish it were like. This world is too noisy for me, for I love quiet; it is too happy, for I am always melancholy. And yet I cannot blame the world; I only wish that we might be separate in existence. I can see no beauty in pleasure for I am never joyful. None care for me nor do I interest myself in the world. The more I create a world of absolute beauty, the more am 1 disturbed by the din of this one. I would go and dwell where beauty and pleasure and silence all were united, and I would be monarch in this realm. I would have my throne in a place like this; around me, mountains, lakes, and hoary trees. my side should sit my bride, the one I have lately learned to love, and she should share the kingdom with me. other should be in this empire save we too. It should be lighted by the subdued light of sun, moon, and stars together. Underneath, the green grass should make a lawn of velvet, bordered by the violets of the spring time.

Above, it should be frescoed with heaven's own blue. Before, behind, and all around us, hills should stretch away till they touched the clouds. Upon the trees should be a foliage of green and autumn colors; in front of our throne a little silvery lake like this. The atmosphere should be hazy and dreamy and still, lulling to sleep and rest. But above all else should be the absolute silence that I would wish; and with this silence would I be joyful in its absolute beauty. No birds should rest within this silent empire, for they are happy and I am not; no wind should ruffle the lake or cause the leaves to move, for the wind seems to have something more to do than to think. and I have not. Do you like the picture? These were my thoughts." As he ended he sighed again as if in sorrow to have thus deceived himself in this vain portraval of happy quietude,

"Nay, Justin, thy picture does not suit me," said his friend Harold Clair. "It better suits thee, for thou art not so morbid as I. While thou wast painting in such glowing words the beauties of thine empire, I too have been thinking of an Empire of Silence. I should not wish to paint in bright colors, but in dark. There should not be constant, lovely-shaded light, but only stray beams illuminating rifts in the overhanging clouds. My realm should be bounded by an endless precipice, reaching to the depths of the Universe. There might be lakes and trees, but they should be fetid lakes and gnarled trees. Beauty and pleasure should be banished, and over all a horrid silence. But this realm should be peopled with immovable beings who like myself should ever think; for I would wish companions in my misery. would I reign, with my golden-haired love, whose fair locks would ere many days be turned to darkest black. There would we ever stay and think with all the rest, but never speak nor stir. Year after year should roll away with no approach save that of ever-coming souls in silent array. This is my painting, darker and gloomier than thine, but nearer my idea of such a realm. They are both imaginary worlds, painted by our separate

fancies colored by melancholy's aid. Thine is the painting of a craving soul, mine of a despairing. Thy wish is to let others alone, but mine is to have them endure in an Empire of Silence what I have so long endured in their world. But you spoke as if in love. I too am in love with her I would make my bride. But come, let us be going, for it is getting late"

They spoke no more, and folding their cloaks about them, they went away, little thinking that they were to meet there but once more and that forever. About a mile from the lake there was the town of Cheston, where lived these two poetic souls, for poets they were. About a month before the scene just described, there had moved into the town a retired surgeon, named Dr. Hawton. He had an only daughter, Alice Hawton, whose beauty and delicacy of character caused her to be every where beloved. There probably was nothing which these two men both hated as much as society. But this woman had ensnared them both. Her beauty is even now remarked by old citizens of Cheston, still living. For a long while they were both in ignorance of the other's actions. At last the truth was known and a jealous enmity sprang up between them. This reached its crisis when, at last, she decided in favor of Iulian Norcoss. The result was a duel fought on the old knoll by the lake. The November winds were whistling through the trees, the lake was covered with billows, the flowers were dead and gone, when they met for the last time at their old trysting place. They fired together and both fell mortally wounded. Both died in a few hours and were buried on the knoll. not far apart—not so far, but that in two months more Alice Hawton was placed between them; and they are both monarchs now in the Empire of Silence and their Empress lies beside them both.

PIQUE.

LE MALENTENDU.

Leigho Lindo, love me well!—
Why so joyful, merry maid?
I've a love down in the dell.
Lucky love! the other said.

Mellow are his words and sweet,— Music is contagious, fair. Softly murmured at my feet.— Favored mortal, lying there!

Warmly glowed my hand in his.—
And the other's, too, I trow!
Lingered lovingly the kiss.—
Lips have double uses, too.

Soothing is my love's embrace.

Oh! the depth of such a thought.

Deem'st my wantonness disgrace!

Leave me, Meme! Ask me not.

Bid me not. 'Tis but a stream !— Truly, but a chilly rill? Passing fancy of a dream.— Then thou hast a lover still!

Leigho Lindo! Love me well.—
Happy tree, that props the vine!—
Happy vine, the breezes tell.
Happy either, Meme mine.

w. w. H.

NOTABILIA.

WE have the honor of a charming old acquaintance who sometimes climbs up to our study, in brave spite of his rheumatic joints, to smoke a social pipe with us. He is one of those delightful old "weather-spies," as quaint Dr. Donne called them, who used to pronounce upon the questions of the weather-cock and the barometer with such pleasant and garrulous dogmatism. Alas for their

good souls! now that the Herald, that prodigious machine for news, has taken away their occupation. But we find it entertaining to listen to our old friend still. He has such extraordinary intimacy with the intentions of the frost and skies. Not that his elaborate prognostications are always correct. On the contrary. It is the logical beauty of his reasons that entrances us. Last winter, for instance, was going to be very cold, because the muskrats and beavers had built double doors to their dens. The explanation was so clear, so plausible, that it filled us with delight. And it was only the other evening our poor old friend came toddling up to assure us that the present winter would be an unusual one. Of course, but how? Well, it was to be very cold, one of your dry, brisk, hearty, snapping, snow-bound winters. With commendable credulity, we again place confidence in our informant. A cold winter! let us hope so: let us pray for it. For students, a cold winter is always the best and jolliest of winters. It means a snug, warm interior, open fires, long chats over the "brown bowl" and the "little brown jug," the glorious sport of the double-ripper (are we not over that yet? No, indeed!), Germans prolonged till the faint stars twinkle in the dawn, moonlit ice and the music of sleigh bells, etc., etc. You know the rest.

When the great Napoleon had fought all his battles, and led his veterans home from the wars, it was found necessary, such was the number of the wounded, to build that splendid structure, the Invalides, whose superb dome now rises in the luminous Parisian air. Apparently, we shall have to build our Invalides before, almost, the campaign is begun, for our foot ball team is being rapidly transformed into an army of invalids. Daily there arrives a rumor of some new casualty, some fresh sprained ankle or bruised arm or battered head. We all admire pluck, we applaud a bold dash or a successful run. There is nothing like audacity, verve, and vigor. Every allowance, too, is to be made for accidents, such as slipping, miscalculation, etc. But when all this is acknowledged, is there

not yet a bit of apprehension that the team may outplay itself before its time comes? Is there not perhaps a little too much of the rash kind of play, of "bull-headed" doggedness? Is not something of judgment, of craft, of mental quickness in the play sacrificed to it? So at least it has seemed to us at times, and we are not alone in the opinion. Of course, the captain of the team is the proper man to attend to this, and doubtless he apprehends the importance of the danger much more clearly than we can do. We have not a word of general complaint to utter against the team, nothing, on the contrary, but praise for the good work they are doing, But certainly attention should be called to the increase of invalids. We cannot hope to contend against Harvard or Princeton with an army of invalids.

WE sincerely regret that our remarks in the last number on the matter of boating finances should have hurt the feelings of any officer of the present navy. Certainly, nothing was farther from our intention. The evil we attacked has been in existence for a term of years; it simply came more prominently into notice by excess of abuse. The necessity, the duty of forming an estimate at the beginning of the year, and adjusting the contributions to that, still remains and ought to be recognized. order, however, that the Freshmen may not acquire an erroneous opinion of the matter, and that they may not feel that taxation can be shirked next year, we wish to state, on good authority, that according to the calculations made the navy will not get a single cent more than it absolutely needs. Whatever has been given, then, will be devoted to the best purposes.

In reading over the exchanges, it is entertaining to remark the state of lamentation in which a great many of the smaller colleges appear to have fallen on account of Yale's devotion to athletics and out-door sports. Sometimes the charge is conveyed with an unmistakable air of contempt. This is the note sounded commonly by the

organs of the superior college culture of the West. That there might not be any mistake about it, one paper in particular takes the pains to formulate the sentiment which it seems most of the universe is now holding. "At Yale," it announces with delightful naïveté, "they cultivate brawn; in the West we cultivate intellect and oratory without the brawn." We beg our readers to consider whether they ever, even in Macaulay, encountered an antithesis so brilliant and penetrating. Leaving, however, these pitifully captious and uninstructed opinions, drawn mostly from our weekly papers which must necessarily contain much that is official report of the athletic departments, we wish to make a confession to Taking into consideration the intellectual status and atmosphere of the college, there is indeed a lack of literary activity, of interest in letters, which seems to us remarkable. In saying so much as this the western papers state a real evil. It is their setting themselves up as superior literary standards that we find objectionable and ludicrous. May it be long before we see any approach whatsoever to the false exaggeration and spasmodic violence and sloppy sentimentality which have gained for some of their organs so much of discredit in the East. We too lament the fact which they put with such maladroitness. But it is not easy to see the remedy. Undoubtedly we are now in the midst of one of those powerful tidal currents that at intervals set in favor of athletic interest to the detriment of literary. At the present moment we can only call attention to the fact; the remedy we hope to discuss at another time, trusting also that the agitation of a question of such importance may be started in other quarters.

WE refer in the *Memorabilia* to the President's Reception on Monday evening last. It was indeed a pleasant affair, and not too crowded, as we had been led to anticipate. It was found necessary, to be sure, to employ a little elbowing and manœuvring in some of the rooms, but the utmost good humor prevailed, to say nothing of the

suave content of some of our society friends. These enviable fellows seemed always to discover the right corner, and it was marvelous how they managed to linger there or at least to steer thither after a brief voyage elsewhere, laden with a fresh cargo of chat. We should like to advise all the Seniors to attend these receptions, were it not that we have ourselves, like all true editors, a wonderful enjoyment of monopolies.

PORTFOLIO.

-I wish some one would write a book of etiquette for the special benefit of my friend Snobson, with minute adaptations to every conceivable occasion. He is the most provoking fellow that ever went out into society. The sentimentalities of dress remain to him the most profound mystery and the most continual occasion of distress of mind. If it is an evening party with R. S. V. P. on the cards, he comes running up to my room, as I am in the midst of my toilet, with a perturbed urgency as to whether he shall wear spike-tails and white tie or not. Now, it is a wedding or a kettledrum, and he cries out in the most agonized way, "I say, Jack, how about this, old boy? Is a Prince Albert the proper thing? Should a fellow wear kids, eh?" and so on. He is the most exasperating, however, about the simpler points of custom calls. Now, calls appear to set him in the most inextricable confusion. Why, I have heard him discuss for a whole half-hour the comparative merits of a three-buttoned cut-away and a four-buttoned one. Finally, he would jump up with the most complacent air, ejaculating, "Well, hang me, Jack, if I don't think I'll go in a three-buttoned cut-away," and that, as a general thing, used to settle the matter. But, after all, by far the greatest bother, the most touching despair of this man's life is the question of white or black ties. The other night, just before the Wilhelmj concert, after a doubtful transition from one to another and various unsatisfactory experiments, he came to me with a beaming countenance: "Damn it, Jack," he cried, "I think I shall wear black to-night," and he did.

-The appearance of a book like Marion Harland's Dinner Year Book in this country, is an unmistakable sign of the wonderful progress civilization and luxury are making. We put more confidence in it than in all the chimeras of philosophy. But what we want to speak of just at present is the ravishing perished joys which this book, with its descriptions of neat little household dinners and colored prints of luscious red roasts, recalls to our memory. These joys belong to quotation. Is that strange? Have you never enjoyed the experience of perusing Thackeray's inimitable sketch of "Great and Little Dinners" in London, and the delicious little suppers he had in Paris, and with the taste of it in your mouth, rushed away to a restaurant, though it might be near midnight and you all alone, to satisfy the ticklings of the palate with a few delicate dishes? If not, you can never hope to enter the paradise of true gourmets; if not, you will entertain little reverence for the oracles of the high-priest of gastronomy which we are about to translate. We want every one to enjoy Marion Harland's book, but in order to attain to that state of blessedness, one must know the steps of initiation. For that purpose we choose the following aphorisms of the great Brillat-Savarin from his famous work on the Physiology of Taste:

"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

The dinner table is the only place where one is not ennuyed during the first hour.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of human beings than the discovery of a star.

A dessert without cheese is a beautiful woman who has but one eye.

The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which it dines.

La Gourmandise is an act of our judgment by which we accord preference to things that are agreeable to the taste over those that lack that quality."

—I hate cant, and therefore I do not go to our class prayer meetings. I imagine that a great many others stay away for the same reason. You ask me what I mean by cant, and I tell you the substitution of phrases and formulas for actualities. It is a very vital question why the prayer meetings of some of our classes are so poorly attended. I am inclined to look on the institution in general somewhat as a relic of what was held

good when religion was less spiritual than it is now, but the necessity for which has passed away. The dissenting denominations find fault with Roman Catholics and Episcopalians because of their liturgy, but in no place under the sun can you find so absolute a subjection to unprofitable and unelevating figures of speech as at an ordinary prayer meeting. I love the Quakers because they can worship God in silence. I love the Roman Catholics, that is the true ones, because they can count their beads and murmur their Aves while their minds drift off into a limitless dream-land apart from the flesh and the things of the world. But we orthodox Christians must be continually making a noise, continually preaching, exhorting, repeating the outworn phrases of our fathers over and over again till they utterly cease to convey any meaning to any body's mind. We are too sensuous, bodily, finite in our ideas of religious things. We lose sight of the grand world of the spirit. Religion flows from an elevation of the soul. But we think it our duty to form a definite conception of the nature and attributes of God and of the destinies of the soul, to lay down a definite moral code of what things we may do and of what we must leave undone, of how often we must pray, of how often we must read the Bible. I hold that it is impossible for men to pray, as it were, to order and at stated intervals. And so, when they come together and agree that in turn, beginning at 12.35 p. m. by the college clock, they shall rise and pray in the presence of their fellows, they find themselves tongue-tied and begin at once to measure off a vard or so of unprofitable, meaningless formulas which they heard gray haired old men rehearse in much the same way, when they were boys, and which boys will hear them rehearse when they are gray haired old men. Or else they take to exhortation or to discussion. and treat of the things of God with presumptuous familiar tongue. The true prayer finds no utterance in words. true sermon is in the life and the example. You remember the story, how Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller went to the theater one night together. A grand ballet was one of the features of the entertainment, and as they two watched the graceful forms of fair women pass before them. swaying now here, now there in symmetrical, poetical motion, Emerson exclaimed, "It is grand," and Margaret Fuller replied, "It is religious." But the orthodox prayer meeting

man sees nothing religious in poetry, in art, in music,—not even in silence and thought. I do not believe that he can be made to. He must talk and bluster. Let him. But I shall not go to prayer meetings.

——The art of illustration is still in its infancy. We will grant you that the successful pictorial representation of a scene in a novel for instance, calls for a much larger degree of talent and care than is usually supposed. We are inclined to wish that it called for so much that it would never be attempted. A picture paper is a picture paper and we can find enjoyment enough, for instance, in the inimitable productions by du Maurier, of English girls and English children. But when we have formed an image in our own minds, definite and well defined, of some character in fiction in whom we have taken an almost personal interest, we for our part demand that our conception shall not be mutilated by the unappreciative idea of him which some second rate artist has formed. It will be a long time before we entirely forget the shock which we received once upon a time while reading a certain American edition of Adam Bede. In the course of the story we had entirely lost ourselves. We never stopped to think that Adam and Dinah were not historical personages. Were not their exploits, their beauty, their noble character, here portrayed before us? Every page we read with increasing interest and loss of all self-consciousness. But when at the denoument they two, in that most masterly of love scenes, were preparing to link their fortunes for life and we were soaring to the seventh heaven with delight and wonder, what evil spirit thrust before our sight the portrait of an ill favored, idiotic man, awkwardly grabbing a hand protruding from a bundle of woman's clothes and labeled it Adam and Dinah? I know that Lamb preferred an edition of Shakespeare with poor illustrations to any with good ones, because the first by contrast heightened the natural beauties of the text without essaying to rival it, while the other did essay but only to meet with failure. We confess that we do not appreciate this theory. We have had too much experience to the contrary. Would Lamb defend the star system as pursued in our theatres now-a-days? We should hope not. And yet both these rest on the same fallacy of the effect of contrast. They both sin against good taste. We would prefer our editions of good

books to be without illustrations, for the best of them cannot fairly represent our conceptions, while the poorest make the sublime ridiculous.

-A very charming friend of mine who went to hear Dr. Lord speak upon Madame de Maintenon, was much provoked at the worthy orator's standard for feminine excellence. "How absurd in him to talk like that," she exclaimed with an impatient tap of her pretty foot and a light in her eager eyes which made them look brighter than ever. "Of course, schoolgirls are an intellectual abomination, as he insinuates, but a woman, according to him, to amount to anything at all, must be forty years old. For we could not be the feminine Crichtons he would have us with less than forty years experience of books and reading. It follows as a logical conclusion (logic from a woman, thought I—the millenium to-morrow) that we poor women who are not forty and who see some society as well as books, are not fit companions for the mighty minds of you men. That's what you all think in your hearts, though you are afraid to say it. I half forgive the Doctor his unkind criticisms, because he was the only one among you who had the courage even to hint at them. But you all believe them and pride yourselves upon them, and that's what makes me so angry. There," she continued, with a half sigh and a smile at her own vehemence, "now tell me what made you open your eyes so when I talked about a logical conclusion?" "You must pardon my astonishment at your making use of logic," I replied, "for I could not have been more surprised had you attempted to explain me the nebular hypothesis, the squaring of the circle, or the standards in New Haven society. Logic in a woman! C'est impossible." I had expected another outburst upon this, but to my surprise she only said quietly, "You are right. We have no logic. We have no hold upon you men as you have upon each other by logic. But we have that which is far more powerful, sympathy and intuition. I will give you a case and you shall judge for yourself which is the greater power, logic or intuition. remember Jean Jacques Ampère, in Madame Lenormant's charming book? His father, André-Marie Ampère, was a great man. Hence the logical conclusion that the young Ampère, on his road to fame must find his best guide and assistant in his father. Was he ruled by this logical conclusion? Very little. What drew him away? What ruled him? The force of intuition and sympathy represented by Madame Récamier. Nothing else. He was not in love with her, I tell you, for his letters from Egypt which bear the strongest traces of her influence, were written when she was 67 and he 44. Moreover, she was a woman of only moderate intellectual ability. Yet she not only helped to form Ampère, but greater men than he-Ballanche, DeTocqueville and Chateaubriand. And this she did by her intuition and sympathy, which qualities all women share with her in greater or less degree. So you may keep your logic and welcome." "There is more in your philosophy than you think for," said I. "Write it down and I will have it published for you." But she protested so strongly that she couldn't write a line, that I was forced to say, "Well, then, since you have convinced me I will write it down for you, provided you will let me change the application to yourself and say—

> 'No friend like woman all the world discovers, So that you have not been, nor will be, lovers.'"

Hinc illae litterae.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

We are now in the midst of the dull season for athletic sports, and our record, consequently, is somewhat scanty. We are just in time, for instance, to record the last game of the Fall series of

Base Ball

Which was played Saturday, Nov. 9. Following is the score:

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			R.	IB.	P.O.	A.				R.	IB.	P.O.	A.
Hutchison,			1	I	0	2	Ives, .			2	I	6	I
Parker, .			2	I	2	5	Lamb, .			2	2	2	I
Bishop,			0	0	I		Walden,			I	'I	2	I
Giltner, .			I	0	I	2	Thompson,			2	1	I	I
Kellogg,			I	I	I	0	Peabody,			2	2	I	0
Clark, .			3	3	5		Wheeler, .			2	2	8	1
Spencer,			I	o	11	0	Sprague,			2	0	2	0
Shepley, .			0	0	0	0	Carpenter,			3	2	I	o
Harding,			0	0	3	I	Curtis, .			3	3	I	4
_			_		_	_					_	_	
Total,			9	6	24	13	Total,			19	14	24	Q

Linonia

Is once more attracting the notice of the college world, and this time by the institution of a course of lectures on various subjects, two of which have already been delivered to a crowded hall by Prof. Sumner on the "Resumption of Specie Payment." The debates and regular literary work of the society still continue.

The President's Reception,

The first of the season, came off Monday evening, Nov. 18, and, in spite of the inclemency of the night, was largely attended and proved to be a most successful affair. The pleasantness of the occasion was considerably due to the excellent management of the ushers, Messrs. Bigelow, Auchincloss (whose place was taken by Mr. Parker) and Rodman for the Academic and Mr. Hillhouse for the Scientific department.

Foot Ball.

The first game of the season was played with Amherst Nov. 2, at Hamilton Park, resulting in 2 goals and 3 touch-downs for Yale, o for Amherst. The following gentlemen composed our team: Forwards—Farwell, Harding, Moorhead, Lamb, Ives, Hull, Eaton; half-backs—Brown, Peters, Thompson, Badger, Camp; backs—Wakeman, Nixon, Hill. Judges—Amherst, Mr. Thurston; Yale, Mr. Clark, '80. Referee—Mr. Miller, '79. The second foot ball game was played with Trinity on Wednesday, Nov. 13, at Hartford, four Yale men playing with the latter to complete the team. Yale, 3 goals, 5 touch-downs; Trinity, o. Referee—Mr. Mason, of Trinity. Judges—for Yale, Mr. Clark; for Trinity—Mr. Russell.

The Return Game

With Amherst was played on Blake Field, in Amherst, Nov. 16. Yale played with substitutes in place of Camp, Eaton, Ives, and Thompson. The result was a draw, both sides failing to score. Referee—Mr. Hibbard, Amherst, '79. Judges—for Yale, Mr. Clark, '80; for Amherst, Mr. Thurston, '81.

A Class Meeting

Of Seniors was held Oct. 26, at which Mr. Kirchwey was elected orator; Mr. Syle, poet; and Mr. Sonn, statistician.

Lit. Prize Medal.

We publish in this issue the successful essay, under the name of the writer. The titles of the fourteen other essays handed in were: 1. "The Advice given Robinson Crusoe by his Father;" 2. "Bulwer as a Novelist;" 3. "Bulwer Lytton's Strange Story;" 4. "The Character of Cicero;" 5. "An Irish Patriot;" 6. "Jonathan Edwards;" 7. "Linda de Romeiro;" 8. "Mirabeau" (which was handed in too late to be considered); g. "The Philosophy of Robinson Crusoe;" 10. "A Poet's Corner;" 11. "Quarantine;" 12. "The Spirit of the Feudal Age in Froissart's Chronicle;" 13. "Ten Days at Newport;" 14. "Terra Incognita." Prof. Beers, Prof. Carter, and L. J. Swinburne, chairman of the board, were the judges. The unsuccessful essays may be obtained by the authors by calling at 238 Durfee within two weeks. Those remaining uncalled for after that time will be destroyed with the envelopes unopened.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Europeans; a Sketch. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. For sale by Judd.

It has been long since the work of any American novelist has received so wide notice and commendation as Mr. James has attracted to *The Europeans*. Nor has this favorable attention been confined to our side of the Atlantic. The refined literary taste of our English cousins has for once allowed itself to be considerably gratified by a "Yankee" production; the *Spectator*, indeed, is so much pleased that it has taken the book under its wing and dubbed it an "Anglo-American novel."

The plot of the story is slight, and but for a wonderful delicacy of treatment, would be disagreeable. It turns on the ambiguous position of a woman in morganatic marriage with a German nobleman; a relation, which, we are given to understand, the Reigning Prince (for the time was upwards of thirty years ago) is anxious to dissolve. To such a step the Baroness is by no means averse, if she can but see her way clear to a more brilliant position. With this end in view, she makes a visit to her relatives in Boston, where she finds a suitor but does not win a husband. Such is the matter-of-fact outline

of the Baroness Münster's share in the story; but the author's delicacy has left no room for anything objectionable or disagreeable. Indeed, this woman, false at heart and only conventionally brilliant, is made to show how despicable conventional shams and total insincerity may be. We have nothing to regret in respect to this well-drawn character, except the view Massachusetts society takes of her position. We had never supposed, and are still loath to believe that there are in New England men of culture and refinement, of Puritan stock and high in social position, who could pay court to a woman in the Baroness Münster's position, and sympathize in her doctrine that a marriage may be dissolved whenever both parties are ready to form a new one.

It is not, however, around the Baroness' uncanny hidden life, that the peculiar charm of this exquisite book is gathered. The plot, slender as it is, is still barely sufficient for the threading together of truly dramatic and finely humorous conversations, wherein European manners are contrasted with what has been called the "thin and refined provincialisms of Boston." In all these conversations the spirit and color are due to the one character, who, more than all others, makes this "sketch" so striking. It is in painting Felix Young's character, "a little slip of a thing," that the author has shown an exquisite humor. We behold a true Bohemian, a sort of innocent amateur, incapable of shyness, deceit, modesty, or want of tact, who comes to his point, whenever he has one, with a radiant audacity that is superb. happy, lively nature in combination with the usually irritable and insatiate artistic temperament, is a species of character altogether new. It is sufficient The contrast with the anxious, somewhat in itself for a literary success. sombre dignity of the Puritan temperament, makes a picture full of fine touches. In short, Felix Young, born of American blood, but on French soil; educated a Bohemian, and by profession a strolling sort of artist; incapable of earnestness, and of real levity as well; prefering to attach himself to a stronger nature, and yet keeping a perfectly elastic independence;—this is a character so original, and withal so admirably done, that we feel sure The Europeans will take its place as a classic in English Literature.

The First Violin. By Jessie Fothergill. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale by Peck.

This is a "musical novel." There is a prælude, interlude, and postludium, with a liberal sprinkling of arias and obligatos. Indeed, taking it altogether, the musical properties have so far predominated that some one has lost a It opens with "Rev. Augusta Dorin," head, and here we have the result. which means that a pretty English girl is poor. Moreover, she is sentimental; for she has a "companion-shadow," a "foreboding." It drives her from home by asking her to marry him. She goes to Germany to study music, gets lost at once, is comforted and sent on her way by a romantic individual of distinguished appearance. Love at first sight. Individual turns out to be "First Violin" in the orchestra of a provincial theatre. Chagrin; repentance. Trouble about her whim; trouble about his whim. Confusion general; chaos, but a great deal of music. Mr. "First Violin" is revealed once more, this time as "Graf ——'s" brother. Reconciliation somehow, with music; also, French and German in profusion, but all kindly translated at the end of the book.

Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets. New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale by Judd.

It is well known that Johnson's "Lives" were of very unequal merit. He did not choose the subjects himself; he had engaged to write the lives of those whom the booksellers selected, to be included in a collection of British poets. As a consequence, much of the work was done carelessly and mechanically, and in length and quality is little superior to the usual prefaces to such collections. To this cause, doubtless, it is due that these "Lives," while they were to be found on the shelves of every good library, have never been ranked among those books which everyone should read. There are, however, certain of those biographies, which, taken in succession, form a complete history of that century which devoted itself to the formation of English prose. Moreover, these are just those portions which are usually regarded as the best, most satisfying, and most characteristic of Johnson's work. With this as an end in view, Mr. Matthew Arnold has selected the lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope and Gray. As literary criticism, merely, this volume is one of the few which no student can afford to neglect. But it has a greater value and interest. Johnson was essentially a moralist; he could never content himself with the simple study and record of facts. He must needs make his "Lives" to give a complete outline of his views upon men and thingsupon fate, free-will, the conduct of life, and the order of the world. The six biographies chosen are of preëminent interest in this two-fold sense. Arnold well reminds us that much of his work Johnson "could treat with the knowledge and sure tact of a contemporary; even from Milton and Dryden he was scarcely further separated than our generation is from Burns and Scott." That his volume might be "quite perfect," Mr. Arnold thought it well to add the "Life of Johnson," which Macaulay contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica. In this way, we are given a homogeneous and complete history of the highest literature from 1608 to 1771.

In an appendix to the American edition, the publishers have included Macaulay's famous essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and Carlyle's equally famous reply thereto. This has been done because of a lately expressed opinion, that, "If a young person were to ask from what portions of English Literature he could gain most benefit in a single sitting, nothing could be more safely recommended than" these two essays.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Out of the vast heap of vagaries, of ambitions, of folly, of assumption, of wit, of inanity, with which our editorial table groans, there comes up first the sweet, sober little face of the Vassar Miscellany, in its new dress as a monthly. Welcome, then, exponent of the feminine charm! We are always glad to get it, in spite of the derogatory and unsympathetic remark of one of our inveterate exchange readers, who declared he was habitually disappointed in the Miscellany because it contained nothing personal. As if the feminine mind

was of the stuff that personalities are made of; as if young ladies at boarding school were ever disposed to gossip and chatter! The "Reunion Poem," which is rather ambitious, has one good quatrain:

"Once again the sea before us, Wrapped in golden mystery, With its far faint wavelets breaking Where the sunset portals be."

There is an admirable paper on the theme, "Has the educated Woman a Duty towards the Kitchen?" admirable alike for its good sense, spirit, and form of expression. Trust me! men take great delight in the company of your brilliant, intellectual women, who dote on Beethoven and Darwin—yes, for a time; but, away down in the veriest snob's heart, there is always an overpowering sentiment, a stupendous respect in favor of the little household angel who can make the home cosy and agreeable, cook a filet, and make the pastry light.

The Nassau Lit., which we generally all unite in praising, is acquiring passion for stories. In the October issue there was a rather pretty and pathetic romance, entitled "Marianne," and now we have seven closely printed pages on "The Water Hermit." It out-Victors Victor Hugo. The sensation is immense; it fairly bristles with horror and Byronic dashes. Dashes! Good gentlemen, have some regard for the poor dash. We all want to use him some time or other, and this prodigality throws us into despair. "An Evening with Tennyson" is mediocre. We began "Forgiven" with lively expectations and a fine taste in our mouths:

"Far to the north of sunny, fruitful France, Where Quiberon into wild Biscay's bay Stretches its lonely sands ——"

That is good, very good. But the trouble is, the sands of this Muse never stopped stretching; they stretched away far through the long expanse of five tall pages. The standard of length in New Jersey must be remarkable. Imagine walking a Jersey mile!

Ecce! The Southern Collegian. Published by the Literary Societies of Washington and Lee University! We do not even know if it is on our exchange list. What does it matter? It has one good thing at least, in spite of some huge jokes. We are not to be imposed upon, for instance, by "Buddha," or "The Conjugal Unhappiness of Literary Men;" it's a very good joke, you know, and we flatter ourselves we see through it. The one good thing is a "Visit to James Russell Lowell." A little more matter and form like that, a little less frequent mounting on stilts and soaring in infinities, and the Collegian will cut quite a figure in the world.

The last Cornell Era gets huffy and makes some sweet little moue's at the elegant Crimson. Its bland sense of wrath is very much stirred up indeed about the latter's contribution on "College Championship." It makes a good point, however, on the superfine sentiment which the Crimson was guilty of. "Aw!" it cries, "Cornell may be 'champion,' but no gentleman of culchaw will wear the title!" But on the whole, the tone which the Era assumes is quite out of taste. By the way, we have to conclude that the Cornell students are in a bad way, religiously; at least we should judge so from the following statement: "One of the ablest ministers who has preached in the chapel, remarked afterwards that he was surprised to find that not one of the hymns

in our collection contained the name of Jesus, or in any way mentioned the name of our Saviour." The best thing in the present number is a poem, which we quote in full:

Flap, flop, heavy and slow—
A shape is flying to and fro.
Through dusky gloom there gleams an eye,
While silence echoes back the cry—
To-whit! To-woo!

- "To-whit! To-woo! oh Goddess stern, Thy royal bird no longer spurn! A curse on men! Black woe betide Their cruel, bloated hearts of pride. My mournful fate, Minerva true, I thee relate. To-whit! To-woo!
- "There bowed a man at Wisdom's feet With cunning learning all replete. Of Nature's works he most preferred Not rock, nor plant, nor beast, but bird. To him I fly—what does he do? He lets me die! To-whit! To-woo!
- "Long days I starved; no more afraid The fattened mice around me played. My sightless eye and nerveless claw, My shrunken flesh and famished maw Now feebly fail; heart-beats are few— My blood is stale. To-whit! To-woo!
 - "My heavy plumage falls away;
 Between my ribs there shines the day.
 Eternal light my sight illumes,
 To nobler flight my spirit plumes
 Its joyous way. Base world, adieu!
 No more I stay. To-whit! To-woo!

Flap, flop, heavy and slow— A shape is flyng to and fro. The pallid moonlight paler fails, The sobbing west-wind wildly wails, For low and sad through College halls The ghost of Wisdom feebly calls— To-whit! To-woo!

ORNOTHOPHILE.

The Harvard papers come to us with their indescribable air of brightness and interestingness. In the *Advocate* there is an admirable sonnet on Matthew Arnold. We cannot forbear quoting it:

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Thou fain wouldst sit on some sun-smitten height, Above the clouds, above the winter rain, And watch weak men beneath thee on the plain Lift praying hands to God's that have no sight. Or thou wouldst be a starry orb of light, Calm, self-dependent, live without life's stain,—Shine far above men's doubt and fear and pain, And star thy wisdom through religion's night. And yet thou canst not keep Heaven's tranquil ways: Vast human sympathy invades thy shrine, World-weary cries strike up and smite thy ears; The spell falls on thee of these evil days; The doubts and tumults of weak men are thine, And thou art greater for thy doubts and fears.

Here, too, are two jeux d'esprit, equally good in their way.

FAREWELL.

The summer has left us,
The swallows are flown,
The leaves are all wandering
To dangers unknown.
The last rose of summer
Has dropt, with a sigh,
And each falling petal
Has whispered, "Good-bye."
The fays, with the flowers,
Have left hill and dell,
And echoes re-echo:
"Fare thee well,—farewell!"

х. ч.

LAUS JOVIS PLUVII.

When bright eyes and admiring eyes
But one umbrella find;
When long hair and short hair both
Are towzled by the wind;
When large hands must squeeze too hard
To keep the small hands warm,—
Is the soft heart lost already,
Or will it go by storm?

The Crimson contains a good deal of correspondence matter, but outside of a "Ballad" which reminds us very much of Uhland's "Des Sängers Fluch," there is nothing noticeable except the ill-considered article on "College Championship," already noticed, and this dainty "Triolet."

TRIOLET.

If all the world were dead but thee, Earth would give all that Heaven can give, For only angels here would live If all the world were dead but thee; Then none for loss of Heaven would grieve.

Long life to men! For not to me
Would earth give all that Heaven can give,
If all the world were dead but thee.

E. C. P.

We are sorry for Lampy. Let the gracious muse of the sock tear her hair! Lampy is falling into a disreputable decline. But let us respect him for his white locks and lay him softly to sleep for the quips and the pranks wherewithal he has diverted us in many a weary hour. For Lampy is all very well as a medium for college wit and caricature, such as it is, but as to its being an organ of political intrigue and as for its stupendous political cartoons—well, we have heard, to be sure, that poor Nast has sadly degenerated and Puck become intolerable; but it is really too bad, is it not?—that Lampy should parade his triumphal superiority with such unseemly haste. Some wag perpetrates the following:

"Two bad little boys of Tarentum
First borrowed some pins and then bent 'em.
When their Pa took a seat
They both beat a retreat,
As did likewise the fellow who lent 'em."

FIR H.M

VOL. XLIV.

No. 111.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSES. Cantibunt SonoLES, manimique PATRES,"

DECEMBER, 1878.

NEW HAVEN :

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE .- Conducted by the Students of Vale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college, In the Notabilla college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergrad-uates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of triffing importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the begin-

ning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all sub-scribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who

would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '79.

LUCIEN F. BURPEE, HENRY S. GREEN, LOUIS J. SWINBURNE, AMBROSE TIGHE.

RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM IN COLLEGE.

WONDER how many men there are on the campus I to-day who think at all on theological questions and hold to the same opinions as they did five years ago. When I say five years ago, I mean that time of life when almost every thoughtful boy feels an inclination towards joining the church and sees nothing but what is reasonable and attractive in its dogmas. Rationalists then exist only as some indefinite and meagre body of speculators, the wickedness of whose lives is convincing proof of the fallacy of their beliefs. Atheists, there are none. Then there is no doubting of the existence of a material God somewhere in the cloud-lands who issues arbitrary orders which must be obeyed at the risk of suffering tortures unendurable in a world yet to come. How simple and harmonious the hardest doctrines of Christian theology seem then. The import and efficacy of the sacrifice of Christ, who questions it? Every word in the Bible seems inspired. No recorded miracle from the account of the creation down to the preservation of the three Hebrew children in the midst of the fiery furnace, is incapable of literal acceptation. There is no difficulty then in living

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according to formulæ. God then hears and answers the faithful prayers of his servants even for temporal blessings. How many men in college have such a sensuous and earthy religion to-day? I have been counting over my friends, and I find that I can number the orthodox, unquestioning believers in this sense among them, on my one hand.

The rest have drifted. Where to? The largest proportion have ceased to think. They are the careless, thoughtless throng, who have come to the conclusion that the problem is too difficult of solution, requires too much study for their time and capacities, and who are willing to believe in nothing in particular, simply because it is too much trouble to do otherwise. To investigate further, in text-book style, every shade of opinion in the outside world has its advocates among the men within the four angles of the campus. There are few or no absolute atheists, for here the popular belief holds strongly that it requires more faith to doubt the existence of any First Cause than to be a theist of some character or other, but there is more than one who to-day believes in a God, but to-morrow finds it harder to impart harmony to the universe by allowing his existence than to acknowledge that conception of such harmony is unattainable. intellectual believers form a third class, who see no other. way open by which to explain the world's problems except by granting the possibility of the existence of this First Cause, but who by no means recognize the Hebrews' God, even with Christian developments, as this being, nor Christ as his embodiment in the flesh. But I believe that the vast body of those who think are Christians in one sense or other. Few are dogmatists. Few are able to formulate their beliefs. We may call them rational or spiritual Christians, who think that faith is better than doubt, who count Christ more than a theory, and the truth more than a dogma, who do not care to reduce their beliefs to the shape of mathematical formulas, nor to feel sure that their every step is logically deducible from the one which precedes it, but who find a spiritual comfort

and strength in their conception of the truth, and are willing to let theology go, and cling to religion.

I will grant you that the creed of these last is not very definite. No one in college but the dogmatist and the theist are settled in their opinions on questions of theology. Everybody else is a vacillator or doubter. Therefore I count those happy who do not think. When the evangelists began their work among us last spring, the advantage of such a movement was very seriously questioned by many thoughtful men. Their avowed object, as is the avowed object of all revivalists, was to induce those with whom they came in contact to a serious consideration of the character of their lives and conduct, and the nature of their religious faith. Such personal examination is a thing in every way desirable, provided it be pursued in a proper frame of mind and under such influences as will conduce to arriving at just and reasonable conclusions: under other circumstances I hold that its value is not so much beyond question, and simply because I regard belief as better than doubt. It is not necessary to question the power of Christian theology to endure the most searching scrutiny in order to find grounds for the expression of a conviction that, to think without direction on such subjects at one period of a man's life, means not to believe in their truth. The vast body of Christian dogmatists, I am inclined to think, is unfair in its way of regarding the position of young men with respect to the church's tenets, and especially of those engaged in the field of letters. Their constant interrogations Why? are met with the bitter reproach that they have too high an opinion of their intellectual attainments to acquiesce without question in the simple faith which satisfied their fathers before them. The vulgar expression of it is: they think themselves too smart to believe. does not seem to me to be the true way of looking at the matter. Young men of healthy instincts do not regard skepticism as a sign of strength. They fear its coming as a sign of weakness. But because it will thrust itself on so many who think, at a certain time of life, there exists

reasonably enough among many the opinion that thoughtlessness is the truest road to safety. Now there are two classes of men in college whom religious revivals affect very little,—the dogmatists and the rationalists. The latter have gone over the problem before and slowly. The former are on the Lord's side already. They too have thought and found no difficulties. To them Heaven is a city with paved streets, and God a being who, having worked six days, became tired and rested on the seventh. I cannot sympathize with them, but their lives evidence the value of their beliefs. It is, however, the thoughtless man who is arrested in his careless course by all the excitement and the evangelist's pleas. He is made to ask, What is it all about? I do not believe that the emotional method has much effect on him. He demands a subtler and more æsthetic medium of excitement. Of course 1 speak only of the undergraduate whom I know-the Yale undergraduate. But what all this demonstration and exhortation can do for him is to force him to say Why? and And the outcome? Does he become a dogmatist? Sometimes, and makes his confession of faith, clings to his Credo, and lives as only the believer who fights for a kingdom hereafter, can live.

But not every man is thus victorious in his struggle with the gigantic Why? Some, for whom it is too strong, are worsted. Their credulity is too weak, their selfreliance is too great, their emotional nature is too far undeveloped. They are strong, and can find in philosophy support enough in what reverses they have to undergo. An Hereafter comes to appear to them simply an idea with which weak men are willing to delude themselves, in order that they may have an artificial support upon which to lean. Of this they feel no need. What answer will they get when they continue to ask themselves Why? A supreme, omnipotent Being? Perhaps so. Christ, his embodiment in the flesh? How? Can it be? A triune God, and yet one person, a Heaven, a Hell? A heart, naturally wicked, naturally destined to eternal punishment by a Tyrant in the spirit land, made

capable of redemption by the death on earth of that same God, now depending on its faith and virtue to escape those endless tortures? None of these things can we understand; none of them seem reasonable. Are they not all some vast delusion? Some outgrowth of men's superstitions, taking shape and character, till it has grown into system definitely formulated? Why should we live according to rule? Why should we not do as we please, provided we harm no one else? Why should we subject ourselves to all these dogmas, all these mysteries, all these delusions?

How it makes a man shudder to find himself drifting far away, God knows where, but from the spot where he has always thought that alone he was safe! To find himself asking Why? and receiving no answer. To find himself clinging only to what he considers the Actual, and unable to see in the Christian's system little more than cant and sham, when God seems to him a name and heaven an idea, and the old faith but a demon worship and a mythology. That such feelings are too serious for the occasion is the popular method of looking at this question, in view of the belief that everybody spends the years of early manhood in destroying the idols, to the reërection of which he devotes the rest of his life. I do not believe that this is true of every one, but that many escape this struggle with Why? because they are careless or are by nature credulous and trusting. And, moreover, I question whether any man when he had once begun to seriously regard the grounds of his belief as chimeras. and continues to for any length of time, can ever get back to the region of what we may call historical faith, or reliance on the revelations of God. I will grant you that he need not forever doubt and speculate. There are influences at work to draw him from this; but they are not of an intellectual nature. to be sure, he will stop and think of the men, far wiser than he, who have believed, and ask himself why should not I? but only in the next breath to ask again, Did Æschylus believe in Zeus, or Socrates sacrifice in



faith to Æsculapius? The attractions which triumph are sentimental in their character. The expanding power of love enables him to look beyond the intellectual and at the spiritual. Perchance when alone, on a wintry night, he may hear in the distance the sweet, simple notes of triumph rising from the mingled voices of women, strong men and young children, chanting the birth of Christ. He thinks of those whom he loves, who have found support and comfort in their beliefs when the waves were Shall he sit cynically and coldly by? Shall he journey without this viaticum? He looks at the beauty of the idea of the spotless Mother of God. He feels a thrill of enthusiasm when he meditates on the conception of the Mystic of the Galilean hills and of his destined triumph in the skies. He catches the spiritual beauty of the Christian's faith. He clings to that. Is it a delusion? Let it be. But he will believe in it, for it is his life. is the end of his struggle. Thus vanishes the gigantic Why? This is where the vast body of thoughtful men on the campus have arrived, and why I say that they are best called spiritual or rational Christians.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"Tell me: Is the cloud of even
Heaving up the western sky?
Turns the light of day so quickly,
Is the weary night so nigh?
Ah! I hear the mountain torrent,
Leaping to the glen below.
Is my father coming, mother?—
What I dread, I do not know!"

"Yes, the day to darkness turneth;
(So the will of Heaven please,)
But the torrent, that thou hearest,
Is the crispy mountain breeze.
And thy cloud is bold Mon Dena,
Doughty guardian of the West.—
Trust, thy father yet returneth;
Hope, my child, lie still and rest."

"Speak: Is that the thunder pealing,
Or a knocking at the door?
Hark! I feel the highland quiver,
As I never felt before.
Open, mother, fling the guard-way,
Pierce the gloom of midnight skies;
For I hear a flood of voices,—
Open, for my father cries!"

"Call it not the thunder rolling,
Nor the mountain furies' roar;
But the night-wind stoutly beating,
Buffeting the outer door.
That is not a swell of voices,
But the sighing of the fire.
Then be quiet, child, and slumber!
For thou can'st not hear thy sire."

"But the yule, upon the hearth-stone,
Has the great heart of the oak;
To the gasping chimney sighing,
Breathes its spirit out in smoke.
See, a splendor greets my vision,
Far surpassing earthly day!
And a soul of music calls me
Irresistibly away."

But the widowed and the childless
Wept alone the weary hours;
While the tempest, heights and woodlands
Told of terror-chilling powers.
Yet the sun, as calmly rising,
O'er the storied highlands shone
On a wrecked and gorgéd valley
And an avalanche alone.

w. w. H.

SCHOPPE'S NATURALNESS.*

CHARACTER and action are often so closely linked that it is a matter of common occurrence to confound the two and to form a definite opinion of the one from observation of the other. Frequent as is this mistake in every day life, it is much more so in the branch of criticism in which created characters, exponents of human nature in works of literature, are subjected to censure or approval. Each critic has his favorite theory of what consitutes human nature, and many a portrayed character has been compelled to endure the denunciations of the theorist. Indeed, in the majority of instances the creations of a novelist are condemned as unnatural, simply because of the extravagance of the scenes depicted, whereas the characters may be as true to nature as is possible. It is a question whether it would not be an indication of extraordinary genius, if anyone should succeed in depicting a character consistent in itself and yet having no connection with human nature.

Perhaps no character in the realm of fiction has been more commonly passed over as unnatural than Schoppe, and yet he is probably the best known and loved of all Jean Paul's creations. This may of course be due in part to the peculiarities of the author. Himself a stupendous enigma, it has seemed easiest to treat both the writer and his pictures of human nature alike—both display genius,

^{*}We refer more particularly to Richter's presentation of this character under the name of Leibgeber in the "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces," and also as Schoppe in the "Titan," in both of which he appears as a wanderer, having no settled manner of life, seeking more for new experiences than for fixed relations. In the former work he is brought forward as one old in thought, though young in life; and here in his connection with Siebenkäs' novel divorce, he parts from his friend to enter upon his wandering existence. In the "Titan" we see him drawing near to life's end, when the claims of nature, long suppressed, make themselves heard, and he attaches himself to the hero Albano, as friend and tutor. These two views of him we have chosen as best calculated to bring into boldest relief his real character.

both are unexplainable, unnatural, and both deserve study as masterpieces of strangeness and originality.

It is true that around Schoppe has been gathered the quaintest array of singularities, both of action and being. We know not what to call him or where to place him. His various names, the still more varied parts he is called upon to play, his connection with Siebenkäs, his wandering existence, and the strange positions into which Fate thrusts him, all these seem to betoken a character whose mere reflection in actual life is the extreme of unnaturalness. And as if these outward circumstances were not sufficient to stamp him as an unreality, he is made to act and speak more strangely than even his surroundings justify. He seems utterly devoid of any regard for conventionality. To Siebenkäs he suggests a most novel and almost criminal method of divorce. Before Gaspard, the most practical of the practical, he presents himself as the wildest of theorists. He devotes as much energy of thought and action to the unmasking of Bouverot, for whom he cares not at all, as to the restoration of his friend Albano; apparently taking more satisfaction from the former than from the latter. Even in his madness he carries to his usual extreme his attention to small as well as great duties. And how shall we describe his speech? Surely such utterances could never have come from human lips-so quaint, so harsh, at times so devoid of coherence! Yet it needs but little study to see that these are oftentimes the natural outbursts of his desire for recreation, we may even say for amusement. Schoppe is a grand humorist, and frequently when we are puzzling over his eccentricities of speech and action, he is laughing in secret to think he has deluded us-for many of his unexplainable doings and sayings are what they seem at first sight, meaningless except for their spirit of humor. They are the foam floating upon the surface and concealing the depths beneath, while it is these underlying and almost hidden depths that really contain the treasures of his nature.

We cannot come in contact with Schoppe even in his

wildest moments without perceiving that we are in the presence of a soul of singular purity. Whatever his faults-for of these, humanlike, he has many-we cannot fail to be impressed by his truth, honor and simplicity. With all his severe manhood he is a child. Though a firm believer in himself, he has no acquired dignity, no assumption of superiority. Judging by some of his sayings, we might be led to pronounce him peculiarly selfish, but a little deeper insight into his character will be sufficient to destroy any such impression, and even to bring him before us as the personification of self-denial. He appears throughout, too, as inconsistent, now uttering one sentiment and soon again almost the opposite, and it is only after long acquaintance that we find his inconsistencies to be those of harmony. For it must be remembered that truest harmony of word and act is no human possession, and could Schoppe's inconsistencies all be reconciled, he would cease to be human.

There is another distinctive quality of Schoppe, which demands consideration. It is what Jean Paul would call his "great-heartedness." Indeed here Schoppe is but a reflection of the author himself. It is a fact worthy of remark that Iean Paul endows all his favorite creations with great hearts. Himself a man, whose affections rivalled his wonderful powers of intellect, it is no wonder that his own characteristics should be prominent in all the darlings of his pen. His two spheres are those of the intellect and affections; in fact his character-pictures are admirable text-books for the study of the human mind. Love and Friendship are two of his favorite themes, and in Schoppe he seems to have given us a glance of Friendship personified—at least as he viewed it. It is certainly true that our love and admiration for Schoppe center in the manifestation of him as a votary of pure Friendship. His discourses on this, his favorite subject, are philosophic jewels. He delights to reason and theorize about it, and what is still better, he exemplifies in his acts the truth of his speculations. And yet in giving prominence to Schoppe's affections, none will pretend to say that the novelist has deprived him of intellectual powers and a

will of corresponding strength. In mental development Schoppe is certainly in perfect accord with human nature. If Jean Paul has erred at all with regard to him, it has been in picturing him as too true a friend.

The secret of Schoppe's character lies in his philosophic beliefs. If he is to be classed with any school, he may be called a pessimist. Though the world from a moral point of view seems to him as bad as is possible, yet we can easily see that sensitiveness, disappointment or a morbid disposition has not been the occasion of his acceptance of this as a truth. Nor is his belief intermittent, as is the case with many. His is too powerful a mind to be partially under the influence of any system of philosophy; either he must subdue it or must himself fall before it. Yet he does not allow his theory to go too far with him. Bad as he considers the world, yet there exist some grand and good realities; and Schoppe's recognition of these forms the connecting link between his apathy as regards mere worldly success and his amazingly earnest activity, where his soul's idols are concerned. His belief in right, the supernatural, and his own innate power of moral advancement is easily to be seen and affects all his actions and speech. And these beliefs would naturally remove him from human sympathy, and would tend to make him recluse, were it not for the very "great-heartedness" to which we have alluded. And it is in this manner that his intellectual beliefs on the one hand and his affections on the other in a measure counterbalance each other, and prevent an undue prominence of either.

Of course we cannot in these narrow limits attempt to discuss Schoppe in the numerous manifestations of him which Jean Paul has afforded us; we are merely endeavoring to point out his connection with the true standard of human nature, if any such can be assumed. Certainly he does not differ from this in wanting any distinctive trait of character; nor does he possess any unusual faculty that marks him as a foreigner to humanity. His peculiarities of speech and action—the channels through which his thoughts run, and the manner in which they force themselves into notice—distinguish him from the rest of

mankind, it is true. For these eccentricities are the very qualities which identify him. Without them he would melt into the mass of humanity—his identity would be gone. Had Jean Paul portrayed him with no faults or with no virtues, or had he removed him beyond the sphere of our sympathy, Schoppe might well be considered an incorrect representation of human nature. But as he stands before us he is intensely true to nature, and indeed it is his perfect naturalness, which is mistaken for the opposite. If we remember his peculiar beliefs, his life appears to us no enigma. His carelessness and energy are not inconsistent. His singular actions are but one of the tendencies of his doctrine.

THE BELLS.

On the silence and repose
That the evening's shadow throws
O'er the city, ere it slumbers in embraces of the night,
Breaks the chime of many bells,
And the varying chorus swells
In a sounding wave of music, from the steeple's dizzy height.

Light and joyous, solemn, low,
Float the echoes to and fro,
Loud ascending, sinking, blending, till at last they die away.
Ah! how many hopes and fears,

Joyous hours, and days of tears,

Have been mingled with their music, since the bells began to sway.

They who rung them first are gone: Like the echoes, one by one.

Sinking slowly, dying, passing out beyond this world of ours.

But the old bells as of yore, Watch the sleeping city o'er,

And in measured intonations mark the progress of the hours.

And at times they seem to say, In a sadly warning way,

As their voices roll together in a solemn deep refrain;

"Years are passing, passing by, Seasons change, and loved ones die,

And the golden chords, thus severed, may be never bound again."

E. F. G.

THAT CLOCK OF MINE.

THOUGH the category of "Possessions of mine," with which the reading and traveling public has been favored—I came very near saying bored—for the past year or two, has been well-nigh exhausted, extending in an unbroken succession from "That Husband of mine," with his "wide-awake hat and cut-away coat," down to "That Wife of mine," with all her distinctive peculiarities, one possession has unfortunately been passed over. cannot conscientiously accuse our popular writers of neglect in this matter, and yet the subject has not been mentioned. I refer to "That Clock of Mine." So it becomes my painful duty to inflict upon the literary world one more, and we hope final, history, whose title is to be vaunted with glaring capitals upon the bookstore bulletins, and shrieked with the discordant notes of the newsboy upon every railroad train in the land. It is necessary for me to state by way of explanation, and in order to save myself from the imprecations which might otherwise fall upon my defenceless head, that "That clock of mine" is not, dear reader, the identical timepiece the story of whose birth, life and death has made melodious the midnight air on many a college campus, and which is credited with having belonged to "My Grandfather." In these prominent respects does my clock differ from the above. It was not "bought on the morn of the day that he was born,"-how could it have been when I purchased it myself? Secondly, It did not "stop short—never to go any more, when the 'old man' died," because, unfortunately, the 'old man' is still in the land of the living, and, Thirdly, It never belonged to my grandfather at all! And so the avalanche of wrath and the vengeance which every sensibly minded man has sworn upon the next poor unfortunate who should allude to "My Grandfather's Clock," must for the present be spared from me.

The metamorphoses which the Yale student's room

undergoes during the four fleeting years of his tarrying in the land of elms would indeed furnish material for many a popular writer. The various stages of its transformation are interesting to study. First, the Freshmanic, in the top floor of North or North Middle,—and with all due respect to the class of '82, candor compels us to declare that the average Freshmanic room, though a place of interest to the subscription fiend—for it is there he spreads his most tempting bait, and there that the hook is most often swallowed, bait and all—is not an attractive spot to the general visitor. Its occupant, with the parental instructions to beware of college extravagance still fresh in his memory, furnishes it scantily and barely, and lives like his fellow-student at a four-dollar club, in the hope of something better and brighter to come in the future. Second, the Sophomoric stage amid the classic and venerable shades of South Middle,-with forty centuries more or less looking down upon us! This is the year when ingenuity and Sophomoric taste vie with each other in decoration. The traditional bangers and stovepipe must be crossed above the door, and the announcement "Children positively not admitted here unless accompanied by their parents" must be placed in a conspicuous position. In a word, everything must be done to strike terror to the Freshmanic heart and inspire him with reverential awe when he is summoned before that dreaded tribunal which is very likely to hold its sessions in the afore-mentioned room about the beginning of the fall term. Sophomore annuals safely passed, "a change comes o'er the spirit of his dreams." Childish things must be put away. South Middle, with all its tender associations, must be handed over to the ruthless Fresh. The dignity of Junior must be assumed, and a room in Farnam or Durfee is considered to be the only proper thing. And at this stage I must beg leave to pause, for, thanks to an indulgent faculty and skillful systematic skinning, I am now enjoying the privileges of Junior year at No. — Farnam. There! I came near telling the number of my room, which would be a decidedly rash and dangerous

procedure, not only "giving myself away,"—of all things most dreaded by a college man-but it would spoil all chances for guessing and conjecture, which are the reader's special privilege. Being naturally of a modest disposition, I must quote my chum and say that our room will compare favorably with any on the campus. Our furniture, pictures and ornaments were procured from the gentlemen of '78, whose good taste in such matters is beyond a question, though of the qualities of the "bed-room set" the less said the better. The fact that we procured them all at what appeared to us then a splendid bargain, being somewhat dimmed by the discovery that the gentlemen of '78 had in turn purchased them of gentlemen in '77 at about half the "reasonable" (?) figure at which they disposed of them to us. Such is college life! And such it will continue to be, and we would be the last to wish it changed, as visions float across our minds of the "little bargains" we in our turn will make with '82.

The most prominent piece of furniture in our room is the subject of my tale—"That Clock." It is an ancient timepiece, which, like the "Horologe of Eternity,"—

"Points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak!
Like a monk who, under his cloak
Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
'Forever—never!
Never—forever.'"

l came across it at an auction of ancient furniture in New York last summer. A second-hand dealer and myself were the only bidders, and finally it was knocked down to me at ——, but to tell the price would take away all the beauty. I bought it, brought it to New Haven, and placed it in our room, where, thanks to a little oil and furniture polish, it looks as bright as in its youth, and the old pendulum performs its slow and steady oscillations with all the regularity and dignity of years gone by. It may seem childish and foolish, and yet I love that ancient clock. It has come to be so companionable that I regard it as a

friend, and sometimes when it starts to strike, it almost seems as if it were alive and trying to speak! It used to show all the changes of the moon and planets in former days, but now the wheels are out of order and the solar system for the present is at rest. The new moon tries pretty hard to creep out from behind the cloud in the sky which is painted on its face, but remains hidden in spite of itself. Some days it seems so bright and cheerful, and seems to say, with its stately tick as I leave it to go to recitation:

"Rush!—Fizzle!
Fizzle!—Rush!"

And then I always get a splendid mark. But of late its tone is changed, and now its voice is subdued and sad, and there is a touch of plaintive melancholy in it as it motions to me with its ancient hands, and seems to say,—

"Flunk!—Fizzle!
Fizzle!—Flunk!"

Too true! too true! old friend. Physiology and Ahn have done their work, and what was once a splendid stand is now upon the ragged edge of average. letters with the college stamp have evaded all plans for interception and reached the paternal hearth—the outlook is indeed a dark one. But I wander from my subject. 'Twas the Monday after Thanksgiving, when tired and disgusted with life in general—for, though not a betting man, I had lost a little on that "sure thing" at Hoboken —I took my seat in the German recitation room. the exception of that game I had had what might be called "A perfectly immense Thanksgiving," and it was only the overwhelming conviction that my division officer had already thirty-six marks against my name that made me tear down Peck Slip like a madman, with bag and umbrella in hand, to catch the once palatial but now decidedly dilapidated Elm City, as I heard its mournful bell tolling the hour of departure. Once on board I met a number of "the boys," and sleeping being out of the

question, we spent the "wee sma' hours" in "story and song." Though I must confess my ideas of all that occurred are somewhat indistinct and blurred, "Bingo," "Dear Old Yale," "Let Melody Flow," and "The Pirate Bold," being mixed in with stories of college sprees and vacation experiences—prominently among the latter being the recital by a gentleman who had been so fortunate as to spend his in Europe of his visit to the Strasburg clock. In spite of the remonstrances of his friends he insisted on giving three cheers for it and drinking its health whenever opportunity presented itself. When reasoned with he inevitably declared that it was a "big thing-by jingo!" Thus with the Strasburg clock,—Dear Old Yale and the little Tannenbaum all rushing promiscuously through my head, I took my seat. My inevitable luck! First man up! Not having looked at the lesson previous to morning prayers, I died gracefully and sat down. Oh! how I blessed that little Tannenbaum "that stood alone in the woods." I fear that had it gone whither I in my haste condemned it, it would have been more deeply singed than it was when the candle fell on it and burned, as the story so pleasingly relates!

But the relapse to a Thanksgiving spree must sometime come, and unfortunately for me it came then. The close air of the room and loss of sleep did their work, and ere long I was locked in the arms of Morpheus, with my head reclining peacefully on X's shoulder. Lo! I was in my room alone at the witching hour of midnight, with the gas dimly burning, giving everything a semi-ghostly There was a whirring, rattling sound which appearance. came from within my venerable timepiece as it prepared to strike the hour of twelve. Slowly but surely the strokes fell upon the bell—they never sounded so peculiar to me before! When all was over, the door of the clock suddenly opened and out came a procession of the queerest specimens of humanity it was ever my good or bad fortune to behold. They were of all ages and of all nationalities. Their garments embraced all styles, from the modern stovepipe and cut-a-way coat to the sandals and

toga of the ancient Roman. I strove to rise and investigate, but could not move; I was riveted to the spot. Slowly and solemnly the procession passed around the room and after bowing reverently and low to a venerable figure whom I had not yet discovered, who was perched upon the top of the clock, they entered in the same mysterious way the door through which they had emerged. A thought flashed across me! The Strasburg clock, which my Senioric friend so vividly described to us on the steamboat last Saturday night! Of course—that was it—but how here in my room? what means it all? The mystery became deeper and deeper. I looked up at the old figure perched above the dial and recognized the familiar form of old Governor Yale, just as he appears on the outside of your magazine, Dear Lit.,—the knee breeches and wig were just the same—yes, there could be no mistaking that figure. As the procession moved nearer I eagerly scanned their faces to see if I could recognize them, and beheld to my astonishment all the old worthies with whom it has been my pleasure to become acquainted since the beginning of Freshman year. First came a venerable sage, dressed in the costume of centuries and centuries ago, carrying in his hand a pair of compasses and a rule. That was Old Euclid, whom we all so dearly love. Then followed him a long line of literary characters, each one with stilus and waxened tablets in his hands. Yes! there was Cicero, and Horace, and Demosthenes, and Tacitus, and Ovid, and all the old poets, and behind them came the patriarch Homer, the father of song, his long flowing hair and snowy beard distinguishing him from all who preceded. Then followed others with modern garments...some wearing eye-glasses and gold spectacles—all literary characters, yet some, judging from their appearance, lovers of mathematical science. Among these I recognized—hush! Respect for the Olympian gods of the treasury building bids me beware how I make any personal allusion. The last two characters in the procession were the most interesting of all because they were the only ones who seemed to be really made of flesh

and bones, and who condescended to conversation with me. The first was a gentleman of scholarly appearance, evidently a doctor or a lawyer. As he passed I bowed and ventured "This is Prof. ——." "My name is Huxley, sir," he interrupted. "You have undoubtedly heard of me ere this-Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S., and the author of one of the most valuable text-books now extant, 'The Elementary Lessons in Physiology.'" bowed my most polite acknowledgment, and replied, "I am greatly honored, sir, at this visit. I have long wanted to gaze upon the features of the man whose gigantic intellect composed that ponderous volume." "Thou wretched conglomeration of unstriated connective tissue," cried he, "thou protoplasmic cellular structure, is the hemoglobin in thy corpuscles transparent or opaque." "My dear sir," I answered, "my knowledge of that intricate structure which we call the human body is really so limited that I am afraid vou will have to excuse me from answering." "Ah! thou art not prepared upon the review, I perceive. Then tell me, child of earth, is the axis of the tympanum of the protozoic lamabranchiati striated or not?—thou canst not-then like the frog thou shalt have that brain removed and strapped down to a board—shall have thy sympathetic system tickled till, like the crustacii, thou shalt go backward and—." But before he could go any further his companion checked him and with a sharp rebuke sent him on his way back to the clock, muttering to himself, "Poor, poor, deluded youth, vanity of vanities, all is vanity." member of the ghostly company now stood before me. A glance at his face told me that Teutonic blood flowed in his veins, and that if I mistook not he was a faithful child of "Das Vaterland." "My name, sir," he began, "is F. Ahn, professor and doctor of philosophy at the college of Neuss. You have heard of me." I nodded in the affirmative. "Then, sir, tell me, tell me, I beseech you. have you the cats and dogs which Louisa has sold the green brother-in-law of my uncle's gardners' wife? If so, return them to me." "My dear Mr. Ahn," I replied in astonishment, "I really must confess that I am entirely ignorant of the whereabouts of the aforementioned quadrupeds." "Then, sir, you acknowledge that you have no doubts about Louisa's being Meine Schwester, have you?" "None at all, sir." "One more question and I am done. Did you vote for license or Schenck?" "License sir, every time." "Give me your hand, young man, you have sent joy to every Dutchman's heart, you surely will not doubt now that I have sold Amelia's stockings to the sister of my child's husband, will you?" "I certainly will not, sir, I—," a poke in the ribs from my seat-mate and a laugh from the division brought me again to my senses. Horror of horrors! I had fallen asleep during recitation. Vanished were Euclid and Cicero. Vanished were Huxley and Ahn and all the venerable ghosts! The sentence came swift and sure as the lightning after the thunder. "Mr. X., I am under the necessity of giving you ten marks for your misdemeanor in going to sleep during recitation. If it is repeated again I will report it to the faculty." Explanations were useless, and tucking my reader under my arm I wended my mournful way to my room. Forty-six marks! I exclaimed as as I slammed the door and threw the book on the table. Then the old clock answered never a word, but solemnly ticked out what sounded to me like those celebrated lines in Westminster Abbev.

"Life's a jest—and all things show it, I thought so once—and now I know it."

FACULTY MARCH.

"Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks,"
This is the slogan of Yale;
This is the shingle to make their backs tingle
And student complexions turn pale.

Marks for the Freshman who cannot recite,
Marks for the Sophomores who haze him at night,
Marks for the Junior whene'er he cuts chapel,
Marks even for Seniors—last shot of the battle.
Yes, every man who hath haunted these realms
And studied four years 'neath the wide arching elms,
Has stepped into line with the student brigade,
Treading time to the march which the Faculty played.

"Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks,"

Fall in line there!
Keep time there!
"Marks from the Faculty, marks."

"Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks," All booked in an orderly way, In strange hieroglyphic, Yale's patent physic, Dose given three times a day. We have figured this matter excessively fine, We can value your brains to the worth of dime, And though deeply you drink of this classical lore, We can measure each draught by our standard of Four. Two to the bummer—Three to the dig, And three and one-half to the best we give. Come ye from the east or from western plains, By this scale of Four will we measure your brains, But whether you're ranked in rear or van, O tread time to this tune, which your grandfathers sang, "Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks." Fall in line there!

Mark time there! "Marks from the Faculty, marks."

THOUGHTS ON CHARACTER AND CARICA-TURE.

CTIONS, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet A by which you may spell characters." This art of spelling and writing characters for the perusal of others is an exceedingly difficult one, and the numerous works of fiction daily consigned to the dusty obscurity of the top shelf, testify to the rarity of the genius that can master it. It not seldom happens that while the novelist is rebuking the weakness of humanity, that very weakness has overcome him, like the crafty Hermes, and carried him far beyond the boundary line of the natural and exaggerated. In his zeal for the romantic, he would lead common men into gorgeous scenes conjured from his soaring fancy, like the early Spanish romancers, or, like Wilkie Collins, torture them through a skillful but extravagant labyrinth of plot and counterplot, or else, with Dickens, deck them in the cap and bells of caricature and make them clown it for our amusement. This introduction has brought us at once to a broad field in literary criticism, and, as only generalities drawn out to the thinnest degree can suffice to cover it, we will break over the rules of logical sequence and ramble over the ground at pleasure. Every age of especial activity in literature and the fine arts has given us its peculiar production: under Pericles sculpture attained perfection; to the period of the Italian Renaissance are we indebted for Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and other masters of painting; the age of Elizabeth was the culminating point in the drama; while the especial contribution of the nineteenth century seems to take the form of the novel, where fiction is made the medium by which man can learn his own character and that of others, as it exists beneath, as well as upon the surface. In this sphere the age has produced many whom the future must regard as masters; but it must be confessed that the volume of this literature is far in excess of the genius displayed; for, truly, of making many novels there is no end. Every great writer is the center of a solar system of aspiring imitators, revolving in widening orbits and with decreasing size. A good many second and third rate novelists would work great reforms, like Dickens; some have some local scenery and dialect to work up, after the manner of Scott and Black, and some try to philosophize in the George Eliot style; while the majority seem simply fired with the ambition of writing a novel. We are told that the old masters in sculpture and painting devoted years of study to the anatomy of the human frame, till they knew the action and shape of every muscle, in every position, and under every emotion. The human character has a far more delicate and complex anatomy than the human body; its positions and emotions are infinitely more varied, its lights and shadows more refined, and therefore an equal amount of study and experience is necessary to its successful delineation. How accurate pictures of life, then, can be the works that the young novelist produces at the rate of two in a year. Human nature is a great sufferer at the hands of these journeymen: under their unskillful touch, what extravagant and caricatured forms does it assume! through what strained and senseless plots is it dragged, where it acts with as much ease and freedom as the wax works of Mrs. Jarley! the would-be reformers exaggerate its vices and follies, and the sunday school writer its virtues; each making truth subservient to their particular ends. Character drawing is an art that conceals itself. In a perfect mirror, Nature notices not the reflecting medium, but a distorted glass betrays itself at once. The reader of the Bible seldom stops to think he is studying a perfect text book on character, and if this preëminent one among the consummate qualities of the masters of fiction were not so frequently pointed out to the young reader, he would hardly notice the perfect unison with nature. In the highest degree is this exquisite harmony seen, or rather felt, in Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." One seems not to read, but to be

listening to some old, familiar friend, as he tells at the fireside the story of his life, and we see his well known character in the many different lights as they are cast by the varying events. The story is not a plot with an elaborate architecture, but a series of events that, down to the internal minutiæ, happen as naturally as a river flows to the sea, and with every turn the characters are adjusted to circumstances, as boats float with This simple mode of character-drawing may be contrasted with George Eliot's style. Her figures are correct, but it is because they cannot be otherwise. She lays her foundation in the theoretical nature of man, and then goes on to prove to a mathematical certainty that her characters are acting as they should; and thus, our admiration is divided between the demonstration and the result. But Thackeray does not expose his stage machinery or dress his actors in stagy costume. It is a noticeable fact that the most successful works of many authors are written in the form of personal narrative; "David Copperfield" and "Jane Eyre" have a hold on us that no other novel of the writer's possesses, and we cannot help suspecting that we have before us actual life scenes, written with all the vividness of personal love, joy, sorrow and hate. In the same way it is peculiarly impossible for us to believe that "Henry Esmond" is all a fiction, and the writer only acting a part with assumed feeling. It is when a novelist undertakes to satirize that he seldom escapes falling into caricature. For this reason, Dickens must in some respects be classed with Gilray, Hogarth and Nast. His wellknown strictures on American weakness are nothing less than gross caricatures. But Thackeray in his satire never oversteps the bounds of nature; he shows scorn her own image, not an exaggerated one. Vanity Fair is an admirable instance of follies exposed in their own form and not in the guise of caricature.

We do not look to the historian, confined as he is in the ruts of fact, for the novelist's creative genius in character drawing. His sphere is analytical rather than synthetical, but it is one that requires an equally profound

insight into human character. He paints from actual models; but these models are frequently ill-defined and uncertain; and a wide knowledge of humanity, its motives, its strength and weakness, is essential to its interpretation. Two painters may portray the same scenes; one may, like a mere photographer, give a faithful copy of external nature; the composition and coloring may be correct, and the effect of the whole beautiful, accurate, but soulless; while the genius of Turner would not only paint the form of nature, but reveal her hidden soul; and we should have on the canvas a poem, not delighting the eye alone, but the mind and heart. So a historian may arrange facts with skill and accuracy, may give every event in the background of the past its true perspective, enrich the whole with research and learning, but yet lack that clear insight into the heart of human character and actions, that brings history into unison with the natural sympathies of man, and converts it from a mere panorama of events into a grand drama. Such a masterly knowledge of nature is among the most prominent excellencies, that render Motley so vastly superior to all preceding historians of the Netherlands. Strada and Grotius had amassed facts with a Flemish patience and nicety of detail, but had failed to animate their mere form of a nation with the impassioned life that throbbed in every artery of the times. It remained for Motley, with all the quick sympathy of an American heart, himself an intense lover of freedom, to picture this fiercest and noblest battle in freedom's long war with oppression, to teach us that the artisans of Brussels, the seamen of Antwerp, and the professors of Leyden were heroes worthy to stand beside Leonidas and Bozzaris, and that William of Orange was no less a martyr to the truth than Huss or Savanarola. This sympathy was the key that admitted him to the very council-chamber of the struggle, where all the noble motives that inspired the long list of glorious actions were laid bare before him, and the infamous motives of the tyrants revealed in their true colors. From this sympathetic intercourse, what a gallery of character-por-

traitures has he produced for us. Alva, Navarre, Orange, Farnese, Don John of Austria, are painted with the clearness and precision of Van Dyke and the vivid coloring of Reubens, while in their range they seem to embrace all possible traits of humanity; no faculty escapes him; no feature, overloaded, disturbs the equilibrium of nature. Of necessity his figures are wrought in the sublime proportions of Michael Angelo's statues. It was no age for the coquetries of character; then every emotion was rooted at the heart and intensified the whole being; human nature rose to its grandest possibilities and sunk to its lowest; we have the loftiest examples of the purest patriotism, devoted wisdom and bravery, heroic fortitude, enduring to the bitter death in the cause of truth; and, on the other hand, the most revolting scenes of tyranny and cruelty. But the genius and the character of Motley equaled the grandeur of the subject. All the intense passions of that stormy period he paints with as steady a hand as he does the most common-place details. The great breadth of the man, freed from the petty prejudices of race and country, whose loyality was to the great cause of human rights, wherever that cause might display its banners, fully comprehended the greatness of his subjects, and no splendor, no prejudice ever led him to desert his principle of truth and degrade that greatness by false praise; he scorned to conceal the human weakness of his heroes that marked them as men, which was the shadow that only intensified the light of their grand achievements, and which is the chain of sympathy that binds us to these heroes of history far closer than to any hero of fiction. And, on the other hand, if any noble trait of action was visible, like an oasis in the illimitable desert of intolerance and tyranny, it caught his eye with the quickness of instinct, and none more generous to give it its just weight than he. In short, Motley is a great apostle of the eternal truth that runs through the affairs of men. which no nation or party can obliterate. And whoever, searching in the records of the past, discloses this gem in the varied setting of humanity, is a benefactor to the world, and no people can claim him. E. M. B.

NOTABILIA.

It is not long since we sat down to the family Thanksgiving dinner and stuffed ourselves with roast turkey, truffled partridges and cranberry sauce. Delicious memorv! And now we are about to leave for our several firesides once more, and this time for a term of three solid weeks. We are aware there is nothing so eminently comparative as vacations, and three weeks seem long only when you compare it with three or four days of the Thanksgiving term. How eagerly we have looked forward to these blessed days, nobody but ourselves can understand. Even Seniors share the common delight of anticipation: for we suppose there is no sentiment so perennial and potent in the human breast, even of the old, as that of being happy over a recess, a rest from routine. then, days of gracious idleness and festive mirth! Hail to the season of social gayety and gift-giving and receiving! Let us once again renew our firm faith in the beautiful myth of Santa Claus. A merry Christmas! A happy New Year! May such be your fortune, one and all, and at the beginning of the New Year, when we come back to these old halls, may we have nothing to tell each other but what comes of an abundance of good things and the fruits of pleasant days.

THIS bids fair to be a gay winter. Since the famous "Society" class of '74, there has not been so promising an opening. Every class has its own select "German," except the Freshmen, and we are given to understand, not from any lack of effort on their own part, which effort, indeed, has led to as singular and impossible a row as we ever heard of in the annals of class histories. Wise heads would counsel them to give it up; it will never stand—never. The old Assemblies, too, which were so popular in '76, have been revived and re-organized upon a new basis. They were admirable reunions in their day, and we hope they may prove as pleasant and successful as ever. Besides these we hear rumors of various little

private affairs that are to be given after the holidays. All this is very agreeable. We shall be grateful for anything that can aid us in beguiling the ennui of the long winternights of the second term. Meanwhile it behooves all devoted "Society" men to brush their spike-tails, lay in a magazine of perfumes, white ties and kids, and prepare for the coming campaign on crashed floors and dimly-lighted stairways. Figure to yourself, good reader, the flirtations, the hand-squeezings, the whisperings of soft-nothings, all the sweet trivialities which a gay winter implies, and then thank your stars or not, as you please, that you are a quiet man, and content with your books and a tame companion.

WE are happy to learn that the sixteen men who have been chosen to try for the University Eight, will begin training after the Christmas holidays. Whatever may have been our fortune last summer, and however gloomy the outlook for the preparatory drill of an Eight, but one thing is to be considered; the immediate present. All the thought and skill of the trainer should be centered on the best practical methods to develope and harden the muscles, direct the diet and mode of living, correct the faults, perfect the symmetry and stroke of the crew. Then there is the duty of the men themselves who compose the two crews. It devolves upon them to pay strict and intelligent obedience to the trainer, and to observe carefully the restrictions which they voluntarily impose upon themselves in the very act of going into training. But the college as a whole has also a duty to fulfill. going into training make immense self-sacrifices; they put themselves under a vigorous and severe routine of hard physical work, pursued persistently and silently throughout the long winter months, when it is so much pleasanter to be idling and take one's ease and comfort, all for the hazardous result of a few moments' trial. Such work as this needs encouragement and sympathy. These it is in the power of each man to give. The ways of showing one's interest are manifold, and one of them is the quick and sharp repression of all carping and faultfinding with

men, whom to hurt indelicately, is to destroy their usefulness and influence. Meanwhile let us once in a while step over to the Gym, when the training begins, and have a look at as well as a good word for the robust fellows who are devoting themselves to a college interest so important and admirable.

WE wish somebody of a statistical and enquiring turn of mind would bestir himself and make some investigations concerning this vexatious matter of gas bills. A municipal gas company, gasometers, gas-rates, gas equalities are truly wonderful things. They remain still in the catagory of modern unsolved problems. Compared with a gas bill, its origin, its raisin d'etre, its irrationality, its fortunes, its destiny, the mystery of the missing link, dwindles to nothing. According to what estimates are the gas bills for Yale students made out? That is a query which would make no mean show in the columns of the World's "Questions," and demand no little ingenuity in the answer. We have not attempted to look into the matter at length; that would require a degree of audacity we do not claim to possess. But a few stray facts which have come to us hap-hazard will be quite sufficient to illustrate the nature of the abuse. The other day we heard two friends excitedly discussing their gas bills. One had received a bill for \$8 for the term, the other one of \$12. On comparison of facts concerning the number of hours they severally burned gas in their rooms, the number of burners, etc., it was found that the man who was charged \$8 had used considerably more gas than his friend. Again, another man, who had been taxed \$4, has, according to his own statement, never lighted a single gas-burner throughout the term, using a lamp instead for economy's sake. But there is nothing gained in multiplying particular instances where complaints of unjust and unequal charges are so general. We venture to assert, on the ground of some experience in household matters in this very city. that the scale of prices per 1,000 feet of gas for college use is advanced beyond that for use in private houses. Here is an opening for some one to make original discoveries.

PORTFOLIO.

-We had the pleasure during the vacation of seeing that charming ballet, Les Papillons, which was tacked on the end of Lucia. It is an exquisite little allegory recounted in pantomime and moving to weird and delicate harmonies—a rosy vision of summerland, bright-winged creatures and blossoming flowers: It is decidedly one of the best conducted ballets we have had in this country. The drill of the corps de ballet is fairly uniform, the grouping effective, and there are some good specimens of dexterity and elegance among the first dancers. But one goes away with a lamentable conviction that our people are not yet educated up to the ballet; we do not appreciate it; we do not understand its uses. We were surprised to observe the other evening some instances of shockingly bad taste, exhibited with an absence of consciousness that is amazing. For instance, in Les Papillons, while we are watching through our lorgnettes with a delicious sense of pleasure, the superb flowing motions of a supple and elegant danseusea gracious image of abandon and grace, in a floating snowy cloud of tulle, while we are lost in admiration of this enchanting spectacle, there comes hopping in on the shadowy floor a wretched little diminutive, angular creature, a mere slip of a thing, which goes capering about, standing on its little toes, performing all the famous rondes and tours de jambes of the ballerina in the most atrocious and painful fashion. Now of course there must be butterflies in this ballet, and dwarfed and diminutive creatures must be taken to fill the rôles. are unable to see why they should receive all the applause and the bouquets. The spectacle is really nothing but painful; there is no grace and beauty in it. We are forced to conclude that the applause must have come from a public sense of pity, a species of sentimental charity. It is impossible to believe that the taste of opera-goers in this country is so unreflecting and contemptible. We are beginning to discriminate in matters pertaining to the dramatic stage, but the ballet is as yet only an exotic among us. Alas for the viveurs!

——It seems almost absurd to ask whether you have read that marvelous book of poems by two little Berkshire girls.

Why no; who ever reads American books, least of all poetry, least of all, too, poetry that we have never heard praised by our English cousins-indeed, never heard of at all before? But do not mind for the moment what other people say. Let us hide ourselves, if you will-in our chambers, in the basement rooms of our dormitories, in the Art Gallery (where we are sure to be alone)—and enjoy the delicious freshness, the bewitching naïveté, the joyous music that comes to us so daintily—like lover's message hidden in a basket of flowers. I confess, however, a great difficulty arises when I try to review or criticise this chaste volume of Apple Blossoms, for what shall I say? I cannot translate for you the delicate feeling of the verses; I shall not count off a score of attractions that belong to the collection; I dislike to quote a single poem and triumphantly shout "There! See for yourself if I am not right." "Ah, yes, I understand," you say, "these are two prodigies, you ask our admiration," and your mind wanders off into dim pictures of Chatterton, of some precocious light whom you used to worship during freshman year, of that lady who appeared on the sign boards not long ago with two heads and an indefinite number of arms and legs, of, it may be, the Siamese twins. No, I shall not quote; this would be taking a gem from its setting—worse, it would be throwing the gem, I'm afraid, before a very indifferent crowd. I must give up, as well, any notion of criticising these poems. There is something idyllic in their character, their genuine home-life that appears everywhere behind the lines, that calls us away when we apply the knife—no, read them, that is all.

—I tried the first waltz, and when I stumbled and stepped on my partner's toes, I both cursed the music and mentally assented to Priscilla's protestation that she was terribly awkward. Either I could not dance or she could not. So I accosted Arabella and whirled her around the one way, dreading the unattainable reverse till both of us, too dizzy to stand up, whirled over to a sofa and sat down. Eugenia and I took three steps and then we came into collision somehow and she excused herself. But she did the same thing with the next man, so I flatter myself that our disaster was her fault. Cornelia asked me if I did not call mine the hop waltz. What if I do? It is the one which comes easiest to use. Why must every one else glide when I find it so unacquirable? Why

cannot some one else dance the wrong step, if you please, provided she dances as I do? But no one seems willing to oblige me. As the evening whiled on, sad at heart I stood over in the corner and twisted mechanically the triangle which I had borrowed from a Lit. editor, with the hope of making an impression, and Priscilla, with flushed cheeks and a happy smile came gliding over the floor in the arms of Johnson, who murders the Queen's English but dances like a professional. I know that she had been reading Daisy Miller, for when she got opposite me, she looked up very queerly into my face and said, "Poor fellow; can't you get any one to dance with you?"

-I know I am very much behind the times to be reading The New Republic at this late day, when it has been discussed at every dinner table about college as well as paragraphed in the Portfolio. But I do not come forward to propound any new theory nor to engage in the discussion as to which eminent philosopher should consider himself satirized in this or that character. I merely wish to call attention to a literary experience which coincides quite closely with my own. I am always vastly surprised at the existence of any such coincidence and am seized with an irresistible desire to communicate it to some one as a great discovery. Mr. Lawrence, the dilettanti host, in dilating on a literary hobby of his, remarks: "I delight in, I can talk over, I can brood over the form of a stanza, the music of a line, the turn of a phrase, the flavor of an epithet." My mind at once ran off hunting up examples of this strange fascination which I have found in my own reading. I thought of the quaint and effective use of the refrain in the Ancient Mariner. I thought of Swinburne's fantastic stanzas and the delicately shaded epithets in Tennyson's portrait poems. A faint suggestion of some nameless fear always takes possession of me when I think of

"The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain."

I always shiver when some one who is fond of doing it repeats:

"Winds of heaven he calls to fan him Ban him with their icy chill, And the shifting crowds of clouds Go drifting o'er him as they will."

There is also another stanza which has no particular claim to notice except its music and a hint of mystery, but which nevertheless always haunts my memory:

"By a route obscure and lonely, Haunted by ill angels only, Where an Eidolon, named Night, On a black throne reigns upright I have wandered home but newly From an ultimate dim Thule."

It is strange what a lodgment these detached and sometimes almost meaningless rhymes and rhythms will effect in one's memory, and what an influence they exert upon one's moods and fancies. For my part I can almost believe in magic combinations of words as spells.

--- I dropped in the other evening at the Opera House to see Mr. Joaquin Miller's play, the Danites. This play which is one of the latest of the poet's efforts, is an attempt in the same line as that of Bret Harte to throw into dramatic form some of the bizarre element of western frontier and mining life. In the present case, the situation is certainly dramatic and even tragic, for it turns upon the feud of two families (how many old dramas hang on a kindred thread!) and the terrible. persistent course of revenge pursued by the Danites (Destroying Angels) upon the hunted members of the other family. There is an excellent opportunity for delicate dramatic effects in the idea of the leading character of the play, it being the contrasts which a man of ideal temper and spontaneous but uneducated poetic fancy presents to environments of the coarsest and basest kind. But the play, though containing some fine situations, is as a whole ill-constructed and full of blemishes, in fact, marked by the same inequalities of merit which Joaquin Miller exhibits in his poems. Everywhere we are met by improbabilities, strained and unnatural sentiments, overwrought expressions of emotion. The handling of the technicalities of the stage business betrays a crude hand. first scene of the second act is the best bit in the drama, and that is comedy, or rather farce. The catastrophe, which is rather unnecessarily delayed, is ridiculously weak and disappointing. On the whole I cannot say that this play reflects any considerable credit upon even the literary name of Mr. Joaquin Miller, to say nothing of his poetic fame. It certainly does not make him a dramatist.

——A word about Mr. Thwing's book on American Colleges. Some have looked upon it as unfair and partial. I do not agree with them. It is simply a compilation of statistics undigested and therefore valueless, but as accurate, I am inclined to think, as a fair mind with the ordinary means of gaining information could make them. July once or twice an inference is ventured and then so timidly as to be meaningless and unreliable. Is is too bad, however, that he bases his facts so largely on those most delusive of all things, college catalogues; for instance, the Yale Faculty officially announces the existence of only twenty-eight scholarships, with an average annual yield of about sixty dollars each, and Mr. Thwing is entirely fair in putting them down as such, but it is a fact well known on the campus, and which should appear in a book like this, that one-third of each class pays nothing to the college treasurer, while a large proportion receive in addition aid in some form or other in the rest of its college expenditures. false impressions likely to arise from such undigested statistics are instanced most clearly of all in the comparison between the courses of study at Yale as the representative of the conservative colleges and Harvard, of the radical type maintains during four years a prescribed curriculum in which a certain proficiency is demanded for the attainment of a bachelor's degree. This course is of an entirely disciplinary character, on the gymnasium principle, and is considered requisite to fit a man for the profitable pursuit of any special branch. After this time the widest license is permitted for original and individual investigation in particular studies under competent instructors. Harvard on the other hand acts under the assumption that one year is sufficient to spend in the gymnasium, and devotes the other three to gratifying the fictitious individual preferences of its undergraduates. ever far, then, the college catalogue may warrant it, a comparison between the last three years at Yale and at Harvard is of very doubtful value. Harvard's undergraduate elective studies and Yale's course of graduate instruction correspond much more nearly to each other for such a purpose.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The coming of vacation and the consequent enforced alacrity of the Lit's appearance this month cause something of a meagerness in our record. The first event of note in our December chronicle is the

Harvard Game

Which took place in Boston on Nov. 23. On account of the Faculty's objections only a very small number of Yale men were able to witness the finely contested game and brilliant victory won on that occasion. The summary of the game tells its own story, but it is worthy of remark that this is the second foot ball game Yale has won from Harvard by a fortunate drop-kick of Mr. Thompson's. The players were as follows: Harvard-Rushers: Cushing, M. S.; Swift, '79; Horne, '79; Perry, '79; Warren, '82; Thatcher, '82; Cowdin, '79; Morse, '81. Half Backs: Blanchard, M. S.; Cushing, '79 (captain); Sedgwick, '82; Windsor, '80. Backs: Wethersby, S. S., '80; Eldridge, '82; Houston, '79. Yale—Rushers: Farwell, '79; Fuller, '81; Harding, '81; Hull, '82; King, '80; Eaton, '82. Half Backs: Badger, '82; Peters, '80; Thompson, '79; Watson, S. S.; Camp, '80 (captain). Backs: Nixon, '81: Wakeman, M. S.; Lyman, '82. Mr. Whiting, '76, served as judge for Harvard, Mr. Clarke, '80, for Yale, and Mr. Ballard of Princeton acted as referee. Time of game, 1h. 30m.; goals, Yale 1, Harvard 0; touchdowns for safety, Yale 7, Harvard 13. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, the

Junior Societies

Did what they could to fill the gap caused by the untimely removal of the Jubilee. Members of both the upper classes participated in the entertainments, which served in good measure to remove the "gall of bitterness" from the memories of the evening for all who were fortunate enough to be among the initiated. Next morning found us all on the way to the various places where we spent the

Thanksgiving Recess.

New York and the Princeton game proved the principal attractions, and on Thursday afternoon a goodly number of

undergraduates were assembled on the Hoboken grounds to witness the final contest for the

Foot Ball Championship.

The game showed some magnificent playing on both sides, and resulted in a victory for Princeton—the first which has been won from Yale by any college for three years. The summary of the game is as follows: Princeton—Forwards, Ballard, Dermont, Bradford, Brotherton, Devereaux, McAlpin, Lowery, Bryan; Half Backs, Waller, Minor, McNair, Withington; Backs, Miller, Kutz, Larkin. Yale—Forwards, Farwell, Harding, Fuller, Lamb, King, Hull, Eaton; Half Backs, Brown, Peters, Thompson, Camp, Watson; Backs, Wakeman, Nixon, Badger. Umpires, W. E. Dodge, G. H. Clark; referee, L. M. Littauer, of Harvard; time of game, 1h. 30m.; goals, Princeton 1, Yale 0; touchdowns for safety, Princeton 7, Yale 2.

The Jubilee of the Alumni

Was held in the Union League Theatre in New York on Wednesday, Dec. 4. The Jubilee seems to have been permanently transplanted from New Haven to New York, and this year an old time programme was performed before an old time audience. The undergraduates were represented among the performers by Curtis, '79, and Chamberlain, '80. Minstrels, sermon, poem and play were the order of exercises for the evening.

BOOK NOTICES.

A History of American Literature, 1776-1876. Edited by Prof. Henry A. Beers. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale by Peck.

The celebrations of our Centennial year have given a retrospective turn to American thought, and awakened fresh interest in the history of our literature. Indicative of this are Mr. Charles F. Richardson's Primer of American Literature, and Mr. W. J. Linton's Poetry of America; and also the long-promised work of Prof. M. C. Tyler, The History of American Literature. The aim of Professor Beers in the present volume is to illustrate the growth of our literature from 1776 to 1876. The design embraces only what is known as polite literature in the narrower sense—poetry, humor, satire, fiction,

sketches of life and character; while history, biography, oratory, travels, and in general, what Coleridge has called the "literature of knowledge," are excluded. The volume contains a series of selections from forty or fifty authors no longer living. Early among them are Joel Barlow's hearty verses in praise of *The Hasty Pudding*, and John Quincy Adams's ample reply to Goldsmith's couplet—

"Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long."

Farther on we find characteristic selections from Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Willis, Bryant, and others less widely known.

The most interesting part of the work, however, is the editor's Introduction, in which he briefly describes the "Colonial Period." Quaint and curious are the specimens given of those writings which had "much of historical interest, little of purely artistic worth." Considering our fore-fathers' calling and errand into this wilderness, it is not strange that Puritan literature was made up of sermons and controversial pamphlets. Their Indian wars, witchkillings, and suppressings of May-poles, have become picturesque at this distance of time; but the tough Puritan verse-makers of that earlier day found no themes for poetry in such stern duties, nor even in their own changed conditions, and the wild nature about them. Humor we sometimes find, such humor as that of Burton and Thomas Fuller, which always had a serious purpose. Here is a bit from the Simple Cobbler of Agawam, published in 1647; the author is speaking of that profane person, Prince Rupert: "If I thought he would not be angry with me, I would pray hard to his Maker to make him a right Roundhead . . . to forgive all his sins, and at length to save his soul, notwithstanding all his God-damme mee's; yet I may do him wrong; I am not certain he useth that oath; I wish no man else would; I dare say the Devils dare not. I thank God I have lived in a Colony of many thousand English these twelve years, am held a very sociable man; yet I may considerately say, I never heard but one Oath sworn, nor never saw but one man drunk." In one of the earliest poems-The Day of Doom, by the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth-occurs a passage which has been often quoted for the compassionate way in which it softens the rigors of infant damnation. The infants, having received their sentence from the Judgment seat, complain of its injustice, but are answered as follows:

"You sinners are, and such a share
As sinners may expect
Such you shall have; for I do save
None but my own elect. . . .
A crime it is; therefore in bliss
You may not hope to dwell,
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest room in hell."

Such are some of the specimens of the beginnings of American literature. The book as a whole is admirably fitted to display what there is of merit in a somewhat barren period.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Is it easier to speak bitter and sarcastic words than friendly and just ones? It seems so, to judge from the Exchange department of college papers. The faults in college journalism are glaring enough, to be sure. We are often reminded of the words of the author of Books and Reading. "Writing for college papers," said he, "is a good deal like plucking unripe fruit;" and as we turn over the pile of our exchanges, we find those words too often true. The sour and the flat do predominate, and it isn't very strange if the scowls and puckered lips of the editor are transferred to the paper on which he writes. Moreover, sarcasm is cheap and always implies a certain comfortable superiority in the writer. But it is well to remember that there is a difference between wholesale "slashing" and criticism; and it might be quite as well to sometimes "give the devil his due," even if it costs a little pains and condescension. It may, indeed, be necessary to read the paper you attempt to criticize.

The present month, however, has brought us such a bright and readable lot of exchanges that we feel no inclination to slight them. First of all the comely face of the Packer Quarterly smiles upon us, awakening anticipations which are pleasantly realized. What is it that makes these young ladies' magazines usually so enjoyable? They are lively and sensible when their masculine contemporaries are dull and pedantic. That last word suggests the reason: is it not because they seldom attempt to discuss the nation's true economic policy, or the Darwinian theory? We never find them seeking to wrap their graceful persons in the mantle of Webster, or tottering dizzily around on clumsy stilts. The present number of the Quarterly is a good example of their productions. It contains nothing that is not enjoyable; and two articles in particular, "One Shakespeare" and "A New Kind of Shopping," are as original and well written as anything we have seen in college papers for many a day. There is a certain naturalness about all these young ladies write that is refreshingly contrasted with the alleged characteristics of their sex.

There is nothing literary about the Cornell Era. The mental ability of the entire "school" seems to be actively employed in expounding to Harvard her duty in regard to Cornell's challenge. Here is one of their forcible arguments: "Well, Harvard, what are you going to do about it? Don't stop to listen to Yale's nonsense. A Cornell-Harvard race would draw a larger crowd than a race between any other two colleges, Yale papers to the contrary notwithstanding." Now and then they give an angry snarl at our hapless college; and because we don't quail overmuch at their ferocity, they express a doubt if "the sound of Gabriel's trump" would rouse us. What could be more terrible than the following threat? "A Yale paper says the Cornell slogan is, 'I yell—hell—Cornell.' Sir editor, if you ever die, we shall say, as an obituary notice that you have gone to 'yell hell, or Cornell.' For the present, however, we shall be silent." Really, we don't know which would be the more unpleasant—to yell hell, or Cornell. Perhaps there isn't much difference.

A glance at the table of contents of the Hamilton Lit. reveals "The Penn-

sylvania Miner," "The Working Classes of England as Represented in English Fiction," "Otto von Bismarck," "A Modern Mephistopheles," etc. It is too formidable, and suggestive of the *British Quarterly* or *Contemporary Review*. The old fault again, "a wondrous heaviness!"

The Brunonian is a model weekly paper—newsy, lively, and not given to long and pretentious essays. They have somewhere an embryo "Danbury News man," it would seem from the following: "They were out walking, as was their custom, one pleasant afternoon, Adam held his only offspring in his arms, while Eve was quietly enjoying a luscious specimen of her favorite fruit. Adam had been thinking how willingly he would spare another rib for the nucleus of a nurse, when his face lit up as with a brilliant thought. 'Eve,' said he, 'bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, canst tell me why thy spouse is like a Sophomore?' 'Adam,' she replied, 'father of thy race, and namer of the beasts of the field, I give it up.' 'Know then,' said he, 'fairest of thy daughters, it is because I am carrying my first Cain,' and he proceeded to brush a caterpillar from the nose of his first born, while she screamed for a fig leaf."

We always keep the Harvard papers for the last, in a never-disappointed confidence in their ability to revive our flagging interest. Lampy's droll face is always welcome. In his own way he tells of the foot-ball game—his "Waterloo." "As we wrapped our ulster around us, and took our seat in the Grand Stand among the assembled youth and beauty, our attention was called to the sundry sheets of water upon the arena before us. 'Even,' we said to the particular youth and beauty whose seal-skin rested confidingly against our ulster,—'even as Venus arose from the wave, so do we—in our mind's eye-discern the fair form of Harvard Victrix hovering above yonder pud-lakelets.' But in this life there is nothing certain excepting death and taxes,—it proved an off-day for Victrix. The younger brother of the sealskin, whom the maternal solicitude for 'appearances' had inflicted on the party, remarked at the close of the game that 'she didn't hover worth a cent,' to which vulgar but expressive epitome of the day's fortunes we bow our diminished head in reluctant consent. For in the sweetly smiling lake before us the argosy freighted with our hopes went down, albeit with colors flying." Here is a grain of wisdom in his "bushel of chaff:"

EXPERIENTIA DOES IT.

TO FATHERS.

"When offspring you correct,
If you wish them to respect
Their tender parent's rule, I'll tell you how, sir:
Just lay them on your knee,
And spank them very free,
Without the intervention of a trowser."

The prose in the *Crimson* is decidedly uninteresting; but—rare occurrence in college journalism—is redeemed by its poetry, from which we quote this:

RONDEL.

"'What are the sweetest words to hear"
(My love asked, gazing in my eyes),—
'The sweetest words for all the year,
The sweetest words for centuries?'

I have thy leave to make replies, To tell thee freely without fear The words that in my thought arise, That deal with all our destinies? Thou deemest lovers' lips are wise, And know the sweetest words to hear?

Then shrink not with a maid's surprise, For now I tell thee without fear The silence that links destinies, Giving consent, speaks words so dear (Thou seest lovers' lips are wise), That none with them in sweetness vies: These are the sweetest words to hear."

Nowadays so much is said about the "horrid students," and we are so often admonished to copy English manners, that we confess to a rather malicious satisfaction in finding the following in the Advocate: "Only the other day I saw in the London Times an account of the conferring of a degree at Cambridge on Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary: 'The Public Orator introduced the gentleman in an elegant Latin speech, but the first words were drowned in unseemly laughter and uproar, caused by an undergraduate in the gallery blowing a penny trumpet. An appeal to the good sense and gentlemanly feeling of the undergraduates was made by the Master of Trinity, but without the slightest effect; and, amid a running accompaniment of silly observations from the undergraduates, the Orator concluded his speech.' If that is not a relic of barbarism, I would like to know what to call it. Suppose that such an interruption should take place at our Commencement Exercises, the hue and cry that would be raised by the press in consequence would quite put in the shade any remonstrances that have ever been made against hazing. Whatever may be our alleged shortcomings in the manners of our college life, our company manners, if such I may term them, would compare most favorably with those of our English cousins."

Here is a trifle so apropos of the season that we cannot refrain from giving it:

VACATION.

"She danced with most enchanting grace, She wore the richest dress; She had the cutest little hand I ever dared to press.

I led her from the crowded room, I teld of busy years At college, of my future life, Of all my hopes and fears.

I pleaded for some keepsake true,—
The rosebud from her hair,—
Memento of the parting hour
That we were passing there.

'And must you go so soon?' she sighed,
'Dear me! I wonder who'l!—
Who'll talk so nice to-morrow night,
When you're at boardin' school.'"

And now in parting for three jolly weeks, the Lit. wishes Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

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No. IV.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

HY THE

Students of Yale College.



Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantabunt Sorolles, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1879.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Vale College. This Magazine, established February, 1830, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1875. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the begin-

ning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; numerumbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who aloue can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who

would like to secure the patronage of Vale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the husiness management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

JANUARY, 1879.

No. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '79.

LUCIEN F. BURPEE, HENRY S. GREEN, LOUIS J. SWINBURNE, AMBROSE TIGHE.

SOCIAL ENVIRONMENTS.

MONG the questions which arise in the latter days of university life are some which touch social themes and social aims. When a student has determined the profession or business which he proposes to pursue, he begins to ask himself, "How about my position in society? What rank am I to take? Who are the people it is best to know and live among? Where shall I find the most culture, the most pleasure, the most profit, the most of the agreeable things of life, its amenities, its courtesies, its recognitions?" For, there being no law of entail in America, and comparatively little of that spirit which induces a young man to choose the profession of his father, but on the contrary much more of the spirit of independent choice and departure from the old, it happens in the majority of cases that they are thrown upon their own resources and often obliged to settle in some strange place and make their own friends and adjust their own social To such, at least, the questions propounded at once present themselves, though they may have but a slender interest for those whose social position was fixed and recognized long before they were born.

The importance of one's social milieu, however small and insignificant in comparison with the importance of intellectual pursuits and other higher interests, is too great not to receive a thoughtful consideration. matter of some importance, for instance, whether one lives in the Sandwich Islands or among the Philistines of the middle class, or whether he lives in the midst of the best Paris or New York life. But what is not so apparent on a small scale, in a small community, comes out in the clearest light when we turn to history and observe the degree to which states of society have influenced, moulded, shaped men possessing a force of personality the most powerful and self-contained. Under the Roman emperors, when society was dissolute and luxurious, we behold the lamentable spectacle of the best men becoming low in morals or cruel by pure pressure of the aggregate opinion. How else shall we explain the action of the good Marcus Aurelius in the matter of religious persecution? In the Middle Ages it is the credulity and superstition of the people which reacts upon the historians and the men of science, and we have Bede's guesses about the "solvent sea," Geoffrey of Monmouth's childish belief in the giants and the rain of blood, and the man of foolish legends and portents found in Matthew of Westminster. And how the moral condition of society may react upon individuals, we have a striking instance in the almost universal sensuality which accompanied the Restoration in England and the reign of the beaux and wits. This, to be sure, is citing very large examples to show a very small thing, but the results of social laws can only be seen in full operation over a number of years. If we were only quick enough to see, there are abundant instances in any community where we may happen to live of the way in which an individual life and opinion are influenced by his society. Every observer of town life is familiar with the conditions which, in the "fast" set, the reading set, the dancing set, the "church" set, etc., etc., tend to disclose the members of each set by signs and symbols which extend to such minute circumstances as their dress and manner of

talking or even thinking. Such is the force of the imitative instinct! If three-fourths of what a man is, mentally and bodily, comes from his ancestors, what fraction of the remaining fourth shall we say comes from the men and women among whom he lives?

It is a thing of no small concern, then, what sort of a social center a man chooses to enter. It resolves itself ultimately into an alternative as to whether, since he must try the force of circumstances, submit himself to environments of one kind or the other, he will strive for the best or be content with the indifferent. Now, no man is content with the indifferent; hence all the modern social restlessness and ignoble strivings to force by short and violent means what they can never attain by that means. A man cannot hope to win social position as he wins money. The processes are quite different, and the requirements and conditions of success totally different In order that a man may know pleasant people, that he may surround himself with an atmosphere of agreeable and cultivated social life, one thing in especial is required—culture. This is the prime condition, the most rational distinction, the touchstone of admission into and acquaintance with what is best and highest in the social scale. No other standard is so invariable. gross and protuberant fact of mere possession of wealth is frowned at and ridiculed everywhere. Blood and family pretensions will not bear transportation; and the Chinese gentleman with a pure genealogical succession and a deformed foot of a thousand years old is only a "Heathen Chinee" in San Francisco.

These things have their peculiar weight in some circles, but more and more, as democracy and knowledge advance hand in hand, the men of culture, of ideas, of elevated character and pure instincts, are winning the places which they deserve to occupy. A little while ago a writer in the Saturday Review, in a paper on "Pleasantness,"—one of that series of charming social essays which have been appearing in the Review's columns of late years,—attributes the social success in England of such men as Irving,

Motley, Ticknor and Sumner, to that indefinable quality of pleasantness which is one of the necessary accompaniments and outgrowths of true culture.

But this sort of culture, a training and nurturing of all that is best in a man, does not admit its possessor into all kinds of society. It will not, perhaps, take him into fashionable society, where the excitement of passion and gayety and rivalry, exact unheard-of sacrifices. So much the better. The best life of an age, the life which is in the current of ideas and conduct, which loves literature, art, music, science, tranquillity or activity of spirit, is not to be found now in that class of society. We do not live, it is unnecessary to say, under the ancien régime, when courtiers and ecclesiastics only held the privileges and secrets of culture.

What is the constitution of this society, which is to such an extent at the option of every educated young man to enjoy for himself, has been already suggested. It is a society, such as it is permissible to suppose, exists in most of our large cities, in which ideas, intellectual interests predominate, and which is animated with natural desire for interchange of opinions, sentiments, and the amenities of life. No one, who wishes to keep in the currents of contemporary manners and taste, can have so little ambition as not to hold up before his mind a picture of social life with outlines something like this. Each may fill up the foreground with whatever ideal accessories he pleases, and figure to himself homes where social arrangements have a perfect adaptation of means to end, and there are books, leisure, paintings, conversation, and the gracious figures of cultivated men and clever women passing to and fro.

LES SEPARES.

Quel beau jour Que le jour de rétour!

O lassie, I have searched the town, By many a stream I've wandered down, I've roamed the meadows through and through Nor loitered 'neath the shady yew; In many a palace have I been Where gems and pictures rare are seen, Things most entrancing to the sight, A wonder and a pure delight; And though, Aladdin-like, I've been Where you would think I scarce could wean My heart and eyes from things so bright, In light arrayed, with splendor dight, My soul has ever turned to thee, As light, calm, brightness, all to me. Like clouds around the maiden moon That love to linger, but too soon Some ill-timed blast, with cruel might Chases them from her longed for light, Thus duty stern doth hinder me Who fain would linger, sweet, with thee. Thy tender eyes, thy soul-full look Gently-importunate that I brook Not hearing what I long to hear, -Sweet words ne'er destined for my ear,-Are imaged in my heart of hearts, There to abide, till death us parts.

D. S.

WITH A PICTURE.

Though a skeptic and pessimist, one who implies
That Humanity 's naught but a thing to despise,
That it cheers not the heart, that it glads not the eyes,
That inconstant is woman, and man far from wise,
Yet I've faith in the Beautiful, Just, Good and True.
How's this? Why, sweet friend, I believe still in—you.

D. S.

TWO SPANISH STUDENTS.

I N the province of La Mancha, now immortalized as the birthplace and home of that heroic vet somewhat eccentric champion, Don Quixote, in the southern portion of that peaceful valley through which flow the waters of the Jabulon and the Guadiana, lies the quaint old Spanish town of Almagro. Though Spain is proverbially slow and behind the rest of the civilized world in adopting improvements, the restless iron horse has forced his resistless way even into this quiet vale; the timeworn diligence, after its years of faithful service, has passed away and the hills that once were melodious with the echo of the postilion's horn now resound with the shriek of the engine's whistle as it hurries along over its track of steel. The traveler who to-day passes through the town in his railroad carriage notices just to the north, on the old post-road which comes down from the upper provinces, a cluster of venerable red-tiled buildings, with here and there a spire nestling among the trees. the now famous cloister of St. Peters, though in the olden days better known as the university and theological school of Almagro.

Let us rest here for a moment under the shadow of these ancient walls and carry ourselves back on the wings of time over a score or two of years, to the beginning of the present century. About dusk one summer's evening in the year 1806, the familiar crack of the postilion's whip was heard on the road, and presently the old coach rattled over the stones in the court-yard, and drew up at the entrance to the college. From it alighted two trav-They were quite young, hardly over eighteen years of age at the most. They had come down together from the distant village of Granatula to enroll themselves as students in the university. Theirs was no chance acquaintance, they had known each other from early childhood; and though their circumstances in life were widely different their love for each other was of that pure

and intense nature, which allows itself to be restrained by no petty bonds of social distinction.

Pablo, the elder, was the son of the wealthy lord of the village, and he could have boasted, had he wished to, that in his veins flowed the blood of the noblest families of La Mancha. Physically he was a splendid specimen of the young and fiery Spaniard, better fitted, so thought his friends, to enter the royal army where his dignity of bearing, his ardent patriotism and his unflinching valor would soon have pushed him to the foremost ranks, than to give up his life to the priesthood. Ioaquin, the younger, on the other hand, had been reared in the lowlier walks of life, his father being the humble wheelwright of the village. Delicate and sickly from his early infancy, his father found him unfitted to bear the labor and strain that his trade would bring upon him, and so resolved to send him to Almagro to prepare for the ranks of the ministry.

They were received at the door by a venerable porter, who escorted them to the presence of the curate under whose charge they were henceforth to be; after all preliminaries had been arranged they were assigned to their respective quarters, and in the course of a day or two were laboring zealously at their professional studies.

Two years had passed away since Pablo and Joaquin came to the college, during which time their friendship had not weakened, but indeed grown stronger, if such a thing were possible. Deeply interested in each other and in their work they had formed many plans by which they might labor together in the future, when suddenly an event occurred which was destined to alter completely the course and tenor of their lives, and destroy their castles of air.

The quiet town of Almagro was thrown into the wildest commotion by the arrival of a courier, who, with his horse covered with dust and foam, came dashing through the principal street and never stopped until he reached the ancient tavern, where, surrounded by eager listeners, he told his startling tale. Well might they be alarmed, for the news he brought them was terrible. Napoleon the Great, a name already dreaded even in the quiet hamlets of Spain, was marching with a mighty army southward across the frontier, and the king had called upon all his subjects to swell the ranks of the royal army and help resist the invader. The announcement spread like wild-fire through the town and surrounding country, and the next day all was bustle and confusion around the village inn, where the names of the volunteers were being enrolled. Almost at the head of the list stood Pablo; he was to join the "Sacred Battalion," composed of theological students from all parts of the country. With him were a dozen others from the college, but Joaquin did not appear. He had been among the first to go, but Pablo had restrained him.

"Thou couldst never bear the hardships and dangers and privations of a soldier's life," said he; "stay thou and I will go." Remonstrance was useless and Joaquin agreed to remain behind.

Everything was arranged now and the soldiers were to leave on the morrow. That night there came a knock at Pablo's door, he opened it and before him stood Joaquin, his face was pale, his lips firmly set, and his eyes glaring with startling brilliancy. "Pablo," said he, "I have a request to make of thee, swear to me by that sacred friendship which binds us together that thou wilt grant it."

- "If it is within my power."
- " It is."
- "Then I swear it."
- "Then this is my request, that thou wilt remain here in college and allow me to go in thy stead, for I have had a terrible dream to-night. I dreamed I was on the field of battle walking amid the slain, and as I passed among them, a voice kept ringing in my ears, 'Coward, coward, better thus to die for thy country's sake than to while away thy life in the peaceful valleys of La Mancha. Arise, gird on thy sword and suffer not thy comrades to be slain without thy hand avenging them.' That voice I knew too well; its summons I could never disobey. It came to

me like a message from the other world, for it was my sainted mother who spoke. You will grant my request!"

"I have sworn it."

The next day Joaquin, hardly strong enough to bear the weight of his musket and his knapsack, left for the war, while Pablo, hearty and strong, stayed behind at his studies. Of course the people did not understand it. Pablo was called a traitor and a coward, and Joaquin was praised for his valor, but then they knew not of his oath!

It is the twelfth of January, 1879, the gates of the Escurial palace are draped in mourning and from the belfries of a thousand churches the mournful bells are tolling funeral dirges. The streets of Madrid are crowded with people all striving to catch a glimpse of a great procession. This can be no triumphal pageant, surely it must be some royal funeral. Aye! it is, but more than this, for Spain has lost the noblest and greatest of her sons. Toll! ye bells! and weep! ye people! for Espartero, the soldier and the patriot is no more! The viceroy of Navarre. the man who for fifty years and more had led the Spanish armies on to victory on many a field of fame, the man who on three successive occasions had saved the royal city from the plundering hand of the would-be usurper, and trampled the banners of Don Carlos in the dust; the patriot who for his loyalty and valor was banished by his ungrateful country and compelled to flee to England, yet when he saw the land he loved again in the hands of her enemies, in the fulness of his heart forgave her ingratitude and returned in time to save her once more from the threatening destruction; the hero who had passed unscathed through a hundred battles, and whose breast was covered with glittering insignia, from the scarlet ribbon of Vittoria to the jeweled cross of Luchana—Espartero is no more.

Though indeed he was not king, yet he held a higher office than any monarch who ever sat upon the royal throne of Spain. "Espartero shall be king!" cried the populace in their enthusiasm, and straightway the crown

is offered to him by the Cortes, but the veteran soldier is old and feeble now and he declines the tempting prize. He has served his country faithfully and well and now he hands the reins of government over to those of younger years.

The procession enters the vast, majestic cathedral, the assembled multitude stand with uncovered heads in reverential awe while the choir of a thousand voices chant The sunlight piercing but faintly the funeral anthems. through the lofty windows of stained glass, mingles with the dimly burning tapers in throwing over it all a pale yet holy lustre. The last peal of the organ dies away and is lost in the recesses of the nave, the vast assembly is hushed in silence as they turn their eyes toward that venerable figure passing in front of the altar. His hair is white as the driven snow, and his form is bowed down with the weight of years. With slow and feeble steps he ascends the pulpit stairs, and there is a peculiar tenderness and pathos in his words as he speaks to them of the patriot and the soldier, whose memory they have come to hallow. Yes, it is Pablo who speaks and who tells of his love and friendship for Joaquin who is dead. Not now indeed Pablo and Joaquin the students of Almagro, but Pablo Colanda Delpardo, Archbishop of La Mancha, and Joaquin Baldomero Espartero, Ex-Regent of Spain. Q.

HAEMONY.

"Among the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out;
The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not on this soil;
Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more medicinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He called it Haemony."

THAT like the old dramatists, I have introduced a very indifferent performance by a splendid prologue, I beg may not be hastily ascribed to witless presumption. Were it not for the fear of suggesting a sermon I should call it my text; such might well be taken from the blind evangelist of Reformed England. The rout of Comus is still through the thick groves; his spells are thrown to the winds of fable as those of his mother Circe; but we know that there still exists the need of a countercharm potent against "the lime-twigs of the spells" that spread themselves through this wood of the world to entangle every motion and vitiate every motive.

I believe it to be a fact, and I desire to keep it well in view as such, that the thoughtful sentiment of the present in dealing with religion,—and it is feeling rather than thought that now sees farthest through the dimness,—tends for the most part towards formulating the platform that the deepest hold of religion among us is on its sentimental side,—by its poetry essential and associated. While fully recognizing this, I wish to insist more strongly on what seems to others as well as myself to be one drift among the currents of our college beliefs, and one perhaps most promising of ultimate anchorage. With all the diffidence inseparable from such a subject I venture to assert that there is a great error, and one harmful in its tendencies, in the assumption that a man who cannot subscribe to any orthodox creed is thereby left afloat with

nothing better to cling to than despairingly grasped sentimentalities. I protest against the theory that all the efficient truth of religion is of this unearthly, insubstantial nature that only the more poetic and unpractical dispositions can appreciate. To return to our text, I look for a plant growing beside the thronged and trodden paths of our daily life, a plant hardy and vigorous, though not attaining its finest bloom in this inauspicious clime, that "unknown and like esteemed" is too often trodden down contemptuously by thoughtful and thoughtless alike, but whose virtues are at the service of each individual soul without the intervention of the flavorless vehicles of the theologians, while it is the knowledge of it and its "divine effect" that is the inspiration and most hopeful promise for our future faith, whether creed and dogma stay or go.

The religion of our college world, of those of our age, must above all be healthful, vigorous and practical. are not so dull and sensual as to be unable to appreciate the self-mortifications and raptures of a Thomas à Kempis or an Elizabeth of Hungary; in our quiet moments, when the rush and whirr of the eager machinery of life is not full in our ears, deeps unknown to ourselves are stirred by such life-poems of suffering and victory; but what we look for, when we look at all and do not simply drift, is a constant, continual source of enthusiasm that will steady the hand if it be on the helm, but none the less for us halfidlers give direction and shape to our purposes, strength to our resolves, and a keener vitality and intensity to our very jests and laughter. I am afraid I may seem to some to undervalue the beautiful iridescent play of light that is to transfigure our base fabrics to pure gold,-not in reality, perhaps, but so that we can at least play at belief in such transmutation, and take care not to move so carelessly as to lose the requisite point of view. No visions of good, however unreal, may be rudely broken through; but we need not exclude the possibility of a more tangible gain to be gotten in the same field.

I believe it to be true that beside the period of speculative curiosity in which the beliefs of boyhood are first strictly interrogated and either reëstablished or rejected, wholly or in part, there comes sooner or later to most thinking men a conviction that a standard of some sort quite outside of themselves must be recognized, if for nothing more than individual progress in culture and character: some landmark sufficiently distant and conspicuous to save them from wandering in a circle forever returning on itself. Hero-worship is an instinct of humanity, and in its sublimated and intensified form is the inspiration that fills lives, which would else lie waste, with a healthful growth that is the best promise of future fruit; and this possibility of an hero-worship centered around the hero of the human-divine story, that is familiar to all, is the bald and bare statement of what seems to me to be the germ of many a life teres et rotundus, a motive power for good that is at once and forever independent of creed. It has its own vitality, this Christ-life; and as the shyness of dealing with it freed from the embarrassments of doctrinal teachings dies away, its power is felt by the student of the XIX. Century as it was by him of the IX. For a growing number, I believe, it is not the Mystic of the Galilean hills, not the divinely begotten Son of Mary, not the Messiah and Coming Judge; but the incarnation of the highest ideal of noble humanity and inspired spirituality; it is not He who raised the dead and walked the sea, but He who trod with manly, unfaltering steps the road to death, Man of man, Friend of Friends, exemplifying in its ideal form what we most love and honor in those who are our contemporaries.

Here is the source of an enthusiasm of unfailing intensity, of daily practical efficiency. And the latter is what we look for,—to make life better worth the living, not to shun the pains of an extramundane torment, nor to gain a disembodied and eternal bliss. Our imaginations chill and refuse to answer the demands of such remote and vague contingencies, but we know that to-day and tomorrow and the next day will have to be lived by the most of us;—and how to do it well, or even tolerably.

This life of strong simplicity and heroic self-abnegation,

lived eighteen hundred years ago, glows through the veils and shadows laid around it by the decrees of councils and the theorizing of doctors just as it does through the lapse of centuries and the changes of dynasties and race. It is still the prime essential for those who can accept elaborate theories of Vicarious Sacrifice and the Atonement, and who hope to tread streets of gold through gates of pearl; and it remains the same when these beliefs fall away temporarily or permanently. Around this initial impulse there is space and soil from which may spring up all the finer graces of poetry and sentiment; they will come as an increasing delight. But first we have beside us, in our very hands, the simplest, most natural means of getting a breath of air outside of the stifling enclosure of self. Those who have never left their birthplace are limited to the narrowest local ideas; those who know no history suffer under a corresponding temporal disability;—so those, who are content with the little circuit of themselves and their immediate reflections in those around them, are held in limits of character the narrowness of which they may never know. Abandonment of self is not denial; it is the sharing the accumulated riches of the past and the possibilities of the future.

Each epoch of history has had its own dominant idea. Superstition, Monasticism, Mysticism, Morality, are words that the scholar sees written over its pages. What is to head ours, who now can say? Is it Disillusion, Disbelief, Dissatisfaction, only? Alternatives of disheartening negations? May not this seeming backward tendency from the positive and earnest be a tendency to a simplicity of beliefs and motives that shall, when once frankly accepted and duly honored, assert its peculiar power as forcibly as ever did the most transcendental presentations of the supernatural. And if it be not so, what of those

"Who cry aloud to lay the old world low,
To clear the new world's way?

Ah, from the old world let some one answer give;—
'Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward cares?
I say unto you, see that your souls live
A deeper life than theirs.'"

EL REY DE LA MAR.

Oh what can he care though the heavens frown?

For the earth is round, the season flies;

And the down will be up and the up be down,

Ere the sun shall set and rise.

Then let the doomed vessel be scuttled and sunk;
And the prisoners, one by one,
File over the lip of the pirate ship,
In the full of the noontide sun.

"Ah, you are the Prince of the Levels, you say!
But I of a thousand seas.
You shall follow to-day the imperial way
Provided for such as these.

"Let the land to the sea make no reply.

I covet no mercy, have none to give;

For the lords of the land must die, must die!

That the king of the seas may live."

The ocean was still as the wind above,
Or the listless fleecy cloud.
No breath in the sky, save the restless sigh
Of the heaving mast and shroud.

w. w. H.

DIFFICULTIES OF A PESSIMIST.

A THEORY, to be true, requires two things: a sound comprehensive basis of facts, and a correct inference from the facts. Its truth may, therefore, be vitiated in two ways, through inexactness in the facts, or through incorrectness in the inference, and much more through both combined. Facts are in their nature unchangeable and independent of the feelings and volition of the theorist; and a correct inference from them must be a cold intellectual process. A careful scientist always can, and usually does, conform to these requirements. But a pessimist, in undertaking to prove that the world is

the worst possible for its inhabitant labors under untold and insurmountable difficulties. He can neither trust his facts nor himself. The truth of his theory would demand that the actual life of men should be most miserable. But however he may strive to prove a priori that it ought to be such, it will avail him little until he shows strictly that it is such, from a full and careful collection of facts. Of what kind then, are the facts with which he has to deal? Is mankind most wretched and unhappy?

Nothing can be more uncertain and variable than the evidence on this subject borne by the life and conduct of men. Unhappiness continually darts across their path as a dark shadow, and happiness gleams in upon them like breaks of sunshine. They are curiously tossed back and forth between optimism and pessimism. The scene which to-day seems so fair, with every prospect pleasing, to-morrow, though unchanged, is dull and cheerless. The friends who yesterday were kind, free and open-hearted, to-day seem distant and reserved. The moods of men are changeable as the winds. Ever when an evil one leaves them they are ready to forget it, and say, "Why, being gone, I am myself again." In another day they are anew in deepest gloom. And thus "life's checkered scene of joy and sorrow," goes on from year to year.

I do not see that the facts would support either pure optimism or pure pessimism. Sometimes an optimistic, sometimes a pessimistic mood prevails. But even granting that at present the wretchedness of men is as great as the pessimist claims, does it result, as he maintains, from the radically evil structure of the world? If it does, it must have existed in all time past and will in all time to come. However, one of the greatest obstacles which he has to encounter is the fact that the pessimism, or rather pessimistic attacks, of the large majority of men may be traced to physical defects. But an evil result that can be traced to a mere defect points most emphatically to the general soundness of the whole. And these defects themselves are traceable to transgressions of some law. Hence they were avoidable and are in large part curable. More-

over, severity in the penalty of transgression does not disprove the beneficence of the law.

Take some of these defects. There is indigestion. How many men there are whose gloomy views come from this source. But no one in his right mind would say that indigestion is due to the inherently bad structure of the world and forms part of it. "Whoever is sick is a rascal," was Dr. Johnson's expression of the gloominess, peevishness, and general perverseness of men when under the influence of some bodily defect or ailment. But the great majority of diseases we look upon as caused by individual transgression and carelessness or by accident. And anything thus induced is not to be ascribed to the mal-structure of the world. Then there is the state of hunger or semi-starvation, a prolific source of ill-humor. But in the natural order of things we observe that such a state is in most cases the result of evil habits and ignorance.

From the sum total of pessimism and wretchedness which he conceives to exist as a result of the inherent malstructure of the world, let the pessimist subtract the gloominess and wretchedness due to the above causes. and then let him fully recognize the intermittency of these causes, the possibility of their removal, and particularly the fact that when they do not act, i. e., when men are healthy and well fed, they are as a rule self-satisfied and highly contented with the world. We all know how buoyant and hopeful the possession of perfect health makes us. We all know the conciliatory effects of a hearty meal. Next let him duly note and deduct much that he might call pessimistic, but that in reality is but the expression of the healthy discontent which leads to progress, of what Macaulay calls "the tendency in every man to ameliorate his condition." It seems to me, too, that a touch of pessimism is often only a loud call to action, a call for a return to that normal state of hopeful endeavor and quiet acceptance of things as they come, which we observe in men who are busied with their work. An aim in life—something to do—reconciles men wonderfully to the world.

The facilities which men have now for getting into print give an undue prominence to pessimistic views. The tendency to squeal when anything goes wrong, is very much stronger than the tendency to exult when all things are well. Crime, distress, and discontent are piercingly noised abroad, but well-doing and content have no herald. In their evil moods many men are betrayed into uttering complaints, of which they are heartily ashamed when in their right mind and which they altogether disclaim as representing their abiding convictions. All men have their evil moods. And perhaps there is no writer whom the pessimist cannot unfairly twist to his side by quoting things written in this state of mind. I have seen a collection of such extracts, but they are entirely worthless as proof and may be offset abundantly by sayings of the opposite nature from the same authors. . If to be miserable were the normal condition of men, joy would be a mockery, a goad to increase their wretchedness. But very few look upon it as such. It is generally accepted as an unmixed good and made the most of while it lasts. Under its influence men even forget their cares, nay more, often look upon previous ills as giving a zest to present pleasure. There is no pessimism shown in this, but decidedly the reverse.

All these considerations and more that might be named modify the supposed facts of the pessimist. But even on the supposition that beneath the multitude of seeming facts there exists a mass of real facts bearing on the subject, the pessimist, at least, is not apt to be the right man to distinguish them. For he is himself liable to the same defects as other men. What, then, seems to him the misery of the world may be only the distorted image which he sees through the medium of his own gloomy moods. He himself may be miserable, but that is no reason why all men should be. His chronic gloom, flowing from his chronic disease, does not indicate in the world outside a chronic wretchedness. He himself may be miserable, but there is no sense in invoking so stupendous a cause as the radical mal-structure of the world, until he can prove the

soundness of his own person. Hence I am not surprised to find a late able work saying of the prince of pessimists that "there is little doubt that medical men would regard Schopenhauer as suffering from some form of hereditary disease, probably brain disease." One of the crying needs of the times is a sound, healthy, well-fed pessimist.

J. A. A.

NOTABILIA.

"HUM!" we said, giving the fire a great poke, "vacations are short—the holidays shortest of all—but fortune is fickle, the chapel bell relentless, and some"— "Remember you have Fortunatus' cap," whispered a voice. Ah, happy thought! We clap thee on our editorial pate, thou good red-cotton wishing cap. Presto! Once more the dear old red-brick row, full of chinks and sunlight, once more the gnarled elm-boles, once more the snowy quadrangle and the gray walls of Durfee. Of course, you were glad to get back; of course, now your delight has subsided. All that is natural. The gay carnival time just past returns now as a dream, with the rough edges of its actualities worn off. What concerts, balls, routs, dinners, soireés, staircase whispers, moonlit sleigh rides, locks of hair, nods and pressures of the hand, what pirouetting, what follies, what gracious images! There is matter enough, we warrant, for a winter's tale. But away with this, fit reverie for a corner by the evening fire, but in the garish daylight milk for babes to suckle at. There are your books, Philosophy, History, and the rest; smile upon them, caress them, nay but sweat and toil over them also. 'Tis the beautiful lot of pedant and slave. Meanwhile greetings once for all for the New Year, greetings to one and all, with especial grace and felicity to readers of the LIT.

HARDLY are we again seated comfortably in our editorial arm chair before our attention is attracted, amid a mass of papers and literary débris, by a modest looking, black-bound little book entitled "Lloyd Lee." We glance into it for a moment—for a moment! behold the afternoon on the wane, and the twilight coming on, our fire burned down to glowing embers, and the last page of the book turned! Yes, we have read it through without consciousness of the lapse of time, and have still to groan over the pile of work still awaiting us on the table. But why repine? We have passed an afternoon most pleasantly, and have to thank "Lloyd Lee" for the boon. left us in a haze of memories. There is so much in it that is familiar and near to some of us! It preserves reminiscences of the two or three years gone by, which, like leaves pressed in a book, have their own peculiar fragrance, their own melancholy and their own mirthfulness. A sketch of college life so pleasantly written, so generally faithful in the delineation of those aspects it touches on, so unpretentious and restrained in tone, ought to receive a kindly welcome at the hands of college men. doubt not it will.

STILL having on our wishing cap, which furnishes an ingenious means of concealing the shocking baldness to which editors, by excess of work and religious devotion, are especially liable, we left our fireside and passed into a neighbor's room. Four erect and silent figures, four long-stemmed pipes, four pairs of hands busy with brightcolored cards, this was all we saw; and, receiving no other recognition than a grunt, sat down submissively and plaintively followed the motions of the mute automata at the little round table. Shortly the editorial mind began to muse, and traveling on, to exercise its sense of wonder that other mortals were not as wise as this four. Lessons over, pipe in your mouth, eyes tired of print, the long evening before you, ennui beginning to creep on, dumps just behind it, what better than a good deck of cards and a hand at whist? Conversation? Hum! The

word makes one think of weak tea and sitting mummy-like with your hands on your knees. The Opera House? Bah! it is nipping outside and afterward—well, you are broken. A pair of black eyes? That depends whose they are. No, no; hold to tranquil pleasures and the quiet of your room. Two minutes ago you were a beggar, feeling blue. Lo! I thrust the glossy cards into your hand, and straightway you become rich and a ruler; your mind is your kingdom; you control the destinies of kings and queens; you play with diamonds and hearts; you may snub and outwit knaves to your heart's content. Here is sport enough for the fancy, freedom and range enough for the mind. Sweet dispeller of black care! may we see more of thee these winter nights, never forgetting thy never-failing companions, the lemon and the bowl.

It is the wont, and apparently the delight of some men. to find fault with the faculty and its way of managing things, upon every conceivable pretext. Sometimes it is the electives, sometimes the scheme of prescribed studies. If we were to trust these growlers, the faculty is never right, and always wrong. But it must be acknowledged that at the end of the college course, it is impossible not to see the wisdom of arrangements which in our early days seemed impenetrable and absurd. An instance has just come to hand. It was difficult for many in freshman and sophomore year to understand the propriety of the order of scientific studies which was given us. remember some in sophomore year who made much ado because they could not have geology, which was supposed to be rather "soft," instead of mechanics. The truth is, the order of studies which the faculty has followed is the recognized scientific one. In an interesting paper in the January Scientific Monthly, Prof. Joseph Le Conte classes the hierarchy of sciences, in order of "increasing complexity and increasing specialty," thus: mathematics, mechanics, physics, chemistry, biology and geology. That is the ascending scale of these studies. and that is the precise order in which they have been set

before us. If it is any consolation, therefore, we can have the pleasure of knowing that the principles of science have been taught us according to a perfectly orderly and scientific mode of progression, and the humility of feeling that if we have failed to profit by it, the fault is purely our own.

PORTFOLIO.

-Doubtless you have frequently turned from a representation of an Italian sunset or sunrise, or of such as are of everyday occurrence in Southern Florida, with the ejaculation "Overdone." The depth of coloring in the sea, the intense blueness of the sky, seem unreal and impossible, so alien are they to the experiences with which we of a colder climate are familiar. I experienced much the same feeling from the study of the character of Sir Keith Macleod. His simplicity, impulsiveness, and entire want of judgment, are certainly unusual. The union of these in one individual, with the omission of others, seems quite preposterous. You remember that trite phrase, in which Pope sums up the character of Bacon, an expression which Dr. Lord so emphatically condemned, and he was not the first to take exception to this summary disposal of one who has conferred so vast a benefit on all posterity. Dixon says of Macaulay's essay on Bacon: "His sketch (is) of Rembrandt power, his lights too high, his smears too black, noon on the brow, dusk at the heart. Nature never yet made such a man as Macaulay paints." There is much truth in Dr. Lord's objection to Pope's estimate, and the quotation is certainly capable of a strong defense; and yet, I take it, neither Pope nor Macaulay so expressed themselves without a definite impulse. I conceive the delineation of extraordinary characters to resemble strikingly in one particular the process of photography. This art possesses but two colors, by the association of which to represent the ever-changing expressions of the human countenance. the delineation of strong character, prominent traits are allabsorbing and minor characteristics lie in obscurity. The great end of the biographer is to bring into strong relief the dominant features of character. The same instinctive desire for contrast avoids neutral qualities and leads the artist to provide the statue with a dark background, that its beauties may be distinctly emphasized. Sir Keith, though presenting no slightest resemblance to Bacon, furnishes with his ungovernable impulses an extreme of character, involving the same difficulty in depiction. Nature as well as art may at times indulge herself in hyperbole.

—Men continue not only to use terms, but also to sing songs, as if they were of present interest, long after their application has vanished under the stress of increased knowledge or changed circumstances. For instance, there is that old national song of invitation to wanderers from every land to make America their home, with the constant refrain:—

"Come along, come along, do not feel alarm, For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm,"

which I have heard many an impecunious son of toil, to whom the gift of an acre of land would have brought joy too great to be borne, sing lustily and with feeling. And so on the campus, one of the first songs which every Freshman learns, is the one about Eli, Eli, Eli Yale. The date of its composition we need not inquire, but the sentiments of at least three of its verses are at present severely open to question. We, perhaps, may allow that 'examinations continue to make the Freshmen pale,' although the recent inauguration of the custom of admitting conditioned candidates to recitation, makes even that a matter of doubt, but surely Sophomoric exuberance has long since sought other means of effervescence than with "torch and mask." It is not very easy to describe the Sophomore's career now that even hazing is a thing of the past, but I am sure that it approaches infinitely nearer to 'pipe-smoking, ease-taking, glee-singing' existence ascribed to the third year than the Faculty ever permit a Junior to get in these days. Probably a majority of each class now find the scientific studies of Junior year the hardest of their course, and each year they seem to be made harder. The times must have been very very different when this song was written. And what I take to be the especial signification

of the expression "making love and breaking hearts," is no longer capable of application. Once upon a time the number of college men engaged to New Haven young ladies was as great, I was going to say, almost as that of the leaves on the elms. Anyhow, such engagements were a very common thing, and many a man journeyed back from the land of his bondage to his father's house with a Leah or a Rachel. But lately it has become more than unusual for any other than resident undergraduates to succeed in winning the affections of such fair ones. As to saying farewell, I think that the same opinion holds now as then. At any rate, I know of one who will consider it 'the saddest tale he has to tell.'

-A delightful story is Octave Feuillet's new sketch, "A Woman's Diary." You will find it, if you have not already found it, published in the Collection of Foreign Authors (refreshment to eyes weary of small type!), and it is just large enough and fresh enough to fill a corner of your leisure. It is a poet's book, full of dainty touches, delicate shading in characterization, delicious bits of dialogue and description. As an attempt, a modest one, to be sure, to penetrate a woman's mind, a mind that is noble and gracious and womanly in the best sense, to portray the working of strong emotion in that mind, and the struggle between this and the higher, spiritual impulses; as such an attempt it is beyond criticism. But this little book is significant in another way, and it is to this attention is chiefly called. After Emile Zoen and Alphonse Daudet, we had thought French literature committed for some time; we had imagined it wholly given over to the radical Realism of these writers. Henceforth, we sighed, farewell to Idealism and its occasional consolations. Octave Feuillet's "Diary" is an utter rebuke to such apprehensions. While such men live and write, there is no fear of realistic art doing away with what is best in Idealism. It is not that we love the former less, but we love the latter more. This little book is a lively proof that Idealism is not dead in France. We wish somebody would prepare a paper in the Lit. on the two schools as they are now represented in France. The subject is fresh, and would find a good many who are interested and would like to learn something about it.

---- "Some men snub and some men get snubbed." This is an aphorism which suggests the inquiry Why? One man

says a thing and he is applauded and repeated. Another man says an equally good thing equally well, and he is laughed at for his pains and voted a fool. One man holds his tongue, and he is called reticent, deep, a genius. Another man is silent, and people sav that he is shallow, diffident, a dunce. men no one hesitates to contradict. In others you would pass by the same mistakes. These first are also the class who give in right or wrong after a heated argument, or apologize for their sentiments. The one class you either pity or despise. The other class you love or hate. The quality of character which determines to which of these two a man belongs, is not altogether capable of definite expression. External circumstances have a great deal to do with it. Power, wealth, and, above all things on the campus, good clothes, will go a great way toward rescuing a man. But they will not do everything. A great many have been labelled bores even with all these in their possession. Anthony Trollope, in one of his novels, says that it is something in the manner or gait of a person which determines the question. I suppose that he refers to that subtle dignity of carriage which is so easy to detect, but so difficult to describe. But the external bearing is of value only as an indication of the internal nature We think that we can sum up the explanation in three sentences. men of a twining, negative character. There are men of what we may call an emphatic, positive character. The latter are the snubbers, the former get snubbed.

—I know some men who hate commonplaces as they do logic. They pounce on the poor, harmless things whenever they chance to perceive them—which is not always—and give them such a drubbing as one only gives to a vice which he is quite confident he is free of himself, and, therefore, able to abuse. As for myself, I have a great sympathy for the commonplace. He is so often my only companion, and one cannot desert one's friends! What indeed is pronounced commonplace, is often the condensed good sense and wisdom of the centuries. He is guilty of a shocking commonplace, is he not, who, seeking to explain some phenomena, affirms that the earth revolves about the sun? Yet it took some time to make this truth have a common place in the minds of men. What, too, frequently makes an observation

commonplace, is the trite way in which it is put, the conventionality of form and expression. It could be proved by citations that Heine uttered many commonplaces, but his manner of expression was fresh and vivacious. He was brilliant because he made common things shine. Taine, also, is as full of commonplaces as of paradoxes. The fact is, the ore is in all the hills; it is the mould and processes of refining which give the distinct form, the value, the capability of passing current. That he utters commonplaces, therefore, is no proof that a man is a fool; on the contrary, if he utters them brightly, he may be esteemed a wit.

-"Read Lloyd Lee?" "Did you write Lloyd Lee?" We have heard these questions sounded about the campus from South to the Divinities, concerning a book that has aroused no small sensation, if it can claim no other credit. But this is praise; there is an interest excited which you cannot wholly explain away by adding that we all want to discover the new author. This Senior—he must be in '79, from the internal evidence of the story—has composed a tale, creditable, true to life, easily read, perhaps slightly racy; a tale that we are glad to see printed—and glad to see printed privately. Two or three mistakes the writer has very happily avoided falling into: he has not written too much, he has not attempted to ridicule or attack the faculty; he has not drawn his characters unpleasantly close to life, though one amuses himself here and there by following up a trace in Scott or Gadsden that seems familiar. There are, however, phases of college life that need never be put on paper. The roughness, the coarseness, the fighting, the swearing—these exist as well in Harvard, in Cornell, in Bowdoin, and the rest, as in Yale. The ground is a tempting one to enlarge upon; it is fresh, new to a great mass of readers; and the authors of "Fair Harvard," "Student Life at Harvard," and, in a measure, "Hammersmith," have cast upon the public most revolting descriptions of what?just what beasts boys are all over the world before they grow into men. "Lloyd Lee," to our mind, has less of the disgusting element, runs more quickly through the college scrapes than the Harvard stories, but we should like to see less profanity, less of the freshman initiations, of the class supper. Drifting along through the first half dozen chapters, we pass through a rhapsody or two upon horse-back riding and the need of exercise, followed by ale, into the "love part," as, perhaps, Morton would put it. The southern visit and customs are not ill-portrayed, evidently by one who draws from real life and draws well. On the whole, this fleurette may have been written more at leisure than the former portion of the work; there are fewer signs of carelessness, fewer crude sentences, fewer vulgar expressions in the last than in the first half. Some paragraphs, indeed, we laughingly marked out where every noun appears with its brace of adjectives, but these slips, as well as certain errors in grammar, would all have vanished under a more careful revision. There still remains room, in the minds of some, for the coming "Yale Novel," but "Lloyd Lee" marks how rapidly customs are changing even since we arrived in college, and suggests the doubt whether that novel need ever present itself-at least till "Four Years at Yale" and "Lloyd Lee" are known no more.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Before the college world went home to spend the Christmas holidays, the round of

Society Gayeties

Had been begun with numerous Germans, and the first of the Assemblies on December 10, under the direction of six New Haven ladies as patronesses. January 14 and 30 are the dates of the second and third of these enjoyable affairs, two more of which are to be given before Lent. As the Notabilia has already observed, this is the gayest winter Yale has enjoyed in many years. The candidates for the

University Crew,

Under the direction of Capt. Thompson, went into training the first day of the term, new rowing weights being provided for them in the basement of Alumni Hall. Their names are as follows:—Hyde and Thompson, '79; Asay, King, Keller and Taft, '80; Briggs, Collins, Guernsey, Fuller and Ives, '81;

Folsom, Hull, Eaton and Storrs, '82; Hull and Rogers, S. S. S. Capt. Hutchinson has also got together fifteen candidates for the

University Nine,

As follows:—Ripley and Smith, '78; J. E. Wilson, '79; Hutchinson, Clark, Camp, Parker, F. O. Spencer and Bishop, '80; Lamb and Walden, '81; Badger, Billings and Hopkins, '82; Watson, '81 S. S. S. On Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 22, ninety-eight members of the junior class met in the Lyceum Lecture Room to participate in the

Lit. Election.

In the absence of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Tighe called the meeting to order, and the informal ballot was taken with the following result:—Nichols, 90; Hall, 76; Scudder, 69; Amundson, 62; Partridge, 1; Green, 43; Wells, 22; Harper, 6; Hopkins, 5; Hooker, 5; Bentley, 2; Bassett, 1. On the formal ballot, Alfred B. Nichols, New Haven, received 83 votes; Wm. M. Hall, Ashfield, Mass., 78: Doremus Scudder, Brooklyn, N. Y., 70; J. A. Amundson, Rochester, Minn., 68; E. F. Green, Oakland, Cal., 51; Sidney C. Partridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., 48, and D. C. Wells, Fayetteville, N. Y., 31. The first five gentlemen were thereupon declared the choice of the class, and being confirmed by the present board, will be the editors for the next volume of the Lit. Meanwhile the members of the senior class are engaged in a more serious kind of literary work in the shape of the

Townsend Compositions,

Which are due on the 5th of February, on these subjects:—
1. The Benevolence of Law. 2. The Republican Poets of the English Commonwealth Period. 3. Edmund Burke. 4. The Ethical in Art. 5. The Unrest of the Age as seen in its Literature. 6. Capital and Labor. 7. Comparative Influence of Byron and Wordsworth on English Poetry of To-day. 8. The Strength and Weakness of our Political Institutions.

Junior Appointments.

The following list of Junior Appointments has been given out to the class of '80. As will be seen, the list is above the average, though falling under the unusual number of last year, when there were seven philosophicals, one not appearing in the catalogue, fifteen high orations, and fifteen orations. PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS—W. M. Hall, Ashfield, Mass.; F. W. Hopkins, Cincinnati, O.; A. B. Nichols, New Haven; D. W. Richards, Litchfield. HIGH ORATIONS-J. A. Amundson, Rochester, Minn.; E. M. Bentley, Ellenville, N. Y.; W. H. Buell, Madison; J. E. Bushnell, Old Saybrook; F. Goodrich, Auburn, N. Y.; E. F. Green, Oakland, Cal.; F. S. Morrison, Holyoke, Mass.; W. H. Sherman, Providence, R. I.; F. M. Smith, Hartford; G. A. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.; A. E. Walradt, Chester, Mass.; W. C. Wheeler, New Haven; H. C. Whittlesey, Newington. ORATIONS-W. L. Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. R. Barbour, New Haven; F. W. Keator, Moline, Ill.; J. E. Newcomb, New London; E. P. Noyes, Wilmington, Mass.; C. H. Richardson, Groton, Mass.; D. Scudder, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. W. Selden, Brandon, Vt.; E. C. Spencer, St. Paul, Minn.; H. W. Taft, Cincinnati, O. DISSERTATIONS-W. R. Innis, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; S. C. Partridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. A. Peters, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; S. S. Sewall, Bath, Me.; M. Stern, Hartford; D. C. Wells, Fayetteville, N. Y. FIRST DISPUTES-J. D. Bassett, New Haven; P. King, Minneapolis, Minn.; E. W. Knevals, Fordham, N. Y.; T. R. Morrow, Hartford; H. C. Ordway, Hampstead, N. H.; LeRoy B. Peckham, Lebanon; S. F. Phillips, East Chatham, N. Y.; H. Trowbridge, Ir., New Haven; W. D. Walker, Chicago, Ill.; E. C. Ward, Farmington; J. H. Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y. SECOND DISPUTES-D. Y. Campbell, Oakland, Cal.; E. W. Davis, Worcester, Mass.; A. C. Dill, New Haven; W. R. Purple, Springfield, Mass.; G. D. White, New York City. FIRST COLLOQUIES-F. W. Booth, Bennington, Vt.; W. C. Camp, New Haven; W. G. Daggett, New Haven; E. C. M. Hall, Fair Haven; S. W. Lambert, New York City; W. C. McHenry, Baltimore, Md.; R. DeL. Martin, Tiffin, O.; A. P. Sawyer, Millbury, Mass.; C. L. Sherman, Castleton, Vt.: F. O. Spencer, Cleveland, O.; L. Wilkinson, Greenwich; C. P. Wurts, Ir., New Haven. SECOND COLLOQUIES-W. Anway.

Florida, N. Y.; F. H. Ayer, Nashua, N. H.; A. J. Farwell, Hartford; C. W. Haines, Colchester; W. T. Haviland, Bridgeport; J. P. Helfenstein, Shamokin, Pa.; J. T. Hubbard, Litchfield; C. N. Ransom, Colchester; J. F. Shepley, St. Louis, Mo.; TenEyck Wendell, Cazenovia, N. Y.; J. F. Woodhull, Groton. At the Art School, with the hope of raising the standard of art culture on the campus, there has been arranged the following series of

Lectures.

January 15, Gen. L. P. Di Cesnola, "Ancient Art of Cyprus." January 22, Mr. Chas. C. Perkins, "Etching and Etchers." January 29, Prof. Wm. R. Ware, "Architecture." February 4, Mr. Russell Stergis, "Architecture." February 12, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, "Titian, and his Times." February 19, Mr. Clarence Cook, "Art in America: its Duties and its Claims." Also the lectures before the Linonia Society, begun last term by Profs. Sumner and Barbour, have been continued, Prof. Wheeler lecturing on the second Monday of the term upon the subject: "Is there a Science of History?" As

Miscellaneous Items,

We would mention the well known fact of the revival of the Yale News, published daily during term time, the list of ushers at the President's Receptions, at the first, Messrs. Bigelow, Parker and Rodman, and at the second, Messrs. Blair, Carter and Thompson, and the appearance of "Lloyd, Lee a Story of Yale Life," by a member of '79, a review of which is attempted on another page.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy. (Leisure Hour Series.)

New York: Henry Holt & Co. For sale by Peck.

It needs not the lives of many men and women, nor many square miles of the earth's surface, in which to discover and illustrate the workings of the passions of the human soul. The mechanic whose days are spent in his workshop, the bronzed farmer whose life has always been in his fields, the laborer who toils year in and year out in the streets of the city, or the needlewoman who has grown round-shouldered and blear-eyed over her work,-all the unpretentious, little thought of fellow-creatures whom we meet daily, may be covering romances and tragedies, and acts of true heroism, too, under their stolid faces. We pass them by without notice; but there may be among them men who could teach lessons of long experience of sorrow and trial and the bitterest disappointment. It should not surprise us, then, that Mr. Hardy has chosen the scene of his story in a well-nigh desolate moor, far from the busy world; or that he makes use of only three or four characters to work out the development he wishes to be unfolded. Indeed, we might say with truth that he thoroughly lays bare only one heart; for it is around the character of Eustacia Vye that the warmest interest gathers. It is the story of a nature confined and restless, narrowed by circumstances, knowing and chafing at its bounds. There is nothing absolutely evil in her; we cannot blame her for the wretchedness she causes, so much as pity her for the misfortune of her lot. Mistakes there were, to be sure, and one great one which led to all the woe; but it is often not so much the mistakes that ruin our happiness, as the use our fates make of them. For what was it that blighted Eustacia's life, and darkened those of her companions? She longed for a wider field of action, for something beyond the humdrum commonplaces of an existence on a black moor. She found no society nor companionship among the uneducated peasants, filled with a deep-seated bigotry and superstition. She hears echoes from the world of passion, strife, and action; but no wave ever breaks in upon her home to disturb the monotonous calm. The only relief she finds is in trying to bind to herself the affections of a man whom she wishes to love; for through him she thinks she sees her way out into the wished-for world. Not that she deliberately plans to deceive him; she is honest, but not affectionate. She can know nothing of such a love as will open a world of its own; her nature demands an external life of excitement and change. Therefore, it cannot be a man she will love, but the expansion and growth of her own nature, for which some man may open the way for her by taking her to a busier scene. It is not strange, then, since such must be the standard of her choice, that the first lover is thrown aside for one who seems to promise a grander opening. It is not that she is fickle; her love has not changed, for it is the same wider life she is looking to in every case. It is only the means of reaching her end that she changes. But just as the prize seems within her grasp, the misfortune comes; instead of the rivalry, and strife, and activity of Parisian experience, she finds herself bound to a half-blind man, who is content to cut furze on the very fields where her life has been spent. It is then

she turns from her husband, and, maddened by her disappointment and the misery of loveless life, seeks an end in death. Such was the working of her own inner life; but we cannot tell the suffering and darkness she brought into other lives. We have said that we could rather pity than blame her; for it seems that, had her lot been cast where such a nature could find room and food, Eustacia might have lived harmlessly, perhaps helpfully. Whatever wrong she did was the result of an almost resistless pressure from her circumstances, and was not due to the promptings of an evil heart. So long as we cannot draw the line between the position in which the accidents of birth and fortune have placed us, and the place which our natural disposition inclines us to take, so long we can hardly pass severe judgment on those who fail to meet the undesirable necessity. It may be their weakness, which calls for our pity; is it their sin, which should receive our censure?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" were our last words last month, and now, ah me! we are well started toward another Christmas, and the year can hardly be called new when the January thaw is a thing of the past and our marks are again becoming as the sands of the sea for multitude. The greater number of the January magazines have already reached us, and no doubt some evil-disposed persons might be found who would say that the Lit. showed a lack of promptness in publication. It is entirely owing to our innate modesty and not to any lack of energy on the part of the editors that we have always hesitated about putting ourselves forward too early in the month. The Lit. will therefore continue to appear as near the end of the month as possible, in spite of the gibes of irreverent contemporaries.

The Amherst Student puts on a knowing look and remarks: "To judge from the exchange department of college papers, it is easier to speak bitter and sarcastic words than friendly and just ones. To be sure the faults in college journalism are glaring enough. . . And as we turn over the pile of our exchanges we do not wonder (so often do the heavy and flat predominate) that the scowls of the editors are sometimes transferred to the paper on which they write. . . At any rate we promise to at least read the paper we attempt to criticise-a matter which, we fear, is sometimes deemed unimportant." Now, Student, you did not put the least bit of a quotation mark around this, and yet we remember having said something very like it in the Editor's Table of our December number. We are sorry, Student. could you do so? We have always considered you an honest, well-meaning young man even though you were not very bright. In the latter particular we have seen room for improvement and have constantly hoped and prayed for it, but alas for human hopes! And then your taste, Student, in making the selection! There were many things in our December number, in our opinion, better worth st-beg pardon! we mean, copying. Or can it be that we are mistaken, and that this is a case of real coincidence, another instance

of the "great minds" theory? We are puzzled and promise to accept any theory which the *Student* may propose.

The Columbia Spectator wishes to exchange. We shall be glad to do so, Spectator, and wish you would send us the back number containing that article on a Yale boating meeting in 1900, the fame of which has already reached our ears. We take the liberty of reproducing your "Shavings:"

Vassar girls are fond of vocal music. "Gum, oh gum with me," is their favorite chewin.—Ex.

"Do editors ever do wrong?" "No." "What do they do?" "They do write, of course."—Colby Echo.

A notice in a Western paper of a steamboat explosion ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid; she was insured for \$15,000 and loaded with iron."

It was the Chicago Journal that said "a few more medical schools, and there will be no business left for resurrection day."

We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulders the other day, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity—one belonged to his girl.—College Argus.

Better is it to sit on a barrel at the corner grocery with contentment, than to repose in the most luxurious easy chair, adorned with tidy in the house of the order-loving woman.—Boston Transcript.

We had hoped for the sake of the Acta that its "Four Nurseries of Vice" would cease with the last number, but the article on Vassar is "to be continued." The best of this series was none too good and the writer's stock of wit seems to be running very low.

Lampy's decline continues unchecked, and unless something can be done to relieve him, he must soon follow Cocagne and the "riff-raff" department of the Courant.

Does this parody from the *Targum* remind any of our readers of a personal experience? We only quote the best portions of it.

HIC-SELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast As through a Jersey village passed A youth engaged in New Year calls, Still muttering, in his frequent falls, "Hic-selsior!"

His hat was bad; his nose beneath Flashed like a falchion from its sheath, But like a Queen Anne's musket hung The fire of that once fluent tongue—
"Hic-selsior!"

At Colonel Smith's the "old man" said "You'd better go home and go to bed!" The youth could barely stand alone, But from his lips escaped a groan, "Hic-selsior!"

"Oh! stay," the ladies said: "Beware! The chimney place is not the stair!" He eyed it with a vacant eye, And, sternly smiling, made reply,

"Hic-selsior!"

There, with a lamp-post for a prop,
The youth harangued a casual cop,
And, gesturing with a hand of ice,
Proclaimed his New Year's Day device—
"Hic-selsior!"

Then, through the twilight cold and gray,
The peeler steered his prize away;
But far in the distance from their track
The hiccoughing echo wandered back
"Hic-selsior!"

It seems to be a settled fact that Harvard will send a new crew to New London next summer, and the Advocate takes occasion to criticise the "procrastinating conduct and childish fickleness" of their "boating representatives" during the negotiations of the past few months. The Crimson, on the other hand, gives the Advocate a slap for its impudence in daring to criticise the actions of the heroes of the oar or to call in question the doings of the executive committee. Elsewhere, we read that college sentiment was not represented by the Crimson's article on the Cornell challenge. There seems to be a slight clashing of opinions somewhere. Can it be that there is trouble in the family, friends? The Harvard poets seem to have gone crazy over the rondeau and the triolet. Here is the latest result:

TRIOLET.

A NOSE'S CATASTROPHE.

Just look at my nose!
It's red,—nothing more:
The world merely knows
It's a red-looking nose.
My darling Leonore
Pulled it. Nobody knows
That this red-looking nose
Is so awfully sore.

Peele 92 n.m

VOL. XLIV.

No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSES Cantabunt Schooles, unanimique PATRES,"

FEBRUARY, 1879.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the begin-

ning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all sub-scribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and

large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '79.

LUCIEN F. BURPEE, HENRY S. GREEN, LOUIS J. SWINBURNE, AMBROSE TIGHE.

OLD TIME NOTIONS.

MONG the factors whose product is our college life, A are some whose importance is often overlooked, and, it may be, unsuspected. We are apt enough to see and appreciate the Bohemian side of student character the heedlessness, the swagger, the independence, and the strong, albeit peculiar, sense of honor. Such characteristics stand out too boldly to escape notice; they are recognized, and in a great measure give us our unique position. But they are temporary. We must lay them aside sooner or later; and with them must go our anomalous standards and codes, which society, we know, will never accept nor tolerate. But when they are gone. what have we to take their places? For a time we have been standing aside from the world's activity—interested. to be sure, because we must soon take part; but coolly critical, as yet. The opinions and prejudices, which made our rules of action when we came here, have yielded for the most part to an all-pervading spirit of suspicious inquiry. The "why" that is hurled at a Freshman's head in Euclid, goes beyond his mathematics and logic, into the region of ethics. One by one the old-

time notions are summoned before a new tribunal, and their claims scrutinized theoretically and philosophically. No sentiment or enthusiasm must enter in: just now we have time to be exact and fastidious, and we persuade ourselves that we can afford to drive out all belief that does not rest upon well-defined and plainly demonstrable foundations. We feel little need of a present rule of action, least of all of the old common-place one. Orthodoxy becomes a reproach; reason, cool and critical, is our creed. No matter if it cuts us loose from our familiar moorings. We are content to drift, without chart or compass, in the dreamy sunshine of our college days, practically mindful only of the demands of those who share our isolation and inaction. Our life is an irresponsible one; we are conscious that little of practical importance is affected by our support or objection. The world does not seem to pause in expectation of our advent, but is calmly indifferent to our scholarly theories and skepticism. This sense of weakness adds to our spiteful opposition, and we return the outsiders' patronizing smiles with supercilious contempt for their ignorance. All the egoism of confident youth concentrates itself in a monstrous sneer. We have passed beyond what cannot be logically proved; we have read the sober Mill, the cynic Schopenhauer, the refined Renan, and are ready to scout simple, unreasoning faith. The pomp and ceremonies of church service, the well-worn bibles and homely phrases, are but evidences of careless following of long-established They serve well enough to strengthen the hold of feebler minds on conceptions more or less imaginary and unreal; but we call it superstition and cant. Not that we are altogether atheistic, or unchristian, or even irreligious. For the existence of a God can be demonstrated with a degree of precision; that Christ lived and worked is attested by tolerably trustworthy evidence; and we are ready to accept a religion of clearheaded logic and reason. But we cannot give our assent to a traditionally established system of rules, and accept it as supernaturally established. Our education has led us out from the rule of feeling into the rule of intellect; and we are eager enough to make use of our newly found freedom. We smile knowingly when dogmatists assert that prayer is answered. To be sure, we say; they take good care to phrase them so that either the granting or withholding the boon must be deemed an answer. And we chuckle at our acuteness, as we run over the chain these credulous people are clinging to, and point out the links that faith has welded where logic failed. Not that we mean to be agitators and reformers; we are satisfied to leave men to their own ways, if they find help in them. All we seek is a sensible, intellectual system of our own.

Meantime we float from Freshman into Senior year. Our watchful interest in those who are stirring outside never flags. We scan the "outward, wayward life," and pry into the "hidden springs" of action in society and morals. But our confidence ebbs away faster and faster in these latter days, as the ceaseless current bears us nearer to our landing place, and practical, earnest life is opening before us. We become aware that a three years' critical inquisition has put an end to our beliefs; and we begin to fear that little is left except capacity, or, in too many cases, confidence puffed up with sneers. We feel that it is principles we need-principles which shall put us in sympathy with the time we live in, and fit us for the places we are to fill. We lose our trust in original theories and deductions, and turn more and more to the teachings of those whom experience has taught. What are the worthiest aims, the truest standards, the surest guides-in the earnest outer world, not in a Durfee These are the questions whose importance presses upon us now. And we listen to the speech and read the writings of the so-called leaders, who essay to mould the tenets of the people with whom we are about to mingle. But we find bewildering contradictions.

On the one hand we hear a deal about the progress of the age. Poets and orators bubble over with exultation

as they tell us how far our civilization has outstripped every other. Naturalists are boasting of the breadth and accuracy of their knowledge of Nature, and philanthropists are rejoicing in a wider and more helpful humanity. Statesmen are proud of the spread of civil freedom; and theologians tell us that the austere and forbidding teachings of an earlier day have given place to a more cheerful and winning theology, and to a clearer and stronger faith. But, on the other hand, there are some who read different meanings in the revelations of science, and assign their own causes for the enlightenment of the times. The same progress which to one man has given a brighter hope, to another has brought a deeper despair. The shadows are never wanting from any period of human life; the clouds sink in the east, but they rise again in the west. The hell which the preachers have thrown aside, the free-thinkers have restored and set up on earth. An age called halcyon and full of promise, has brought forth a philosophy which looks on life as a curse, on birth as damnation, and on death as the only hope.

Such are the opposing beliefs which the great minds are urging to-day with all their learning and eloquence. But practical, common-sensible men are tempted to turn away from both sides, in suspicion of the sweeping assertions of one, and in impatience at the falseness of the other. For the question is, not whether mankind are altogether good and happy, or altogether bad and miserable; but rather, how are we to get the most out of our lives for ourselves and others? And so we cast about us to find who are they to whom we owe the most. Are they the cynics, or the pessimists, or the skeptics, or the critical reasoners? Surely it is none of these who have given help and inspiration by their deeds and example. For our actions are influenced not so much by intellect as by feeling. It is sympathy that sways men. Reason as they will, it is the loving self-denial, the generous self-sacrifice, and the simple earnestness of a pure life, that are most attractive and seem worthiest of imitation. We have scoffed at sentiment for a year or two; we have sought to establish

a reign of reason, which should tolerate no emotional weakness. But standing face to face with the world and its actors, we are forced to confess that loyal rationalists and theorists are scarce indeed. We see that the men who most deserve our admiration—they who have striven earnestly to find a high field of action, and to act worthily of that field, have oftenest drawn their strength and courage from the refinements and affections of home. What, then, is it that gives the charm and influence to those who make the circle around our firesides? What are their principles? Creeds, tenets, and dogmas they little heed or understand; to them logical niceties and critical squeamishness are unknown. Are they the less happy and content? Is the scope of their usefulness narrower, because of a faith child-like in its simplicity, but potent and steadfast in its strength? Surely the help and comfort they draw from their old-time beliefs are infinitely better than the wrangling and despair of the materialists and pessimists. Their inherited code is the accumulated results of human experience. It has been formulated not rationally, but empirically.

FOR HIS SCIENCE—A STUDY.

He was a very peculiar man and by profession a doctor. His nervous temperament and fits of abstraction had led many to the conclusion that his mind was slightly deranged; and hence his once large practice had gradually dwindled down to a few friends, who recognized and acknowledged his great skill. My friend, however, seemed to care but little for this loss of patients; first, because he was independent of his practice, being possessed of no small fortune; and secondly, because this very loss allowed him many hours of study and application to his profession, which would otherwise have been devoted to his practice. He was heart and soul devoted

to surgery and medicine, and talked of but little else. His little keen gray eyes would light up wonderfully when any one introduced this subject, and his words were at times so eloquent that they seemed almost inspired. I think he was the kindest hearted, tenderest man I have ever known. You may wonder at this statement when you view it in the light of what I have yet to tell you, but it is true nevertheless. I have seen him shed tears of sympathy at the sufferings of many a dumb beast; and on one occasion when he had by chance trodden on a little worm which lay in his path as he walked in his garden, he deplored the accident several times during the day, and could hardly forgive himself for his carelessness. In fact I noticed several days afterwards that he kept a good watch upon his steps in order to avoid a recurrence of a similar misfortune. As for children, he loved them as much as they loved him. He seemed, in short, to be a friend to all mankind,—to all mankind save one. I was visiting his wife, a distant relative of mine, and was drawn to him by an invisible chord of sympathy, until finally I grew to love him, and was never more contented than when studying his face and features when wrapt in deep thought. I finally came to the conclusion that he was troubled by a secret, and gradually this conviction settled into a determination to find out just what it was. Accordingly I set to work. During the first two weeks I made but little progress and had almost decided that I was suspicious without reason, when a little incident confirmed me in my suspicions. While walking in the garden one day, I accidentally came across a leaf torn from my friend's note-book. It was evidently one of a series, being dated the day previous, and read as follows :--

"September 13th, 3 P. M.—Subject again ready for treatment. My remedy worked very successfully in the case of the typhoid,—arsenic 4 grains; larger dose would probably not interfere,—cancer developing beautifully. Will experiment to-morrow if *it* is strong enough. Wrong in my theory of brain action."

This note puzzled me thoroughly, and its contents rang in my ears all that day. Something seemed to tell me that I had a clue to the mystery. I had worked myself into a nervous headache by evening and could not rid myself of this idea. During a conversation with the Doctor that evening upon medicine as usual, I suddenly asked him in a careless manner: "How is your patient's cancer to-day, Doctor?" Never have I seen such a change come over a man as came over his features at the question. It was a half terrified, half wondering expression, and he seemed as though in doubt as to whether he had really heard the question or whether it was the result of his own thought. On my repeating it he answered that he was treating no cancer; nor had for several years, and here I allowed the subject to drop, all the more convinced that I was on the road to success. The day following, the doctor was summoned away from the village and was to be absent, so he said, all day. This was my opportunity for investigation. I therefore repaired to his study in hopes of finding the note-book from which had been torn the extract quoted above. I rummaged through his drawers and among his papers but without success. No nook or corner escaped me, save one closet whose door I vainly tried to open. In disgust I gave up the search and taking a book of poems wandered into the My one idea seemed to haunt my brain. An invisible power seemed drawing me-whither? opened my book and the poem, perhaps by a strange coincidence, was the "Mystery" of Giles Fletcher, which depicted the murder of a young and beautiful maiden by her insane lover. I threw aside the book and formed a resolution to open the door referred to and abide the consequences. Procuring a quantity of keys and a lever, I accordingly returned to my friend's sanctum for a second attempt. The keys proved useless; and at last I took up the lever, inserted it in a crack, exerted my strength and burst open the door. A single gas jet dimly burning afforded just sufficient light for me to see that the supposed closet was in reality a room of about fifteen by

twenty feet. As I stood in the door-way, half hesitating to enter, I took in at a glance the surroundings of this mysterious apartment. There was little in it save a rude bed-like apparatus in one corner, and a table covered with bottles and books. On entering and turning the gas to the full, I was startled by a low groan and found for the first time that the chamber possessed an occupant. Some one was in the bed. I felt very much as Mark Twain felt when he found himself shut into a room with a corpse; the moonlight as it gradually advances displaying to him first a hand, an arm, a ghastly head, and then the entire figure. I did not, however, as did Mark, leap out of the window, carrying the sash with me, but advanced to the bed and was held bound by one of the most horrible objects that I have ever had the misfortune to gaze upon. Extended upon the rude bed and gazing up at me with an expression never to be forgotten, recalling at the time Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein monster, lay something once a human being. Once, I say, for now it bore but little resemblance to anything deserving the title. To be sure the head and eyes and mouth were there; but what a head, what eyes and what a mouth! The vacant look in the eyes sunken by disease betokened hopeless lunacy. The entire head was eaten by disease a cancer in its most horrid form. On every portion of the exposed surface of this thing (I can call it little else) were evidences of the surgeon's knife. It seemed as though all the diseases, all the ills of mankind had centered in this one poor body. With an instinct prompted by mercy, I seized upon some instrument with which to terminate at once this suffering life. It was a surgeon's lancet. Grasping it in my hand I raised it over the heart of the figure before me. The vacant eyes looked up; they fell upon the upraised lancet; the little mind still lingering grasped its meaning. They expressed as well as they could a world of beseeching and gratitude. But it was not for life but for death. Higher rose the lancet; it fell; down into the heart of the reclining form it sank, and from that form the little

life remaining passed away. I turned to flee. The doctor stood in the doorway. It was evening and the twilight from the windows in the outer room gave to the figure in the doorway something of the supernatural. wild look in the keen gray eyes told me that I had a crazy man to contend with. One minute—a life time to me—we stood facing one another; and then a strong pair of arms were about my neck. It was a fight for life or death. I need not describe the struggle. I was the victor, otherwise I should not now be telling my story. Suffice it, that help arrived in answer to my call, and not a moment too soon. My cousin's husband was bound and taken to an asylum in the neighborhood. One year later he died. A few hours of saneness before his death disclosed the mystery of the being to whom I had been so merciful. Briefly it was this. As I have said before, Doctor was an enthusiast in his profession. Homeopathy was then in its early stages of development, and he, not content with sitting idly down and profiting by the discoveries of other pioneers, aspired to the prouder position of discoverer and demonstrator. He was not content to cure by means of the known remedies of the new system; but he wished to create diseases by means of experiments, and having created them to cure them by the selfsame creative agencies, according to the doctrine of homeopathy, "similia similibus curantur." In accordance with this plan he had actually drugged and confined in this little room a poor beggar who had wandered to his doors in quest of food. Upon him he had practiced his experiments for two long miserable years. His story was a heartrending one and pictured the unhappy victim as now suffering from a wasting fever, now relieved from this through the doctor's skill, only to be afflicted with some other disease perhaps more terrible. He had encouraged cancers on various parts of his victim's person, simply that he might gain wisdom by treating them. He had studied the action of the living muscles by laying them bare to his view, treating this human as others just as cruel treat animals which differ from man in feeling in

no respect whatever. It sounded strangely to hear the dying man argue so enthusiastically in favor of his profession. "My life has been dedicated to my science," said "All that I have done has been to advance its interests. When one is working for his science, he should cease to regard the feelings of man if they in any way interfere with his work. I have given to the world much knowledge, otherwise unattainable. Where I have made one man suffer (and I am aware how great that suffering was), I have alleviated the sufferings of thousands in the present and of thousands yet to live. The world may condemn me as heartless and cruel, but the world is never just, and men in my position must be content to be misrepresented. Much misery is essential to the perfection of every great thing. The form may differ but misery and suffering are there. Let my God, into whose presence I am going to-day, judge me, not man."

And then we closed the little gray eyes, folded the busy hands and tearfully laid him down to rest—a man, at once, the most tender and the most cruel that ever loved mankind and science—but the latter best.

M.

PROMETHEUS.

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O Air divine, and swift-winged Winds, And sparkle of the rippling sea, O River-founts, O mother Earth, All-seeing Sun, I call to thee ! Look ye what woes a god from gods doth gain, See here I struggling for a myriad years remain. The ruler new of gods hath found Unseemly woes in which I'm bound. Alas! for present troubles now I groan, For future woes where'er the end shall be, And yet, what do I say? All things were known, And nothing unexpected comes to me. I must bear lightly all that fate can give Since stern necessity hath power unbent. Yet can I not remain in silence long Nor tell complete the pains to me now sent. My gifts to mortals punishment have brought; Stealing in narthex hid the blazing flame-The teacher of all arts, a mighty boon. Of errors such receive I now the blame, Bound down on high. Alas! alas!

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AN AMERICAN MANOR.

WE are all more or less faithful votaries of Fancy, and we should be surprised could we reckon up the time that we spend in her dreamy temple. And then how often and how rudely are our meditations disturbed by the common-place realities of our surroundings. Similarly we may be reading our favorite author, the genial flow of Irving, the vivid imagery of Dickens. A subtle sympathy with the style pervades us. We drop our book and seize our pen, as if the inspiration were genuine. But, alas, though our heads are in the clouds our feet are on the ground, and when we attempt to walk our inspiration has vanished. Thus, in like manner, as I sit here on this grassy knoll, my slow-going pen fails to keep pace with the curvetings of imagination, which, interweaving the past and present, casts a haze of sentiment over the peaceful scene before me. So that viewing it through my eyes, the reader may be able to see nothing more poetic than a broad, pretty valley, a stream loitering along the rich meadows toward the Hudson that glistens in the sunlight only a few miles away; behind him the blue Catskills, rising up in the distance; while, most prosaic of all, just before him stands an old stone house, tenantless and windowless, the thick cast-off shell of some Knickerbocker farmer, he says, who has long since passed away, disgusted with a world that would forever keep on progressing.

But it was this very house that began my train of reveries. It was built nearly two centuries ago by one Peter Van Couwenhoven, and in it lie buried a multitude of high thoughts and hopes, that he once entertained of the Van Couwenhoven family. It well represents the end of the only great landed aristocracy that obtained a foothold in America. It was once the abode of wealth and luxury, but now the winter snows drift through the doors and windows, and a human footfall sounds strangely in the long-deserted hall. Peter's ancestors had been of good blood in Holland, and one of them, a rich merchant

—for the good blood of Holland was not above buying and trading—with a large share of Dutch shrewdness and enterprise, was among the first to take advantage of that purely feudal system which the Dutch introduced into their colony of New Netherlands; and thus he became owner of an immense tract of land along the Hudson.

As "Patroon" of this region he enjoyed an exclusive monopoly of all its trade, and had "chief command and lower jurisdiction" over its inhabitants. He was also assured of the protection of the West India Company against "all outlandish and inlandish wars and powers." The veritable certificate of this purchase, beautifully written in Dutch and encumbered with the great red seal of the New Netherlands, I lately exhumed from a forgotten trunk of papers in a dusty garret; so completely had the proud family been scattered.

Here Van Couwenhoven ruled his little kingdom, rigorously collected royalty from traders and rents from farmers, and at his death entailed on his heir an estate full twenty miles square, covering what is now some of the most valuable land in the State. Peter, I believe, was his son, a genuine Dutchman, stout and quiet, loving his pipe and dogs, and preferring the life of a country gentleman to the attractions of New York or Albany. And so he built this house, about two miles from the town whose spires you can see down there by the river. It was a grand mansion then, though a much humbler gentleman would be ashamed of a better one now. It was eminently characteristic of the heavy Hollander. The thick walls might yet bid defiance to a battery, and the ponderous beams seem ready to crush even such staunch supports. Here successive generations enjoyed increasing wealth and fame until the Revolution. At this time Johannes Van Couwenhoven was lord of the manor. He entered upon the estate in its palmiest days. Rents were good and tenants prosperous. The family name was well-known from New York to Albany. He added that farther wing of the mansion. stone-work has always been a treacherous supporter of family pride. It is always sure to stand in mockery of its builder's downfall. So in this instance it failed to secure the perpetuity of the great Van Couwenhoven. Already shadows of coming trouble and disaster darkened the latter years of Johannes' life.

In the first place a meddlesome English governor raised an unpleasant question of boundaries that threatened to cut off a tenth of his land. And then the conduct of his two oldest sons distressed him. They were not of the solid old Dutch disposition, but rather took after their English mother. They loved the gay society of the English officers in New York, and there they drank and gambled to the great disturbance of the old man's peace, and the depletion of his pocket book. And then the war came. Johannes did not long survive the outbreak, and his reckless son Cornelis became master. But he and his brother had already espoused the cause of their English friends. So he was obliged to remain in New York, leaving at the manor house a younger brother and his two sisters.

These sisters inherited the beauty and brilliancy of their mother and the firm character of their father, and in the troublesome times that followed it was their courage and energy that saved the property from destruction and confiscation by the irate patriots. They collected the rents from the few who remained faithful to the family, heroically endured through the dark days till the war was over.

One of them, they say, had a lover, a young officer in the American army, who was their protector in many times of danger. This bit of romance was to her a faroff ray of hope and happiness that only added to the bitterness of those trying years. Love here shot not his golden arrows, but darts that rankled. The young heart was doubly harrassed by the uncertainties of war, for a lover's victory was a brother's defeat. But with the return of peace, happiness came to the lovers, as to thousands of other anxious hearts.

Cornelis was at length permitted to return, and by turning patriot managed to regain a large part of his property. He was an active manager, and as the land was daily growing more valuable, in a few years the. estate somewhat recovered its former prestige. old copy of the "Ulster Plebeian," of 1808, I once found the following advertisement: "Fifty farms lying in the towns of New Paltz and Esopus, to be leased for three lives on the following terms, viz: Three years next after date of lease, free. The fourth year at the rate of five bushels of wheat per hundred acres. Fifth year ten bushels per hundred acres. After which and during the continuance of the lease, fifteen bushels per hundred Cornelis Van Couwenhoven, Esquire." Yet at the same time he was selling lands in fee simple at seventy cents per acre. But the lessees did not stop to calculate that the interest on \$75.00, the cost of a hundred acres in fee simple was \$5.25, while the wheat rent after the fifth year would be at least \$20.00; and besides that all the improvements would go to the landlord.

But the revolution was the crushing blow to the manor system in many ways. The laws of primogeniture and entail, its chief support, went out with British rule. And then the spirit of freedom which the war enkindled finally led the tenants, who were of a generation that had not their father's veneration for patroons and landlords, to rebel and demand quit-claim deeds. This resulted in riot and bloodshed. One of the Van Couwenhoven agents was killed. The sheriff who came to levy on the crops was driven off by the farmers banded together in the disguise of Indians. In the adjoining patent the militia were called out to support the officers, and the "Helderburgh Campaign" is still remembered by many.

Of course the matter came into the courts, but public feeling was against the landlords, and they could only obtain nominal judgments. Those who were imprisoned for murder and outrage were quickly pardoned out. Hence Van Couwenhoven and his fellow patroons were glad to sell off their land for a trifle and come down to

the republican level of their neighbors. It is an interesting struggle, the completion in America of the great eighteenth century revolution, in which personal equality broke the long-clasped fetters of the past.

Cornelis, the last of the Van Couwenhoven patroons, was now nearly ninety years old, and did not long survive the loss of his acres. His family after him soon left the scene of their departed dignity, and mingled undistinguished in the common ranks of American life. The old manor house passed into stranger hands, shorn of the conscious grandeur which it once possessed in the eves of the country around. Unpitying progress has turned it off on a by-road now. And they say it was progress too that inspired its owner to leave its large substantial halls, its generous hospitable doorways and sunny verandas for that square, be-painted structure on the opposite hill. I have my own opinion of the progress, but it has left the crumbling mansion to an appropriate solitude, that better befits an old age of vanished pride, than the rounds of homely labor. And my imagination that loves to roam, in this quiet, dreamy atmosphere, can better people its halls with the forms that were familiar to it in better days—the sturdy old Hollanders, smoking their pipes in peace and silence on the broad south porch, the flitting forms of feminine grace and beauty, and the gray-haired patroon who died with the ebb of his family pride and power. This is one of our castles on the Rhine, where all wrong and injustice is covered by the generous mantle of the past, and there takes their place only a feeling of sympathy for the strong who are now weak. B.

THE HERO IDEA.

VERY lover of history, every student of literature must at some time have been impressed with the truth—perhaps the most prominent that has come to his notice—that there is implanted in the complex organization which we call human nature, a powerful demand for some higher, grander object of worship and of reverential affection than mere man himself. Setting aside all deductions to be made in regard to Christianity, let us for a few moments view some of the outgrowths of this fact. Allow us, then, kind reader, to assume by way of premise both on Bible authority and chiefly on the plea of its being a good point for starting, that in the remote prehistoric ages, during the infancy of our race, when man was simple and his wants were few, this inborn demand was fully satisfied by his knowledge of the Christian's God. This knowledge must then have been as full and perfect, as a finite mind's conception of the infinite can be. The relation of creature to creator must also have closely resembled the filial, though no doubt it was purer, grander and one productive of love and worship. Still further, man must have recognized his every finite power existing in infinite perfection in the person of his God. Thus, then, the longing of human nature was not felt, because of the presence of the longed-for object.

Two factors now entered into this strange equation to produce the first change. These were moral degeneracy and tradition. The former, the more powerful of the two, developed in man not only an incapacity to appreciate God but also a willful determination to judge of Him wrongly. The effects of lip tradition—for we crave indulgence in supposing that writing was at that early date something unknown—can easily be imagined. The idea of one supreme Being never entirely faded from men's minds, yet every man soon formed his opinion of this universal Ruler. Religions became the outgrowths of differences in the natures of separate communities, or

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at times, we may presume, of single men, possessed of great mental power. Gradually, then, the human species drifted away from the true notion of God. The demand not wholly satisfied began to make known its presence. The door for the entrance of error, once ajar, could easily be opened wider.

As ages came and went, the race, surrounded on all sides by the great facts of nature, gained some estimate of her various powers. Man began to feel his inferiority to forces about which he knew nothing. He existed amid tremendous mysteries. Ignorance is the parent of fear. Fear begets worship. In the absence of the true idea of God, every natural power, every manifestation of the world of matter represented to man a separate divinity. The human mind is remarkably skillful in inventing fictions, very slow in the recognition and acceptance of truth. So in process of time there grew into existence the complicated mythological systems of Greece, Egypt and India.

If the reader be not exhausted we entreat his presence through one more stage of this preliminary journey. Man was not content to remain satisfied with his deities of the earth, air and sea. As he increased in strength, greatness and knowledge of various kinds, the need of some models for his own life, of personifications of his own powers was realized. As a result there sprang up the host of mythical heroes, who were represented as excelling in the several departments of man's many-sided nature. Beside this, those who were to a marked degree distinguished above their fellows, were, after their death, and when tradition had multiplied their excellences, honored with a semi-deification. And just here it is that we perceive the essential idea of the hero—ideal and real, for in early times the distinction between imagination and perception was not clearly observed.

It can be safely asserted that the histories and literatures of all nations afford distinct indications of the development we have traced. Among some peoples it can be discerned more easily; as is the case with the

Greeks, Chinese, and Brahmins of India, all of whom possess a literature dating from a remote period. It is perhaps a fact to be deplored that the art of writing seemingly goes back only so far as the third step just noticed.

We are now come to a second development in this conception of the hero, one that is traceable in every literature. It is the more interesting because of the direct evidence in its favor. The first hero of every nation is perfect as regards his animal nature. He is gifted with all the powers that raise man above his fellows in mere physical development. Man's first desires and pursuits were all of them connected with the lower part of his being. His great conflict was for existence. Nature and his own race were his enemies. The higher faculties of his nature were not called into active play. Yet they existed, though perverted and overrun by the dominant principle of his life. Of necessity man's heroes must excel in their bodily powers. As our knowledge of these ideals is derived through the medium of men who themselves were possessed of mental culture, it can be no wonder to us that the ancient bards should have endowed their heroes with the beauties of mind and of true character. There is also to be observed in connection with these early representations of human nature, the charm of simplicity and purity, so characteristic of man in the stage of existence just preceding the dawn of civilization, Yet as in Homer, whose poems belong to this age, these ideas of the beauty of intellect and soul are crude, being little regarded in those times of war and mere physical enjoyment.

This early stage of a nation's career, however, soon passes away. Mind can never be long present without demonstrating its superiority to matter. Invention and discovery stimulate to intellectual exertion. With the onward progress of culture and civilization literature always shows a corresponding advancement. The hero now must change. Little by little the physical element must become less prominent, while the mental enters

more and more into his character. When finally the nation has reached the highest point in the ascending scale of mind-development, we have the purely mental hero, the outgrowth and exponent of his age. No better illustration of this fact can be afforded than a glance at the Greek literature during the fifth century before the Christian era. At Athens during this period art and philosophy had reached their culmination; so too was it with regard to literature. If we look at the drama, we find its heroes discussing principles of philosophy, exemplifying in the stories of their lives the great questions of sin and its punishment, of the true notion of God and the inflexible laws of right. In fact if we desire to meet with the purest type of the mental hero, it is to this age of Greek literature that we must direct our attention. It is here that we are brought into contact with the truest ideas of the beautiful and the lovable in the mind, as apart from the moral and spiritual signification of these terms. These ideas the dramatists incorporated to a large extent in the characters they presented. It is a fact worthy of notice, that of late years there has been an attempt among some of our novelists to enter upon this sphere, and as a consequence we now possess several successful types of the mind-hero.

There is yet one more element which must have its part in this conception of the ideal, before it has attained perfection. This is the moral, the spiritual. Even in the earliest times, this, as well as the mental idea, entered somewhat into the hero-character, yet it, too, was secondary. Superstition in its gross forms took from it so much of its purity, that the effect of the introduction of this element was degrading rather than ennobling. Then, higher again, as the mental idea became more prominent, the moral did so in like manner. Nevertheless in ancient literature the mind, not the soul, was supreme; and the latter, fettered by the bonds of false belief, could never assert its rightful superiority. Sophocles and Euripides have, both of them, given us very lofty types of character in the Antigone and Hippolytus. Though we see in

these ideals the soul struggling to escape from the darkness of Pagan untruth, in which it is enshrouded, never does it succeed in reaching the glorious light of truth.

Only in modern literature and under the influence of Christianity have there been presented ideals in which we observe this higher element of man's nature, depicted in all its grand proportions and assigned its proper sphere in the human character. It can be reasonably assumed that Christianity has done more than any other influence to enable man to understand and appreciate all the beauties as well as uglinesses of his nature. A very fruitful source of reasoning and speculation in regard to the truth of the Christian's belief, this fact might prove in the hands of a skilled enthusiast.

As regards the development just shown, it cannot be rigidly maintained that there has been a constant progress in the approach to the highest type of the ideal, which we now possess. Literature, like everything else connected with so imperfect a being as man, is subject to great change. The utmost that the writings of any age can be said to illustrate is the predominant characteristic or opinion of the age. Indeed two thousand years has seen absolutely no advance in the perfection of the hero idea. Whether we are disposed to accept or reject Christianity, all must confess that the Christ of the Bible is the grandest exponent of character we possess.

D. S.

THE LITERARY SPIRIT.

In these pleasant times, when the drum athletic is being beaten so noisily and summoning so large a following throughout our colleges, it is sufficiently amusing, if it were not sad, to hear some small voice piping out here and there in timid complaint against the lack of literary spirit that prevails in seats of learning. The fact is too prominent, too protuberant to any one who knows

anything of what university life used to be in England, and yet is in some favored places in Germany, and who nourishes an ideal of what it might be in this country. The causes of this are too remote and too involved to engage us for the present, though they may be roughly described as being the Philistinism, the inaccessibility to ideas, in which most of us, unfortunately, have been bred up and to which we are the reluctant and almost unconscious heirs.

What is chiefly of interest to us at present is the erroneous notions which have grown up and received little criticism concerning the nature and diffusion of what is called the literary spirit. These exhibit themselves in the suggestion and recommendation of remedies and modes of reform which strike us as fallacious, impracticable, and contrary to the nature of things. One attributes the dearth of interest in letters to the failure on the part of individuals to adopt a general course of judiciously selected reading, and thinks the reading of standard works will create a literary atmosphere. Another is astonished at the gradual disappearance of tolerable verse-writing from our college papers, and urges the men who experience the slightest symptoms of the furor poeticus to produce something. A debating society is organized and worried into feverish life, not because there is any special reason for its being, but because a kind of indefinite and intense feeling requires that something should be done.

All propositions and attempts like these—and a number of such could be cited, if necessary—proceed on an utterly false supposition. It is the supposition that it is possible to produce by artificial means the diffusion of a literary spirit. It cannot be done. The literary spirit may be helped, stimulated, supported by these means; but it can never be made, manufactured, created at pleasure, much less forced into life. It grows, it develops like a cell of protoplasm; it takes form from its local surroundings and conditions, as mind and character do from the air, the climate, the traditions and accidents that environ them.

Wherever we find literary tastes and interests dominant, it has become so according to this natural law of genesis and development. It was so at Cambridge just before 1830. A good deal of interest had sprung up in the minds of men about that time concerning politico-economical truths. It penetrated to the university, and was the cause of a new literary activity whose centre was the famous Union Debating Society. The Society was not simply invented; it was merely that occasion and the force of a new movement took it up and made it an instrument for its own purposes. A high literary interest arose. Charles Austin, brilliant as both orator and converser, led the way. It was there Macaulay got on his feet for the first time. John Stuart Mill spoke night after night. Hyde, Villiers, Strutt, Romilly and others were attracted into the common current of discussion. We see the same thing occurring at Oxford a little later in what was known as the Tractarian movement. This time it was religious and theological beliefs and dogmas which stirred men's minds, and awoke the reposeful, sluggish intellectual life of the university into sudden energy. Newman began to preach Romanistic doctrines out of St. Mary's pulpit, and Conybeare Pater retorted from the same pulpit with fulminations against the Fathers. All the Oxford world was divided: excitement and discussion ran high; a spirit of inquiry, of fresh literary activity diffused itself. Student interest revived in old writers. Milton was taken up and read with avidity, because Milton's notions concerning divorce, church policy, etc., were opposed to those of the Romanizers, and his greatness as a poet denied. Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ" were studied to refute Newmanism. Even Calvin found a coterie of readers. Hare wrote a defence of Luther. Tracts flew back and forth, thick as arrows between the hostile presses. Out of that conflict of opinions came men like Stanley, Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough and Professor Shairp, all undergraduates at the time.

Other instances of the same kind could be mentioned, like the Transcendental movement in New England two

generations ago, and the lectures of Emerson at Cambridge, which Mr. Lowell thinks made an era in our literary history. But it is useless to multiply them, if our meaning is not already plain. For the contemplation of all such periods of literary activity show clearly enough that it is always the action and interaction of certain intellectual forces which make them what they are, and that there can be no renascence of interest in letters until these forces are present. Sometimes it is a movement of ideas, arisen from small beginnings, none know how; sometimes it is the reaction of a great event in the State; sometimes it is the enthusiasm of a professor who lives close to the current of the times and expresses the needs and aims of the present. But always it is internal forces, and not external pressure, which foster and diffuse the literary spirit.

QUESTIONS OF SPACE AND TIME.

Canst thou love me just as dearly now, my sweet one,
Though my kisses must be borne upon the wind—
Though our lips, so far apart now, never meet on
Those charming little errands which they find,
When my love and her happy lover,
With the bright stars shining over,
Seal anew the pretty pledges which the chains of kisses bind?

Will thy love for me, my darling, never weary,
When the vision of thy lover's face is flown?
Will thy heart not fail thee, sometimes, in thy dreary
Round of watching, wond'ring, waiting all alone—
In thy watching the lonely starlight
And thy wond'ring if that far light
May not draw thine absent lover's glance to mingle with thine own?

Will the waves that roll between bring no regretting,
Though Hope send no olive branches by her dove?
Will the night-clouds ne'er o'erwhelm thee, Dear, forgetting
That the stars are shining on them from above?
Will the light never fail thy dear eyes,
As each weary, wasting year dies,
And its ghost but mocks thy longing for an ever absent love?

A. H.

NOTABILIA.

THE winter of '78 is past. It has slid by with noiseless pace, soft, genial, crowned with white frosts, wreathed in smiles—gone to the limbo of dreams. Rest his soul! has been a pleasant winter; for our spike-tailed friends, a perfect pirouette of gaveties and fashion, keeping life on the "windy side o' care." But alas! one does not care much for sitting and stupidly gazing into a hearth, whence the blaze and warmth of the fire have departed and only the gray ashes remain. What sort of winter it has been for those who have shut themselves up from all this and endured the cheerless life of the ascetic, digging away at the arid roots of academic learning, we cannot undertake to say. Doubtless they have their reward in a clear consciousness of gain. We live in a world where compensations as well as revenges come sooner or later. And one of the compensations of college terms is in the vacations, short or long, which providentially succeed. So it comes about that, while the winter has been agreeable enough, we are set thinking about the Easter days that are coming, painted eggs and lenten pecadilloes.

WE suspect that now and then a feeling of jealousy makes itself known, as the various editorial boards of '80 are chosen to crowd out their respective predecessors. Glad enough, no doubt, are we who are stepping down, to be rid of the drudgery and somewhat monotonous performances; we are ready to leave it to others to satisfy the capricious taste and unstinted criticism of the college world. Nor do we begrudge you, gentlemen of the Junior class, the honors you have taken on. For they can detract nothing from ours, we are happy to know; otherwise we might well tremble for our scanty store. But this making way for you is only one of the first landmarks on the road which is bringing us so swiftly to the end; it is only one of the many pushes which shall

soon shove us out of our Alma Mater's lap. Is it strange we don't relish it, then? or that we feel a few twinges of jealousy once in a while, when we see others coming up and taking our places? There is something quite cool and half disrespectful in this setting aside, and we feel somewhat like so many Enoch Ardens as we look on. However, macte virtute, when your turn comes, good friends.

AND speaking of these new-fledged masters of the quill reminds us of the good feeling and harmony that have characterized the management of the college journals during the last year. We can remember the time when the best energies of the editors were employed in devising and executing attacks upon each other's publications. Nothing was too unjust, or too cutting, or too vile, to say. The Record sneered at and reviled the strait-laced Courant, and threw mud upon the elegant, but somewhat antiquated, garments of the LIT. The Courant returned the sneers with added sarcasm and grew big with indignation against the infidel Record. The LIT., as a general thing, preserved its long-maintained dignity; but now and then unbent to box the ears of the Courant, or rap the saucy fingers of the Record. Those were spicy times, to be sure; but they witnessed a deal of hard feeling and personal enmity. Under the control of the '79 boards, however, all this has changed. In place of the spite and acerbity there has been a most friendly and appreciative spirit. With one or two ridiculously harmless exceptions, the criticisms have been impersonal, just and even generous. Each journal has devoted itself, as it ought, with undivided energy to the general interests of the college. As we are about to lay aside our responsibilities, we commend to our successors the greater pleasure and advantage of such a course.

DID you ever think how seldom it is that college chums are confidential friends? In actual experience, I mean, not in the fictions of "Lloyd Lee" and "Hammersmith." We began zealously enough, to be sure. In the early days of our academic life, we used to be concessive and scrupulously mindful each of the other's comfort and wishes. More than that, we made great exertions to be pleasant and entertaining, and wasted no small portion of our time in trying to build up the conventional story-book friendship of room-mates. was prepared to display any degree of devotion to the other, and expected no less in return. It was to be a Damon and Pythias sort of affair, of course—just as intense, just as demonstrative. If we had been acquainted before, we looked forward to a far closer intimacy; if we had been strangers hitherto, we expected to begin and secure a fresh and enduring fraternity. But alas! "no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre." Our fanciful expectations are dispelled in the course of a few weeks, and we come down to a quite different notion of the relation. It is not easy to understand just what it is that works the change. It is not always that we lose the respect and esteem we had, or fail to find many qualities that are admirable and attractive. But peculiarities do not seem to be worn down and smoothed over by closer contact. On the contrary, if both chums are independent and straightforward, every point and angle appears to grow sharper and larger, and protrude itself with pertinacious spitefulness. Not that college men are more angular and self-asserting than men at large. But when we began the daily, almost hourly, contact, which continued month after month with no intermission, we might have foreseen that the outer coat a man wears toward the world would become very thin to us who are constantly rubbing together. And a little thought would have reminded us that human nature is n't wholly made up of smiling concessions and bland good nature. There is the ruggedness, and stubbornness, and general strong individuality that belong to men, often in proportion to their depth and strength of character. And because we jostle against these qualities in our chums, as we must so many times, we become a little weary of the monotony. Not

that we often get sour and wrangle with him; although such occurrences are not entirely unknown. But for the most part we cease to make any attempts at anything beyond a gentlemanly toleration of his whims and idiosyncrasies. We say, "Let me alone and I'll let you alone." And so we get along pleasantly and amiably enough, but look outside for a warm, generous, and entirely confidential friendship.

LECTURES are a bore. This is intended as a sort of feeble protest against the ill-considered cry which is going up from every college campus in the land for more lectures and fewer recitations. I do not object to lectures under certain circumstances. In fact, I love lectures at the Art School, with the bright light illuminating the paintings on the wall, and the interested faces of sweet, young girls in silk attire, outrivalling any pictures art has made. Or is it the excitement, the people and the occasion which please me there and not the lectures? As one of Socrates' disciples would say, it is indeed so. For lectures, even in the Art School, have ever been a little stupid and unprofitable. I was estimating the other day how much definite, available knowledge I had gained from the many hours spent this year in earnest attention upon such occasions, and I was compelled to acknowledge that it was less than nothing. I will grant you that a train of thought may be started by a lecture, the pursuit of which may save you from voting your time utterly wasted. Or you may take notes, hard work as it is, and study them up afterwards. But who dare use without further study, the knowledge which comes from listening to the confused facts, rhetoric and inferences flung at you in a heap from the rostrum? I had rather read a solid book on any subject one hour than hear half a dozen lectures on it. The demand for unremitting attention, the impossibility of atoning for a moment's mind-wandering, the necessary albeit unconscious omissions and distortions on the lecturer's part for rhetoric's sake, the

element of style of delivery which is never perfect, and often torturing—what is there to weigh against these drawbacks?

IF underclassmen desire initiation into the regulation programme for promenade time, they had better ask some voung lady who has been here once, twice, three times. It must become a sort of instinct for those fair damsels who have annually visited the campus for ten years in succession—nay, there are none such, for five years let us say—to attend with accuracy the various points of interest. To watch the Seniors bow to the President, and say, "How funny;" to trot down to South, express unqualified admiration for the open fire-place, listen to Alston sing, assure the man in No. X that he has the prettiest room they have ever seen, and then go across to No. Y, and there say the same thing. jolly times those wicked Sophomores must have in South Middle," is the orthodox remark to make on the way to Farnam. And then in Farnam to discant on the superior convenience of steam radiators over open fires. "How altogether too lovely," when the glories of Durfee burst upon them, and the prospects of a "dizzy" time over the regulation spread. "D. K. E. is so cosey and mysteriouslooking, just what a society hall should be, so much nicer than Psi U.," to the D. K. E. man. And to the Psi U. man, "Psi U. is awfully nice, so handsome and imposing outside, such elegant frescoing, and such an air of secrecy within. It must have cost two or three times as much as D. K. E., didn't it?" Is lying ever justifiable? Ask the young lady and her chaperone, not whom you brought, but whom somebody else brought, to the Junior Promenade.

THE operation has been successful, and another wart has been removed from the face of mother Yale. It is now in order for some admiring historian to lament the decline and fall of the banger rush. Was it the absence of the customary mud in the streets, a lack of "blood in the necks" of the Freshman, or a want of reverence for the "good old traditions" on the part of the Sophomores which caused the birth-day of our old friend, George, to pass without the breaking of a single banger? Or is this another proof that our age is one of progress? Rumors indeed have reached us of a surreptitious scrimmage over at the Scientific School, where sad-eyed, hungry-vizaged academic tutors prowled about the field of battle and took down one another's names in their frenzy at finding no But the appearance of such a sickly ghost only proves that the banger rush of the olden time is dead, dead as the Jubilee, dead as the Wooden Spoon, dead as all the other fossilized relics of the old regimé. And what is this upon which we have entered—the age of pure reason or of the polka? But we are asking questions outside the province of the coroner. The heirship of all the energy of feeling and action once bestowed upon the deceased is not ours to decide, but the banger rush is undoubtedly dead. Peace to its ashes!

PORTFOLIO.

—In those days so recently here and yet so long gone, when sentimentalism reigned supreme in fiction, when the story was everything and a sound and satisfactory plot, with reward to the virtuous and woe to the wicked, was the sure highroad to success, how to end his novel must have been a very hard question to a conscientious writer. When I say to end it, I do not mean that he had to debate whether he should sputter and go out with a loud shout, like Mr. Dickens, or whether Lothair and Lady Corisande should walk in the garden, and she should give him a rose, but the problem to solve was, what fate did poetic justice demand for his dramatis personae. Can we not imagine Dickens pursing up his lips as the plot of The Old Curiosity Shop developed in his mind, and asking himself, "Shall I slaughter off Little Nell, or shall I yield to the prayer of my lachrymose admirers and let her

live?" "I guess Clive had better marry Ethel," says Thackeray, and so Clive does marry Ethel, becomes a petticoat pensioner, and the world, which demands a happy culmination, is satisfied. Do you enjoy this style? Take an exaggerated instance of it in old John Galt, so sympathetic that he could not desert his creations till he had seen them all safely through life and stowed in their graves. Choice between this and the artistic denouement, which modern literary Pre-raphaelitism demands in every novel, depends upon whether a work of fiction is to be valued as a story or a study. than half the reading world probably sympathized with that madman who continued Daniel Deronda and had Gwendolen marry her idol. To them The Marble Faun is trash because the mystery is unexplained. But I for my part confess, for instance, that I was glad to see Daisy Miller die, and that too, not because I am cold-blooded, but because such an ending was so artistic and rational. I was rejoiced to have the Baronness return to Germany, and to learn that by and by Robert Acton married a very pretty young girl. Henry James, who by the way deserves more attention than he receives on the campus, is the best exponent in our literature of this idea. Perhaps he became impressed with its artistic value through his study of Russian fiction. Turgenef's conclusions in the form of unanswered questions, or abrupt exclamations might serve as a model; or Tolstoy, if his other productions are like the English translation of The Cossacks. Did you like the way in which that ended? It was very depressing, but at the same time very satisfactory to me. A detached episode among the many which make up a man's life. We knew that it was all over when he rode out of the village, and Marianka vouchsafed him not even a look.

—I was sitting by the cheerful fire in Stub's room. He urged me cordially to sit still and try another cigarette. I resisted the temptation, however, got on my feet, and told Stub I must go at once and write that article I had promised for the Portfolio "The Portfolio? What's that? Oh, yes! I remember, the new department those fellows put in the Lit. this year. Heard something said about it. Don't suppose many of the fellows ever read that, do they?" I assured him with some asperity—I have written two or three things for the Portfolio myself—that I had never heard of any one so

rash as to attempt it, and went on my way meditating. Now Stub reads the college papers more diligently than a majority of my classmates. I have heard some men actually boast that they never looked at a college paper. Only the other day a,man who is known as a graceful writer and constant reader told me that though he sometimes wrote for the papers, he seldom read anything except the items of gossip. "True," said he, "it seems hard that a writer in the college papers should have so small an audience, but it takes some time to read them and I can generally amuse myself better." Could I doubt the wisdom of his words? I thoughtfully entered my room in West Middle, and on the table lay last month's Lit., last week's Courant, and the Record of the week before. "Does it pay?" said I. "Yale News," sang out a little Irishman, thrusting his head through my door. I slammed the door in his face. You are right, Stub, I admire you for not reading even my own productions.

----Terpsichore rules the campus. An assembly to-night, a party last night, and a german to-morrow; this is the programme. The anchorite discusses the side step, the pale-faced delver in the wisdom of the ancients has become an authority on womanly beauty, the cold-blooded cynic takes private lessons in the divine art—and dress suits grow thread-bare. Few are they who have withstood the pressure; those who have yielded, are legion. And so we are speaking on a vital question, when we cry, "Down with the favors." When a man has to measure his evening's enjoyment by the number of tangible trophies of conquest he can wear on his coat, there is an emphatic need of reform. Competition at best is a poor thing for happiness, but when you introduce it into the parlor where equal and perfect enjoyment for everyone is the great object, it becomes worse than unpleasant. It becomes fatal. Alas for the bad dancer or the ugly girl whom everyone passes by! Nothing short of anguish will express what he feels who goes undecorated till late in the day some one, too palpably out of pity, accosts him. There are remedies to be sure. We would not banish altogether the bright gewgaws which add so considerably to a german's attractions and beauty. A system of general reciprocity, to use an economic term, might obviate the difficulty. But surely this headlong strife for favors, this rude and selfish struggling, is a relic of barbarism. It is time that people of good taste here got rid of it as they have elsewhere.

- I met Telemachus on the chapel steps and his eyes were red and his face was pale. "Dissipating?" said I, "and you so young!" But he assured me, that on the contrary, he was the victim of too intense application, that he had been up all night engaged in literary culture, that he had finished the best book which it had ever been his fortune to encounter. And when I pressed him to tell me what it was, he confessed and denied not, but confessed that it was Marion Harland's "True as Steel." And yet they tell us that Yale takes no interest in any thing but athletics, and fails in those. Compared with Joseph Cook perhaps his taste was not bad, but it prompts me to say a word about the regret which was expressed in the Notabilia a month or two ago, as to the lack of literary enthusiam among our undergraduates. I do not make any comparisons. In that light we would not suffer. But absolutely, to how low an ebb have we come! Talk to a Lit. editor and learn how hard a time he has to find any body with ideas, and capable of expressing them. There are perhaps half a dozen rooms on the campus, all told, where you can detect a literary smack to the conversation, which rolls heavenward with the tobacco smoke. But is it to be deeply regretted after all, except so far as it makes our periodicals poor? Ansley Wilcox's article on Oxford in a recent Scribner's tells us that the prospects of the crew, last night's wine party, mutual banter and the other orthodox trivialities form the subjects of the English undergraduates' conversation, and vet several of them have become eminent in after life. It seems to me that now is the time for objective experience—that what notions we have on literary topics are crude, like Telemachus', and best unexpressed. Those of us who have climbed the photographer's stairs and stood in sight of that tawdry frescoing, the monument to the departed glory of Beta Xi, could easily find food for regret, and that not vain, in thinking of the opportunities which we have missed. What jollity and life must have been condensed in the wine, the song, and the dance within those walls! There was nothing literary about it, but such sophomore experience might be favorably compared with that which the class composition prize man gains in his work.

---The critics form a conspiracy and the world is gulled. Independent judgment is frowned down. Did not the English weeklies speak in high terms of Mr. Jones' production, and who are you, presumptuous man, to hold a different Moses Coit Tyler is a Yale man, and his Alma Mater shares in his glorý. But after all, is his work on American literature quite altogether deserving of the unqualified praise it has been receiving? It has very great merits beyond all doubt. The favorable reception which it has met, is very gratifying, as indicating popular interest in such a subject, from quarters where it was least to be expected. The very faults in his style, a lack of dignity and soberness, and a sort of tawdry extravagance, help to popularize it. You are carried along with pleasure into regions which, unembellished thus, would be barren indeed, except to the enthusiastic specialist. But, on the other hand, the claim which the author advances, to the discovery of new and valuable material on the subject, hitherto unused, will seem to be well founded only to one who was entirely unfamiliar with American literature before he began to read this book. To the same old easily accessible authors, with whom every student is acquainted, he gives full attention, in a scholarly and attractive manner to be sure. We would not question that much. And yet saying very little that is new and does not look like a compilation. But those other less well-known lights whose works it is not easy to get at, because few of them are in existence, and because they are little read or spoken of, he has followed the usual method in passing by with a dignified, but at the same time, disappointing, silence.

—The current number of the Vassar Miscellany brings us an interesting account of a Saturday night German club. Not, man of society, a club for dancing germans, but for talking German. Briefly put, with a yearning to enlarge their vocabulary, they meet weekly and converse or read in German, with a fine for every English word spoken hanging over them. Such associations for this or similar objects seem to me to admit of so much enjoyment and profit that I can imagine no reason, except that inevitable one of lack of time, for their scarcity on the campus. Perhaps the intellectual element predominates too largely in this Vassar organization,

as it is apt to when young ladies are the controlling spirits. But surely it did not in that convivial band long since dead, whose history was read last winter before the New York Alumni, and one of whose principles demanded that its members should cut compositions on every possible occasion. Surely there was not too much intellect or sentimentalism about another organization which lived an active life here within the memory of men now in college. I am not willing to let the Shakespere Club go entirely into oblivion and forever, without even an attempt to impart to it at least as much immortality as the Portfolio renders possible. A half play of Shakespere's, read without any attempt at criticism, was the apology for our meeting, once a week. But it would be easier to tell what we did not do, when we were once together, than what we did. Everything possible in an ideal conversazione, where simple objective themes alone were expected, where no one made a confidante of another on personal matters, and where politics and religion never entered, was embraced in the programme. The latest book, the newest local joke, adventures and reminiscences; an orthodox spread and then the tobacco; song and merriment, and then the walk home in the early morning air. Dormitory life rendered such meetings in one's room unpleasant. To hire a hall was deemed imprac-And so the club died. We understand that there are some similar organizations now in some of the underclasses, of which a game of whist or of chess forms the foundation. What could be pleasanter for some of the long hours in the chill March nights than an open fire, the huge pipes, and long draughts of ale, while harmonious discussions or even a sympathetic silence form the order?

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

This month we have first to chronicle that greatest and jolliest of all events of the winter term, the

Junior Promenade,

Which took place on the 4th of February, with its usual nebulous train of Senior and Junior germans, private spreads, pretty girls and other good things. The scene at Music Hall was as brilliant as ever, and all the appointments bore evidence to the efficiency of '80's committee. Judging from the unusual number of encores, as well as from the bright eyes and flushed faces, every one enjoyed dancing to the excellent music furnished by Bernstein. Even that care-ridden individual who compiles the Memorabilia for the Lit., was observed from his distant gallery to smile faintly on the gay scene below. Of course, the same brilliant assemblage had attended in due form the evening before, Feb. 3, the

Glee Club Concert,

Than which it has not been our fortune to listen to a pleasanter one during our sojourn 'neath the elms. The well known college songs received the customary acknowledgment of enthusiastic encores, while the two or three new and more pretentious selections were well rendered and appreciated. Passing from gay to grave,—on Feb. 4 the Freshmen elected their

Class Deacons,

Viz: Messrs. C. W. Burpee, A. C. Hand and C. L. Scudder. These gentlemen have constituted the temporary committee of the class heretofore, but become by this election the permanent guardians of the spiritual interests of '82.

Linonia

Has elected a new board of officers for the term, as follows: President, Green, '79; Vice Pres., Fowler, '79, S.S.S.; Treas, Newcomb, '80; Vice Treas., McCrea, '80, S.S.S.; Secretary,

Carpenter, '81; Executive Committee, Scudder, '80, Dwight, '81, McCrea, '80, S.S.S. The fifth lecture of the Linonia course was delivered by Prof. S. Wells Williams, on the "Origin and Character of Chinese Immigration." A part of the Sophomore class has been rendered jubilant by the announcement of the

Sophomore Composition Prizes,

Which have been awarded as follows: 1st prizes, Coleman, Dwight, Evarts, Eliel and Van de Graaff. The two latter were adjudged equal. 2d prizes, Bartlett, Burrell, Ide, Leighton. 3d prizes, Bigelow, Lincoln, Seymour, Silliman.

BOOK NOTICES.

Decisive Events in History. By Thomas Archer. Cassell, Petter & Galpin: New York. For sale by Judd.

The object of this book is indicated by its title; it is an endeavor to accurately relate those achievements which may be regarded as the most important to mankind. The author has attempted to tell, briefly and picturesquely, the history of those supreme occurrences which have been the turning-points for the destinies of nations. He has chosen to pass over the records of Scripture. and to begin with the earliest period of trustworthy historical records, as distinguished from the sacred books. The first "decisive event," therefore, which the volume presents, is the famous struggle by which a single free state of Ancient Greece broke the power and prestige of the Medes at Marathon, and checked the Persian invasion of Europe. Thence, disregarding the deeds of more than two centuries, we are transported to the Second Punic War; and the final vigorous effort is related, by which the Romans shattered the hosts of Carthage, and delivered Italy and Spain from African tyranny. Then began the rapid growth of the Latin power till it culminated in the Empire under Titus, and brought about what Mr. Archer selects as a third notable event-the dispersion of the Jews at Jerusalem. The first symptoms of corruption and decay in the mighty Empire were its division into the Eastern and Western Empires, and the reunion under Constantine, quickly followed by the invasion of the Goths. This period is represented to us by the so-called establishment of the Christian Church at Constantinople. Then came the swift decline of Roman power, and the incursion of the tribes of fierce Huns under Attila, of which the retreat of the Venetians is a characteristic event, marking the beginning of the reconstruction of nations. After an interval of a century and a half, a new era was inaugurated by the establishment of the Christian religion in England. The influence of the strong and

rising people began to be felt; and the growing power of Germany and France, the repulse of the Saracens in their attempt to invade Europe, the Norman conquest of England-all these events seem to have paved the way for that wide-spread overturning which, during the Crusades, repeatedly changed the relative position of rulers and peoples, and led to a new enlightenment and mutual advantage. The long struggle to obtain a recognized code for securing national liberties was signalized by the signing of the Magna Charta in England, and by a series of devastating insurrections throughout Europe, which continued until feudal power was abated. Meanwhile the spread of learning was followed by the wider and more powerful influence of the great Reformation, and by the blow struck at the assumptions of Catholicism, in the person of the Spanish King and his Armada. Of the succeeding historical period, the events which are narrated are the Petition of Right and consequent overthrow of Charles I. of England; the rise and fall of the Napoleonic Empire; and the unification of Germany, brought about by the Franco-Prussian War.

Such, in brief, is the course of historical events which Mr. Archer has followed in his selections. We may well question his judgment, and take exception to his choice in many instances. But what he has to say, the author clothes in a vivacious and attractive style, well adapted to excite the interest of the general reader, and to induce him to fill up the intervening spaces for himself by following the profitable pursuit of historical inquiry.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Columbia papers have busied themselves thus far this year with a fiery crusade on everything which Yale holds dear. The Spectator led off with a mock account of a Yale boating meeting some twenty years hence, when a series of resolutions, beginning with numerous "whereases," recounting our defeats for the past century by Harvard, are adopted, to the effect that Yale hereafter vent its boating spirit in regattas between the Scientific and Academic departments, when no matter what happens, Yale will be sure to win. This was satire, and not so bad for its kind. But the current number of the Acta is simply awful. Its every page fairly bristles with the anti-Yale spirit. Now it is serious, now it is sarcastic, now it is funny. It does not spare anything. It even goes so far as to call a recent and much-admired Yale literary production terribly weak, and to say that the time spent on it, was time wasted. It selects the most abominable verses which have appeared in our esteemed contemporary the Courant, and publishes them as "the highest flights of inspiration whereof Yale genius is capable-Yale, one of 'the only two real American Universities, you know,' where mind has abdicated in favor of muscle," which last remark it hastens to say is intended for satire,—and so on indefinitely in the same strain. Really, this is all very sad. It reminds us startlingly of the days when the "monstrous sneer" ruled the Record, and

Yale's hand was against every one of our sister colleges, and every one of our sister colleges' hand against Yale. It is not the province of the Lir. to engage in such disputes, but we must say that some of the letters from graduates, on college matters, which have appeared in our semi-weeklies this year, and which are the source of Columbia's vexatious tears, had best been left unpublished. Not because what they had to say was on the whole unreasonable, but because many true things may be stated in such a way that they had better been left unsaid. For instance, Yale feels that the peculiar standard of requirements for entrance here differ so materially from what admits men to Cornell or Columbia, that we are on essentially antagonistic bases, but that is no reason for comparing the college at Ithaca to the Baldwin Locomotive Works. What is the good of hurting other peoples' sensibilities? If Cornell thinks that it is a nobler institution of learning than Yale, because Captain Osborn defeated our '75 crew, why let it, if it is made happy thereby. If Columbia gains any satisfaction from the absurdly fulsome resolutions proposed by Alderman Biglin on the occasion of its "glorious victory, etc., on the ever memorable fourth, etc.," who cares? The happiness and selfcongratulation of the best of us, individual or institution, will not be found much more reasonable if we begin to subject them to analysis.

The Acta for February contains quite a number of bright little things, and recalls affairs at home to us in other ways than by direct allusion. "Snab" and College Widow seem familiar terms, one at least of which we feared was peculiar to New Haven soil; or what could be more homelike than its Written Excuses Translated, some of which we copy:

"Excuse No. 2.—Mr. Bummor, class of '79, respectfully requests the President to excuse him for absence from college on the 23d and 24th, on account of the sudden death of his aged grandmother.

Translation.—Mr. Bummor, class of '79, respectfully requests the President to excuse him for absence from college on the 23d and 24th, as he was obliged to spend those days in preparing a large, complicated, double-barreled, back-action cylindrical crib, without which it would be impossible for him to pass the Intermediate in Physics.

Excuse No. 3.—Mr. Tuff, class of '81, respectfully requests the President to excuse him for tardiness in attendance this morning, as he was overcome by the heat.

Translation.—Mr. Tuff, class of '81, respectfully requests the President to excuse him for tardiness in attendance this morning, as he was overcome by the beer taken on the way.

Excuse No. 4.—Mr. Cheke, class of '82, respectfully requests the President to excuse him for leaving Mr. D——'s room during a recitation, since he was suffering from a violent attack of sick headache.

Translation.—Mr. Cheke, class of '82, respectfully requests the President to excuse him for leaving Mr. D——'s room during a recitation, since he was suffering from a severe attack of Binomial Theorem."

The Rockford Female Seminary Magazine sends us its February number and sweet little note, western style, on a postal card, complaining that "the Lit. is not received regularly." It strikes us that we have heard words to the same effect from other sources. In fact we may go so far as to say that the

remark is not original. Jones, '79, Brown, '80, Smith, '81 and Robinson, '82, have successively stopped us on the street and said: "Mr. Chi Delta Theta, our October, or our November, or our etc. Lit. was not delivered." Our invariable answer to them has been a smile, a regret and a request that they will apply in person to our business man and all will be well. Why should we not give the same reply to you? If it is not possible for you to acquiesce and the Lit. still continues conspicuous by its absence, write us again—but next time on tinted paper and with an envelope. Rockford and Beloit, the Yale of the West, are immediate neighbors, and sad tales the Seminary Magasine brings us of their mutual exploits. There is a four page poem founded on the note that "it is well known that sixteen of the Beloit Alumni have been carried off by the sweet Rockford Chariot, and therein also were sixteen of the Seminary Alumnae." Here is the opening:

"I looked down the river, and what did I see—
Coming for to carry me off.

A Seminary girl acoming after me,
Coming for to carry me off.
Swing low, sweet chariot."

In fear he falls on his knees and prays the good Lord to have mercy and save him.

"But the Lord replied, 'It isn't any use,
Coming for to carry me off.

I made the gander for the goose.'

Coming for to carry me off.

Swing low, sweet chariot."

So he yields gracefully to his fair captor and goes to join the number of happy mortals who have reached unto bliss in the past. The remainder of the production consists of "vague Swinburnian reveries" on matrimony in general, in the midst of which a young lady is discovered asking,

"Must I marry,
Must I wed,
Must I be to the altar led?"

In the East must is generally changed to may in such feminine inquiries. If you really want us to answer you, we should say that it depended entirely upon your personal feelings. And yet we are not sure—those Beloit boys are such sly dogs, you know.

We turned with interest to their organ, the *Round Table*, to see what they had to say in reply to all this sentimentalism. But there is nothing heroic about them. They decline to effervesce in public, and confine themselves to "realism," advising the Beloit undergraduates to visit the baths oftener and to look to their linen. What a contrast!

But where they have coeducation pure and simple, as they do out in Central University, Iowa, you have no means of discriminating masculine practical sense from the gush peculiar to the fair sex, and the result is simply terrible. Such jokes on coeducation institutions are a little worn, but

seriously, what is to be thought of a system which vents itself in the course of a few pages under every different department of the *Central Ray* in such paragraphs as this?

- "Prof.—'Parse kissed.' Maiden, innocently—'It's a conjunction.'"
- "A Miss-quotation-'Though he sleigh me, yet will I trust him."
- "The Psalmist says, 'Take unto yourself a wife, young men, for it is good.'
 Our ministers are now offering reduced rates."
- "Bus—to kiss. Re-bus—to kiss again. Blunder-buss—two girls kissing each other. Omni-bus—to kiss all the girls in the room. Bus-ter—a general kisser. E-pluri-bus-unum—a thousand kisses in one."
- "A student who is in the habit of going sleigh riding quite frequently, was heard to say: 'Edison is a great man, but if he wishes to obtain the undying love of every young man in this great country, he should invent something which will enable a fellow to hold a shawl around his girl and drive at the same time."

And so on, ad infinitum et nauseam.

Of our sensible exchanges, we would like to say a word of praise of the Oberlin Review, which seems to us an able exponent of Oberlin's system of life and belief with which we find it so hard to sympathise. The Bowdoin Orient contains a sensible editorial on the decline of hazing, which at least our academical department seems inclined to practically endorse. The Brunonian enters an orthodox protest against the further increase of small colleges, and the Princetonian, in the issues which we have received during the month, continues to be one of the model newspapers in its reasonable method of treating current college topics. It lacks sprightliness and brilliancy, but these are so apt to degenerate into unhappy banter that perhaps their absence is for the best.

The Crimson and the Advocate, our usual stronghold for excerpts, while up to their usual standard, present little which is adapted for quotation. The Advocate has a column poem on "A Fan," the remarkable history of which suggests that it must have been made under much more favorable circumstances than are those brittle instruments which young ladies now-a-days consign to their partners in the dizzy waltz to smash.

The current number of the Lampoon indeed seems the work of a jester very tired—at times even of one who had gone to sleep. The illustrations are poor, the jokes stale, and with the possible exception of "The Grub and the Butterfly," old enough that too, there is not a bright fancy. We feel willing to predict, however, that we are thus criticising a number considered at home above the average. At least, such is our experience with the Lit. If we ever send out a number which we look upon with especial pride, it is sure to meet with an unfavorable reception. The flattest of our contributions usually receive the most flattering notices.

VOL. XLIV.

No. VI.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantalum Sorours, manimique Patres."

MARCH, 1879.

NEW HAVEN: PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Vale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the begin-

ning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who

would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial of the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIV.

MARCH, 1879.'

No. 6.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '79.

LUCIEN F. BURPEE, HENRY S. GREEN, LOUIS J. SWINBURNE, AMBROSE TIGHE.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH LITERATURE.

THE value which used to be placed upon a mere L acquaintance with literature, and which not a few persons even now recognize as proper and natural, affords still another proof of the indestructibility of old tastes and habits of mind. Some people seem to imagine that all they read is so much more solid knowledge gained, and every hour they spend over a book so much time well-spent. All industrious writers in didactics uphold them in this cheerful view with judicious remarks thrown in at random, touching the kinds of books it is necessary A popular recognition of the fallacy is to be seen in the old-fashioned epithet, "a scholar and gentleman," applied to nearly every man who had crammed at the university a little of Virgil, Horace, Livy, and the Greek dramatists. Even now it is very common to hear some one spoken of with a kind of reverential awe as a "great reader."

It is very far from our purpose to attempt to cry down the advantages of an acquaintance with literature. That it enlarges the mind, widens the sympathies, enriches the heart; that it is a stimulant to young men, a grace to woman, a companion in travel, a solace in old age, and everything which Cicero so eloquently declares it to be, this it is not necessary to deny. But there is so much cant and nonsense uttered about the "benefit," the "utility" of an acquaintance with literature, and, above all, there is so much error prevalent concerning its real and important uses, that one is forced to correct and formulate his views with more definiteness.

Matthew Arnold's description of literature as "the best that has been thought, said, and done in the world" is perhaps the most concise and comprehensive that has been given. But it is defective in one way at least. There is a great deal in literature—the amount is vastly greater than is generally appreciated - which might better have been left unthought and unsaid. We refer not to what is filthy or immoral, but to the rubbish of books, the ill-digested opinions, the absolutely false views, the crude notions, the strained and impossible sentiments, the inartistic, the unscientific, the unliterary, which one finds so plentifully sprinkled in novels, books of travel, memoirs, essays, and histories even. The difficulty of escaping from the taint of all this is the greater because it is scattered through some of the best literature, and as a first-rate book generally leaves certain ineffaceable impressions on the mind, the reader, unless he carefully preserve his poise of judgment, has a tendency to adopt certain ideas or fancies which are irrational and absurd. The consequence is that, though reading may make a "full man," it quite frequently makes an inaccurate and weak man. For what he has read being a jumble of truth and falsehood, his powers of discrimination, and comparison, and judgment, unless exercised, have become dulled and inoperative. It is no praise, then, to pronounce a man a "great reader;" to pronounce him a "discriminating reader" is very great praise indeed.

If we apply the method of exclusion, we see that a man might have a fair, general acquaintance with ordinary literature, and yet be astonishingly ignorant. He might have no knowledge of the principles of physics and mechanics; biology, botany, and geology might be blank to him. Political economy and social science he would know very little of, and that little likely to be impregnated with error. A couple of generations ago some of these studies were comparatively disregarded, and it would not be difficult to quote opinions to the effect that they were not more important than polite literature. But they have risen into prominence now, and every one recognizes the necessity of their cultivation. Now it is often observed that in a college course a man gains more solid knowledge from his general reading than he does from the prescribed studies of the curriculum. assertion is open to considerable doubt; it at least needs modification. More knowledge of a certain kind may be gained in that way, but the kind—and this is the main point—is inferior. It generally consists of an unassorted mass of isolated facts, occasionally useful in life, in conversation, in discussion, but not to be compared in value to the body of orderly truths, principles, laws, etc., which one acquires—no matter if it be in outline—from the text books.

The degree of acquaintance that men have with ordinary literature varies, of course, according to the culture of their generation and their community. It was an easy matter at the beginning of this century to claim an acquaintance with literature. It is not quite so easy at present; when our common use of the word no longer implies a restriction to English literature. Modern languages are being so generally taught now-a-days, translations from the French, the German, the Italian, and the Russian, are pouring from the press in such numbers, that he who professes such an acquaintance will certainly have employment enough to keep himself at all abreast of even first-rate current literature.

It remains then that it is a pleasure and a privilege, as well as the duty of men who seek the best, to cultivate general literature as much as they can, especially if they have the leisure and the taste for it; but nevertheless it is always safe at least not to put a too exalted and a mistaken estimate upon what is gathered so easily and with such gratification, and of which our own share may be after all of considerably less richness than we imagine it to be.

A LEGEND OF MACKINAC.

Cheerily carols the Chippewa maid
Weird lovers' song of her brave,
Waits! as she watches the light slowly fade
O'er hoary Huron's grey wave.
What though the black clouds take threatening forms,
And billows, foam-crested, roar!
Has not her lover oft braved fiercer storms,
Keeping tryst ever of yore
Cheerily, cheerily?

Wearily's wielded the warrior's wide blade.
Wildly by wind and wave tossed,
Now his frail birch-bark the waters invade;
Now is his stout paddle lost!
Still stands a statue-like form on the crag,
Laughing at fears that she hates;
While, each a century, painfully drag
Moments of woe as she waits
Wearily, wearily.

Writhing and spray-wreathed the wrathful waves moan.

Death-white the chill lightning plays.

Now the canoe its sharp flash shows—alone;

Now the bare cliff it displays.

Birds of ill-omen with plumage of night,

Silently, horridly fly.

As through the branches all quiv'ring with fright,

Sorrowless storm-winds still sigh

Drearily, drearily.

A RUSSIAN MISSIONARY.

A N amateur missionary is a fool—at least in Pekin." It was the old Archimandrite Magrosky, who thus spoke in almost a whisper to his companion, a young American. The conversation was in the cosy study of the priest, who ruled over the little Greek mission under the northeast wall of Pekin, with the autocracy of his Czar at home.

"You may talk to me of the light of the gospel being of itself sufficient to illumine the soul of the heathen, but the men who talk with the enthusiasm of Loyola don't know what a Chinaman is. Why, one would think that he was an ignorant heathen, to watch the methods your missionaries employ when they come here. They assume that the Chinamen are suffering in the bonds of ignorance and oppression, and that the gospel is to make them free."

"Ah, but," rejoined his companion, "the simple truth, when spoken with the warmth that conviction lends, cannot fail—"

"Stuff and rubbish, my dear young enthusiast," replied old Magrosky, as he twirled his queue around in his fingers and unbent his massive Russian mouth into a benevolent smile, "you never saw a man wise from hearing wisdom, and you never will see a man live a religion higher than his spiritual conceptions can entertain. You come here with your Bible, you hire a house, and if you hire your congregation, they will let you baptize them—in no other way will you make converts."

Upon this the old gentleman proceeded to a cupboard and brought out a bottle, I think of *Tokayer*. (It is strange, by the way, that priests invariably get hold of the most delicious wines). He looked in his long silk robes like a Roman senator, as he walked across the floor. The room was dark, save for the light from the grate, which reflected upon his massive features—the very figure of an aged, stooping, Bismarck of the church.

"Now, then," said he, "if you can conceive of a nation

whose authentic records reach back thousands of years before Europe knew civilization, whose sages discussed systems of moral philosophy before the rest of the world knew their alphabet; whose test of official capacity is measured by the store of literary knowledge possessed by the candidate for political distinction; a people who have known nothing but their own country, laws and religion, and have been trained to the idea that heaven was made for them alone; then you can conceive a concentration of national vanity, religious prejudice and literary pride which sinks into insignificance anything that the most bigoted nations of the rest of the world have ever been capable of producing."

"But, the work of the missionary can, with the small grain of truth and the blessing from above, accomplish—"

"Wait a minute," and the old gentleman paused to stir the fire and fill up the second glass. He spoke like a judge, and not an advocate. He was teaching me principles, not creeds.

"Now in the seventh century," he proceeded, after he had once more settled himself, "Chinese history records Christian churches all over the country under an Emperor who favored the religion. Another Emperor rose up in later years, and every vestige of Christianity was rooted out of the country. In the early part of the sixteenth century the Jesuits made a footing here, and have worked as only Jesuits can, for the glory of their church. They have come over as men of learning in science and literature. They aided the Chinese government in perfecting artillery and understanding astronomy. They showed in themselves the material power of Christian Europe linked with the zeal of the fanatic. They have built enormous establishments in the country and joined them under an efficient system of church organization. They take charge of the illegitimate children that are exposed about the city, they send an ambulance among the poor and bring to their house of mercy the crippled and diseased. Their presence is everywhere a symbol of benevolence, displayed in such a manner that the recipient shall be

impressed by the power that is behind them. The Jesuit is satisfied with justification by good works, and has made thousands of converts. The Protestants come out here with a grain of truth, a very large family, and the doctrine of salvation by faith. Their missionaries are scattered along the coast under no efficient discipline; they are mostly men of little culture, but much good intention; they commonly find the climate prejudicial to their health after a few years, and return with their wives and children, to exhort church-meetings and lecture on the perils of missionary existence. Will you compare this to a Catholic, who resigns himself to the church when he enters it, never draws any salary, never marries, and expects to die in his missionary work? Which man do you think will be apt to influence a reasoner with the ascetic temperament of an oriental?

"We Russians, you see, are here, for our own church, and make no great pretensions as missionaries. This mission was founded in 1725, and ever since, the Russian government has sent its agents out in the garb of priests. We have had, as it were, a back entrance into China, which politically has been of great service. But the state of the Chinese soul has not troubled us very much. it is well as it is, for the forty years I have lived here in bachelor state, have only confirmed me in the belief, that the Chinaman will never accept teachings that are not in conformity with his national feeling. They are radically different from us. You talk of loving your neighborhug a lamp-post and then a Chinaman, the one will be as responsive as the other. I tell you, that I have never yet met the Chinaman with whom I could talk in confidence. These long years of solitude have been enlivened but by my studies. I had a friend in a jolly old friar, brother Barnaclosky, but the poor fellow drank himself to death, and died of apoplexy. Peace to his soul! He was a true Russian Christian. I wonder he did not drink himself to death much sooner."

The old pig-tail of the priest shivered with the emotion that mastered him as he spoke of his bibulous friar-friend, his cher soulard chrétien. I took leave of him, with a feeling of inexpressible loneliness, as he stood in the doorway of the mission wall, directing me how to find my way back to the American Legation in the dark. The last I saw of the Greek mission was the white pocket handkerchief of the Archimandrite. I cannot tell whether he was waving a good-bye, or brushing away a tear for his dear old tippling crony, Barnaclosky.

Р. В.

WHY WE LAUGH.

GHASTLY thing—this laughter—growls the cynic of the Windbags, who has said so many great things in such a poor way. Contrast the causes of a man's merriment with the expression of his face, creased and distorted—and shudder. And shudder indeed we may, if we are willing to abandon ourselves to the disease of the times, the habit of quoting values. Bazarof, disappointed in love, lies in the sun and discourses on the littleness of man and the vastness of the world. Even here on the campus, where life is so earnest and everyone good-hearted, who has gone through four years without stopping more than once to ask himself, what is the good of everything?

The occasion may be one of a hundred. Oftenest it is involuntary, for I count him little short of mad who cultivates a spirit of disillusionment. In the first place, there are men who by their very nature are forced to analyze the grounds of their happiness and to inquire why we laugh. They are given to introspection. It is a constant struggle with them to so lose themselves in practical activities that their imagination may find no place for rambling or brooding. Recall Rousseau's life in retirement at the Hermitage and you have an instance of the fate of such an one where his fancies get the mastery of him.

That such characters should exist except in a company of sated roues, is inconceivable to him who finds limitless gratification in the trivial nothingnesses of everyday life and can grow enthusiastic over a conversation of idle banter. Nevertheless there they are, ever looking into themselves, and ever unhappy and disgusted. How can they ask the reason for their enjoyment and be satisfied with the answer? Life's endeavors are but futile and useless if you dissect them. There is no question so unanswerable as why we laugh. There is nothing so unreasonable in ultimate analysis as happiness. Pessimistic they are. They enjoy nothing. What are fairy tales to them in childhood, when they cannot, with ominous precocity, delude themselves with the idea that they are true? What are friends to them when they are morbidly sensitive to others' weaknesses, and cannot abandon themselves to that sympathy which alone begets sympathy? How can they help rejecting God and the things of God when they are constantly analyzing the foundation of their faith and willing to accept only the actual?

But of the many external causes which induce this gloomy spirit of disillusionment, I wish to mention only They say that Prometheus removed the fear of death from before men's eyes. Mr. Herbert Spencer, I think, has placed it back again. I speak only of the first effect on a superficial thinker, and, of course, in anything but a controversial tone. But the hard doctrine of development, when just assented to, excites in one too violent a spirit of exception to anything which can be called sentimentalism. You are placed so face to face with the actualities of life. You see your destined course so clear before you. You feel so heavy upon you the burden of laws which cannot be broken. And then the awful consciousness that defeat, not victory, is the sure goal toward which you are striving. The hard fight with nature, the struggle for existence, and the culmination—death from which there is no escape. The most brilliant career seems but a conflict with the air.

Life seems scarcely worth living to him who approaches it in such a spirit.

It has often seemed to me that such disillusionment must have an inevitable tendency to render desperate him who cannot think out the problem to its end. And if conduct is, as Matthew Arnold puts, three-quarters of life, and art and science but a small fraction, surely an error in the great part is much more to be shunned than one in the less. If superstition makes men better, it pays for them to be superstitious. For happiness rests on conduct. What would be the general effect on one brought up with a full realization of the biological and sociological truths which modern science has revealed, and a complete acquiescence in the inferences therefrom as to human character and destiny, I do no presume to discuss. But I am free to confess that to detract from what Hæckel sneers at as poetic faith in the ordering of affairs. is to induce a habit of analyzing which can end in nothing short of madness. Read a chapter or two in even so popular a book as Taine's "Notes on Paris," and how depressing even the joking exposition of pessimistic views. But in the region of science it is serious. Perhaps the moral order of universe is a fiction, but if a man feels happier for believing in it, why not let him? Perhaps all things do not work together for good, but there is on the contrary a constant struggle of all against all, and vet in a subscription to the error there may be more possibilities of enjoyment than in all the knowledge of the truth.

I have a friend who has been delving deeply in the disillusionments of science and become infected with the spirit of analysis. He rejects the poetry of life. He believes in the selfishness of man, the omnipotence of money, the futility of human effort. He does not smoke because he cannot believe it possible to puff happiness from a bunch of burning weeds held clutched between one's teeth. As we walked home from the assembly the other night he asked me, "What is the good of all this whirling around and around on a waxed floor to the

sound of swift music?" "There is nothing so sad to me," he said, "as the bounding gaiety of these young girls. How ephemeral a foundation for their butterfly existence! What will they do when their beauty leaves them in a year or two, as leave them it must?" And he refused to be comforted when I jokingly spoke of the glorious possibilities of their devoting their declining years to filling missionary boxes for the Fijians. And every one of us who reads at all hard and thinks, is exposed to feelings like his on questions of life in general. The ennui of a literary career manifests itself too surely in gloomy debatings as to whether it pays. The reality of sorrows is so sure. The visionary character of happiness is so well established. Does it pay to go over and over again the same old problems to which there is no answer, to get perhaps as far as others have gotten before you, to venture a weightless opinion in some obscure field, to endure the inevitable quota of sorrow, to succumb to death in the end? No wonder that a mad desire to plunge for a brief season in all that the world can give and be done with it, forces itself at such times upon a man.

I suppose that it is not heterodoxy, to attribute popular notions on the nature of the future life to the impossibility of answering otherwise the questions which anything like meditation on human destiny excites. Surely there must be some place where the wrong judgments of this world are reversed. But for him who is unable to subscribe to what he is forced to regard as chimeras, what possibility of encouragement to righteousness is there? Surely it cannot be in Matthew Arnold's theory of righteousness being the only essential to happiness. For how often do we see the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread! It seems to me that he who starts in life with any such notion as that of morality bringing prosperity, must come to grief. For there is here left out of account the fact that the moral code is but empirical and that there are too numerous opportunities for suffering from mistakes. Æschylos's idea of the Até, which for sin once committed, continues

long years unapppeased and unappeasable, is no extravagant one. But those who suffer by it are not the guilty alone, but too often the innocent as well. No error of judgment nor mistaken purpose has ever gone unpunished through the long history of the ages. And this it is which makes human life so awful when we begin to investigate it.

But there is a consolation if we will see it and bring ourselves to respond as sympathetically to it as we do to the idea of personal recompense in the cloud lands. That consolation is that our folly may be our posterity's That the amelioration of life's hardships is being slowly, so slowly as to be imperceptible, worked out, as each man acquiesces in what he feels to be in the long run for the best. In this light, not a penalty for error has been suffered in vain. Not a back bared to tyranny's lash to no purpose. A posthumous value to others vet to come, is surely a vague thing by which to induce men to restrain and control themselves, but when the intellect refuses to respond to the notion of a posthumous personal retribution, nothing else than the willing subordination of the individual to the world can avert the depression which an analysis of life's possibilities entails.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A waning of light on the lea;
A glimmer of stars in the west;
A shadow of purple on sea;
And the night lieth down to rest.

A flush in the orient zone;
A sinking of starlight and dew;
A dash of gold, a perfume blown,
And the morn ariseth anew.

A NOTE ON THEODORE WINTHROP.

WHEN Mr. Charles Nordhoff first met Theodore Winthrop, just before the war, he was half inclined to rate him a snob. His slight, elegant figure, often seen at the club or the opera; his reserve, his air of well-bred distinction, seemed to mark him at once as a society man, fond of leisure and the life of a town. Outside of a small circle of friends this was probably all that was known of Winthrop. When the war broke out, and he went to Washington as major in the famous 7th, a few bright, spirited, graphic letters were dispatched home from camp, and attracted a good deal of notice. But it was not till after his death in the attack on Great Bethel. June, 1861, not till after his posthumous papers had been ransacked, and some of them published, including "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brant," and others, that the world knew that this elegant young man of leisure had been a devoted man of letters, a student of men, and one of rare promise and power.

The glimpses of the personality of Winthrop which are to be gathered here and there from random observations in his books, are indeed very pleasant, and give us a very interesting view of the man. With a delicate organization, an artistic temperament, he loved all the fine things of life, the social courtesies, gastronomy, the products of culture, art, books, leisure, conversation. All this is plain enough, and is what one expects from a town-bred man. What is exceptional is that, aristocratic as his preferences seemed to be, he yet at the same time loved the free, strong forces of nature with a relish like that of a gourmet for choice dishes. Fine women, of the large, magnetic, dæmonic sort, superb horses, rough pioneers, naked indians, adventure, peril, storms, mountains, all these things he entertained a strange fondness for, and delighted to describe. He tells somewhere of his enjoyment of a feast, homeric in its simplicity and boisterous merriment, which he had with a party of oily

skinned Klalams off the Pacific coast, who a little while before were on the point of sticking their knives into him. Everywhere it is this note of manliness, of robustness, and vigor joined to refinement and culture which surprises and charms us.

None of Winthrop's books are, properly speaking, novels, except "Cecil Dreeme" and "Edwin Brothertoft." The former has enjoyed by far the greatest popularity of anything he ever wrote, having run through fifteen editions, and is too familiar to most readers to need any notice.* "Edwin Brothertoft," which comes next to "John Brent" in popularity, is a tale of the Revolution. As a story, is is not as sustained in construction and continuous in narration as the constitution of a well-told story demands. But it has isolated passages and episodes of considerable power. Brothertoft's ride, the soliloguy of the fire, which Winthrop endows with personality, are instances of this. There are too strong characterizations in this book: Major Kerr, of His Majesty's service; Skerritt, Voltaire, inimitable old servitor; Edwin Brothertoft himself, with his fatality of inherited weaknesses. "Canoe and Saddle" is an account of the author's ride across the continent from Vancouver's Island by the way of Salt Lake City, a perilous and fatiguing journey which few white men, other than trappers and hunters, had undertaken up to that time. Then there is "John Brent," a powerful story; "In the Open Air," and "Love and Skates."

Some writers, especially those who have been somewhat removed from opportunities of observation, have entertained themselves with the notion that in the peculiar conditions which environ American life there still remains untouched a vast amount of material for romance. A novel kind of fiction, they say, ought to spring up and

^{*}Among the authors whose books are mostly drawn from the library at Buffalo, Winthrop came last on the list. In Albany, none of the bookstores had a copy of "Cecil Dreeme"; the Young Men's Association Library possessed one; the circulating libraries none. At Linonia and Brothers it is taken out quite a good deal.

flourish in the strange contrasts of civilized and savage or frontier life, contrasts which are to be seen no where else. Whatever of the romantic and the picturesque there may be clinging about these conditions, Winthrop, let us say it at once, has caught and sketched with a keen eye and quick hand. But his experience proved, as well as Cooper's and Irving's, that, though there might be some such material, it was thin and exhaustible, and fit only for a sketch, not for a painting. A single scene out of "Canoe and Saddle" is worth, for closeness to truth and nature, whole chapters of Cooper's "Deerslayer" or the "Prairie."

Winthrop's style is clear, crisp, brilliant. It has a certain verve and dash; the sentences follow each other close, curt, and compact; his single epithets are full of warmth and color. You have a sense that he used words as the painter uses vermilions; every touch must tell. produce a certain effect. He does not seem to search for words; they appear to come to him at first hand. It is a vigorous vernacular, sharpened by collision with men to whom words are things, engrafted on the polished diction There could be no better union. of a scholar. this species of style has its blemishes. It lacks repose and serenity. It leaves an impression like that of broken links which should be joined. It is too nervous, too spasmodic, with too much of a tendency towards antithesis and violent surprises. Winthrop does not wholly escape this excess, but on the other hand he makes it a very effective instrument in scenes which are lyrical in movement or full of hurried action. Above all, his style is his own. At a time when copying of European models was so common in this country, when even some of our first writers turned to the continent for canons of taste and construction, Winthrop was following the teachings of his own head and ear. A fresh, brisk life beats in his style—the life of the open air and the sunshine. It has that peculiar flavor of the soil which comes only of direct communication with mountains, woods, and streams, that quality so rare, so fine, so evanescent, which we find in Thoreau and John Burroughs.

Winthrop's treatment of a subject was far from com-The commonplace indeed he appears to monplace. have shunned and detested with such uniformity and heartiness as to run to the opposite extreme. His manner of introduction, his conduct of a plot, his way of leading up to a crisis, are quite out of the ordinary rut. In this, one would say he was unique. His method of composition was, on the face of it, quite different from the elaborate processes of our present realistic fiction, which appears to be rivalling the art of painting in the slow accumulation of touch upon touch and line upon line. I fancy that when a story came into his mind, he saw it from beginning to end in its completeness. was an improvisatore, composing in a white heat of imagination; scene after scene, incident after incident seeming to flash on him suddenly. He paints with broad, vigorous strokes, finishing and polishing afterwards, as one can plainly see by comparing the "Isthmiana," which was found uncorrected in its first draft, with any portion of "Cecil Dreeme."

Owing partly to style, partly to treatment, most of his stories leave a rather singular impression on the mind. They leave an impression like a scene that has been acted out before one's eyes on the stage. An episode, a book, is always a "drama" with him. Hence it must have the action, the stir, the gathered incidents, the thickening of plot and interest which lead to a denouement. This is evident in "Cecil Dreeme;" and in the "Ride of the Three," in "John Brent," the strain on the nerves becomes something terrible.

THOUGHTS WITH MY EYES SHUT.

I. RETROSPECTIVE.

"Reviewing Life's eventful page, And noting ere they fade away, The little lines of yesterday."

WELL, young man, you are nearing the end of a rather important stage in the journey. Before you are embarrassed by the confusion of arrival and the congratulations of your sisters and your cousins and your aunts, just turn and take a hasty glance backward over the ground you have covered. How are you pleased with your first six or seven years of semi-independence? Compare your roseate, boyish ideas of freedom from home restraint, of the glorious liberty of school and college life with your present mode of looking on the life out of doors, snatch one more glimpse, before you lose sight of him entirely, of that healthy, jolly, thoughtless young animal which was destined to develop so soon into your educated and cultured self.

You are feeling in tolerably good humor to-night. Now tell me candidly, are you entirely pleased with the means and methods by which this transformation has been effected? Are you quite content with the expense in various directions which has attended the securing of so desirable a result. Your scholarship, as I see by comparing your marks throughout your four years' course in college, may be represented diagramatically by an inclined plane with the downhill end pointing toward you. I grant you this may not be a complete proof that you have wasted more and more time as you became more and more educated, but what does it argue with respect to your ability to face fairly and squarely a large amount of drudgery. This is a telling factor in the world's work, and yet you have been content with the reputation of "a smart fellow who could stand high if he would work for it." You have come to have such a high opinion of your

powers that you decline the exertion necessary to keep them in full operation. In short, you have become a little lazy during these years and not so very little either.

Again, you have contracted selfishly luxurious habits and unnecessarily extravagant tastes. You have acquired all the collegian's proverbial carelessness in the management of your finances, and will consequently have a fine little sum to set down in your account as wasted capital. Your course in the main has been an exceedingly moral one, yet here and there it shows an action which would have seemed extremely questionable to our youngster. But these undesirable points of view are not the only ones in the retrospective landscape. I admire your constant growth in many particulars. Your judgments of men and things are certainly much more mature than those of most men of your age out of doors. brought up those disagreeable facts to show you that your course has not been one of such unimpeded progress and admirable success as you sometimes think in the day time with your eyes open.

II. INTROSPECTIVE.

"Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse, A blooming Eden in his life reviews."

Yow have now a glorious opportunity to take a good look at yourself. A man with his eyes shut has a great advantage over himself. Shut off from the contemplation of all outside objects, his own actions and motives come up for a closer scrutiny. It is impossible but that these years should have left their mark upon your character. Some of the lines have been drawn so rigidly and deeply, compared with what they were in the impressible boy nature that you may be pardoned for assuming this present character to be almost entirely the product of these last six or seven years. But even here you will hardly find cause for unmixed congratulation. Your view of life, while perhaps more scientific, is certainly more

somber. You can hardly read a tragedy without becoming for the time being something of a pessimist, and you are a little too apt to sneer at the comedy parts as a mere masquerade. The cheering thing about it is that occasionally your feelings get the better of your philosophy, and you laugh and weep with the world exactly as you should do.

III. PROSPECTIVE.

"And I dipped into the future far as human eye could see."

But what of the outlook? Only one thing seems absolutely certain. You must go to work. And if the highest success is to crown your efforts, you must work with an energy to which you have been a stranger during a large part of your college course. But work implies reward. What shall it be? Let your fancy run riot for a moment regardless of all science of probabilities. Your business succeeds, your book sells, your paper pays. Visions of an ideal home and pure domestic bliss mingle with dreamy indistinctness among those of worldly success. You are now pursuing knowledge in the treasuries of art and learning at the ends of the earth or delighting yourself in the novelties of travel. Now you are climbing the ladder of political preferment. The prize of fame hangs in dazzling splendor before you. The abyss below looks dangerous, but still you climb. The game is exciting, and up you go. Higher and higher, till the tempting bauble is just within your grasp. One step more, a desperate clutch, and you drop into a-snore. This method of thinking with your eyes shut has its advantages and its disadvantages.

NOTABILIA.

Ver cunctator! The spring this year is a laggard, a truant, a snail. You are cozzened by a mild air, and try to believe the nip of January is not in it. Bless you! the tip of your nose is red as a rose. You are cajoled by a sunny spot, and fancy you will bask in the cleft of an elm root, but before you know it, the sun has shrouded himself in a leaden cloud, and you lie in a chill shadow. But, after all, the mild airs and the sunny spots, few and far between, are good harbingers of better things to come. Soon we shall have the harbor sprinkled with shells, and see the "eight" shooting up the Quinnipiac; Sophomores will pass balls on the campus, and Seniors (infandum jubes!) play at marbles and spin tops in front of South. There will be a shuffling off of cumbrous ulsters, a renascence in gorgeous spring breeches and tall collars, a general air of hope and new life. Easter holidays appear near at hand, the spring regatta follows close on its heels, then a brief period of quiet and obscurity, and we emerge in the excitements and glories of Commencement week.

It is with pleasure, mingled with some shame in not being up to the fashion of the days, that we have to report most of the departments of the university in a quiet condition. The eights have already been out on the harbor, and when once the equinoctial has blown and rained itself out to its heart's content, we may expect to see it doing regular and good work. The ground is hardly in fit condition as yet for ball-playing, but the time for the spring games is rapidly drawing near. As for matters in general, there is vastly too little to grumble at. Indeed, we have almost forgotten how to find fault, and in the midst of our most enforced optimism, nothing can revive our faith in the philosophy of Mr. Schopenhauer but a tremendous row of some kind or other. If only, for instance, some charming damsel from Wellesley would

elope with a Sophomore! No, decidedly, there is nothing to grumble at, if you believe in lectures, go to church in the proper way, breakfast off eggs and fish, and hold your nose when you go about the campus. The cause of the last is doubtless not very sweet, but still quite necessary to the externals of Commencement week.

THERE is possibly no university town where hospitality is more freely and cordially extended to students than it is in New Haven. The pleasantness of those relations, which are in the best sense those of host and guest, is no secret, and has been enjoyed by many classes in the past. But it has been some years since any class has been as favorably situated as '79. Its social relations during the past winter have been of the most delightful and harmonious kind. It has been one continued exchange of civility and courtesy. Not a few have made friends whom they would be reluctant to lose, and all who have "gone out" as society men ex ovo have only memories the most agreeable and generous to carry away with them. Who knows? Perhaps there are some who, in the midst of the ennui of after club-life and opera devotion, will look back upon the time when they first began to don spike-tails and understand the meaning of bouquets, as the real time when the world was coleur de rose. We have good reason then to feel grateful to those kind friends who have thrown open their doors to us, and admitted us to their firesides. This in itself is a mark of courteous confidence to mere sojourners. We have no concern, of course, with the personal relations of individual men with society here, and each man must settle them as he sees best. But there is no harm in giving public voice to a sentiment which we have heard so often expressed, and the utterance of which we are sure there is none to regret, but rather many to emphasize and confirm.

THE University Club which is being organized in New York, is attracting a good deal of attention from college men. It is natural that it should do so, being especially

designed for them, and appearing, as it does, to supply a want which has long been felt. For a large number of college graduates are at all times of the year transient in the city, and a place where they could go to meet their friends, and be sure of seeing them or being put in the way of communication with them, and where also they could obtain a good dinner and quiet and all the minor comforts of a well-appointed club—such a place would be welcome and agreeable in a high degree. Still there seems to be some question as to the probable success of such an organization. Of course the nucleus and active body of the club would have to be mainly in New York itself, and this is one warrant for efficient management. The scheme is not directly interesting to us, for graduates of less than five years standing, are, at last accounts, excluded from the privilege of membership. Indirectly, however, the existence of such a club is of considerable interest, especially to those who expect to reside in or around New York. The first meeting of the club was held the other evening, and it may now be considered as an organized and corporate body. The location of the club will probably be a house adjoining the present Union Square Club House.

Among the social features which have marked the past season has been the giving of lunches or "spreads" by the Seniors and Juniors in their rooms. We should like to see this pleasant little custom sustained, and if the success of the affairs that have already occurred form any criterion, it is likely that it will not lack encouragment. There are, however, several obstacles in the way of these lunches being made perfectly and unimpeachably successful, which at any rate will probably prevent their being given by any except the happy few. One obstacle is a material one. Owing to the smallness of our rooms it is with some difficulty that places can be arranged for a party exceeding eight or ten; more than that number makes an impossible demand upon furniture, and is perilous to your bric-a-brac. But suppose your little party

assembled, there arises the difficulty of serving. In South they have been known to serve through the bed-room window, which, to say the least, is of the class of "lastresorts." In stately Durfee we have heard of "spreads" being introduced through the trunk-hole of the closet. Considerable discussion might be required to decide which is the more elegant. The other obstacle is a financial one. A neat little "spread" to a dozen or more costs something here. It is sometimes asserted that it cannot cost much more than it does in the English universities. But an English breakfast party at Oxford, for instance, is ordered in a very different way. The custom is there for each invited guest to have his regular breakfast at the Hall dispatched to his host's room, who is at no extra expense except for wines. It is of course impossible for us to do that here, having no common buttery. With us, the host supports the entire expense. This limits the giving of lunches to a small class, and there is very little prospect of its becoming at all general.

WITH this number, and the not unimportant ceremonies of Wednesday night, the board of '79 closes its labors. Precisely what that last word implies, with what unexpected meanings it is surcharged, we leave to our heirs and executors to discover. The good Lord provide them with patience and a golden tongue! But we do not wish. at the moment that the editorial pen is slipping from our limp fingers, to tell, nor you to hear probably, the tale of our grievances, our wrongs, and our multifarious trials and difficulties. Now that we have to say good-bye, we begin to realize that our lives might have been cast in harder places. From the moment we took up the pen till now, nothing has occurred to mar the agreeable tranquillity of our relations with our readers. We have been permitted to doze without disturbance in our arm chair, and occasionally to drop off into slumber. To be sure, the Record and the Courant have sometimes given us a poke in our respectable ribs, but all in the best natured way possible; and they as a rule have preserved so profound a respect for our dignity and wisdom, and welcomed so cordially the little paunchy, bewigged gentleman who represents us on the brown cover, that there has been the most satisfactory fellow-feeling between us. And we may go so far as to acknowledge that whenever we have thus nodded, we have not only been prodigiously ashamed of ourselves, but (while begging your pardon in public), have (in an impulse of humility), invariably thrown the blame on our contributors. Whenever, on the other hand, we have waked up and done something brilliant, which has pleased you, we have always taken the credit of it ourselves, as is natural and proper with all editors whatsoever. But whatever may have been the result of our editorship, however much we may have disappointed, however seldom delighted you, it is now at an end. hand over this trust to the board of '80, with the most sincere hope that they may succeed in every endeavor to the utmost of their wishes and dreams.

PORTFOLIO.

- I have never seen so many pretty girls before in all my life. I am filled with wonder as I contemplate them; blondes, brunettes, dark chestnuts, the mild-eyed, the saucy, the pensive, the arch, the tragic, the dashing, the domestic, each one with some beauty, in the tip of the nose, the curve of the cheek, or the flap of the ear-I say, I am filled with wonder as I contemplate the host of these bright and wonderful creatures which fills the rooms of Durfee, Farnam, and South. They shine upon you out of velvet cases; they repose lonely upon black-walnut brackets; they gather in quartettes and quintettes on the walls; they look down upon you from mantels where they stand cheek-by-jowl next the fascinating "Liza," or jostle the bewitching Webster; they line the top of an escritoire in demure regimental rank and file; they adorn the circumambient edges of bed-room mirrors. this, I repeat, is matter for unceasing wonder to me. For I

have a great many young lady friends who are not at all remarkable for beauty, who, in fact, are rather plain than otherwise. Perhaps even the most of my really good friends are among the plain, and if I hung up their photographs in my room, some of my æsthetic visitors would be horrified. Now I like to have photographs of my friends; and I like to have a look at familiar faces once in a while when the owners of them are at a distance, but I should feel like a guilty man if I hung them up in my room for indiscriminate inspection. And when my friend Jones ranges a bevy of beauties round his room, I envy him at first his goodlooking friends. Good gracious! what a lot he has of them. Then I begin to suspect—it is inevitable—that the lot is rather too large and the beauty too uniformly invariable. leads me up to the generalization that my friend Jones hangs up only his handsome acquaintances. By this time my faith in human nature begins to fail. It fails completely when the final conclusion dawns on me that my friend Jones has rummaged his native town, rifled the family album, to collect all the pretty girls he can to adorn his apartment. Meanwhile Iones is as happy as he appears innocent, and serenely thinks it the best taste in the world.

--- "The ne plus ultra of intellectual indolence," said Mrs. Browning, "is the reading of books. It comes next to what the Americans call whittling." Nothing can be farther from the popular belief. "He is a great reader," we say of a friend, and think thereby to certify his learning and culture. There seems to be something meritorious in the very act of reading. It does not matter so much what is read, if it is not immoral; it is the quantity, not the quality, that is regarded. I have known parents to boast of the number of books a child could read in a week. Villagers look upon their circulating library as a sort of Palladium; and take a deal of pride and satisfaction in counting the number of applications in a given time. note is taken of the fact that the rush is for the Oliver Optics. and the Mrs. Southworths, and, worse still, for the Miss Braddons of the day. The twaddle factories keep on turning out goody-goodisms of the Peter Parley style; and the gum-andwater of public libraries loses none of its attractive flavor. Mrs. Browning was right. The world cannot be much the

wiser for a good deal of the reading that goes on in it. Men don't know how to read, and it seems to be no part of popular education to teach them. "Don't laugh at him," a lady of culture once said, when talking of an eccentric teacher of by-gone days-"don't laugh at him. He taught me really to love and appreciate English poetry, so that it has been a delight to me all my life through." That was true education. What greater blessing can be given than a pure taste that will throw out the rubbish in literature, and study the rest. And nothing will repay study better than a good novel. who neglects, or despises, or fears novels, cuts himself off from a great source of intellectual and moral refreshment, and not a little instruction as well. How many hours of purest enjoyment, what a host of high aspirations, and what a store of dear memories the novelist has given us! Jane Austen to Henry James there is a rich treasury for him who knows how to open it. "Young man," said Talleyrand to one who could not play whist, "what an unhappy old age you are laying up for yourself!" And so, of him who will not study how to read—what a means of pleasure and profit he has failed to improve!

- I called last night on little Miss - She is the daughter of Prof. ---, and I have fallen into the habit of calling there quite frequently. After careful observation, I have come to the conclusion that she possesses the secret of making a conversation really interesting. I do not find it necessary in talking with her to make that constant effort to be light and clever and entertaining, which renders my attempts at conversation with most young ladies both painful and ludicrous. Not that I blame "most young ladies" for this state of affairs. It is undoubtedly my own fault, but the fact remains that I can thoroughly enjoy a quiet chat, or a lively discussion with little Miss -; while among my other lady friends after a very few moments of spasmodic effort I am not only wretchedly bored, but am myself a most unbearable bore. I cannot blame them for becoming absent and making stupid replies to my more stupid observations. But with little Miss —— it is entirely different. She seems never to have acquired that quickness and brilliancy of sarcastic repartee so common in young ladies of a certain age, and which, I must say, I usually find absolutely disgusting.

Yet her answers are by no means dull; always fresh, because she really thinks for herself; sometimes piquant with an unforced and unobtrusive wittiness: occasionally pointed with trenchant though never malicious satire, they invariably strike one as eminently sensible and, in my case at least, always act as a stimulant to immediate and animated pursuance of the subject. And then, the way she listens! That quiet, earnest look of interest could never by any stretch of ill-nature be interpreted as a stare. She waits until you have finished, she does not fidget, and you may be tolerably certain that she is not mentally estimating the effect of her pose on your susceptibilities. You feel positive that her attention is fixed, not critically, but sympathetically, on your words, or rather on your thoughts regardless of your words. All this, you must admit, has a strong tendency to inspire confidence, and so naturalness in a rather timid and reserved conversationalist like myself, so you can hardly wonder that my calls are quite frequent on little Miss —. There is one feat, however, which embarrasses her. change the subject gracefully often seems quite beyond her power. A double-back-somersault from the philosophy of comparative physiognomy to the prospect of a pleasant evening at the next assembly, which I have seen some girls accomplish without an effort, is a mental evolution of which she is entirely incapable. Her sympathies are too deeply enlisted in the subject under discussion to admit of a safe and rapid transfer. This, by the way, is not an unmixed evil, since it renders it possible for a conversation to come to an end, and thus keeps the Professor's gas-bill within the limit of his salary.

— Number 41,144 is from one of the alcoves in the South Gallery and can be renewed as often as you please. All those queer, dingy, thumb-marked volumes rest peacefully in their coat of dust year in and year out, with never a call from a reader. The gifts of unknown enthusiasts in primeval times from their own private collections to Linonia or the Brothers in Unity, marred and bruised perhaps before their enshrinement, and pored over again by our fathers who found intense gratification in such odd masses of didacticism and curious facts. Who that has ever read the "Essays of Elia" has not been bewildered by the multitude of familiar references to

unheard-of books, as though they were the most common subjects of everybody's attention. I have found a good many of these banished favorites in the South Gallery. They furnish food for reflection and enjoyment. Surely our fathers were men of like passions with ourselves; the same pernicious habit of marking favorite passages in library books, and of emblazoning the margin with expressions of approval or dissent betrays them. And as for enjoyment, I revelled hour after hour in all that good-natured, weak-kneed advice to young men, all those recipes for becoming a brilliant conversationalist, all those futile business maxims, all those landmarks on the road to happiness. What a curious old book, for instance, is Dr. Alexander's two-volumed "History of Women," with its compilation of all sorts of anecdotes and inferences. And then Lamb's much-praised "Zimmerman on Solitude," indeed it deserves a better fate than absolute neglect. There is more than one reason why it should be read now-a-days, when the literary spirit is so dormant and excitement is the only source of pleasure. But men seem to have given up the practice of keeping on their center table some good old classics like this, to be taken up for half an hour. Where are there readers of Tristram Shandy, of Burton's Anatomy, or even of Southey's Doctor?

---- We have often been amused at the contempt with which some men who stick close to their books and their rooms regard others who "go out." The sentiment shows itself in the manner and in implication, rather than by direct avowal. But they who allow themselves to entertain such a feeling proceed upon three suppositions: that all society men are fools or snobs, that they who go into it become so sooner or later, and that "going out" unfits men for serious pursuits. Their mistake is in identifying those who go into society occasionally and for recreation with an imaginable set of men whose chief end and occupation is society. The fact is, that men who "go out" are simply those who are fond of society; and the class of men who have been fond of society have been the most healthy-minded, cheerful, and happy in the world. Nearly all the great poets have been men of the world. Among English and French statesmen, think of the illustrious number who have been distinguished in drawingrooms and salons. Most wits, men of letters, lawyers, artists, have been devoted to society in one form or another. There is such a thing, doubtless, as beginning too early, and of doing too much; but then one might say that of a number of things, as of study, of bodily exercise, of smoking, etc. Of course a student should refuse to let "going out" interfere with his regular work. The fact that it does interfere is really not a perfectly convincing, though logical objection. For so do athletics interfere, and so does wide reading outside the course. These things arrange themselves de gustibus, and a little more tolerance for one another's tastes would not render us less happy.

--- There are among college men two ways of insulting our fellow being; one by calling him a rascal to his face, the other by expressing behind his back our opinion that "he is a good-hearted fellow." The man who defames us in the first manner, usage warrants us in knocking down; but there is unfortunately no penalty attached to slander in the latter way. "Do you know Jones?" "Yes." "Is he a scholar?" "No." "Has he literary ability?" "Is he an athlete?" "No." "But," you add apologetically, "he is a good-hearted fellow." Now the fact is that if poor Jones has any ability in anything, heaven only knows it, and you know this. He is neither scholar, athlete, nor of literary tastes; he utterly fails to amount to anything in any one of the three beaten paths of collegian effort, and you who are afflicted with a maudlin desire to speak charitably of the abilities of him whom you know to have none, compromise the matter with conscience by declaring him to be a "good-hearted fellow." Freely translated this means that he is an idiot, but harmless. an expression heard twenty times a day in our frequent comparing of notes on the characters of friends or associates. is always apologetic; though not always so intended. negation of criminal intents, yet an assertion of imbecility in him. "A good-hearted fellow" is the masculine term of reproach. Its feminine equivalent is the "real good girl." She is not accomplished, you know, and not pretty, neither does she waltz well, but then, says your fair informant, "she is a real good girl." Of course she is! Therefore you leave her to play the wall-flower, which was precisely what your informant intended you should do when she gave you this apparently sweet invoice of sister's qualities. The "goodhearted fellow" is generally a poor student (for as soon as he becomes intelligent, he is obnoxious, perhaps your rival for college honors, then you call him a fellow "of fine abilities. but tricky and a schemer"). "The good-hearted fellow" is noted principally for his numerous assortment of colored collars and cuffs, and his everlasting smile. To admirers this smile denotes the height of benevolence, the fullness of goodnature and unselfishness. To those who admire it not (and are therefore sour cynics) it seems, perhaps, a trifle vacant. The good-hearted fellow dresses well, and never gives himself away. He has no pet hobbies, as to boating, ball, or poetry, wherewith to bore you. He is a great favorite with ladies, for he never attempts the heavy intellectual. Only once did he essay a quotation, when he told Lalage that he would be "brave as a lion; harmless as a dove," and he can't for the life of him tell to this day, what Lalage saw in it to laugh at (for he reverences Scripture, though he never reads it). Such is the "good-hearted fellow." I cannot admire him, for I see nothing in him to respect; hate him I cannot for he is the most harmless of created manikins. But friend, if you bear any grudge against me and have ever occasion to portray my character to others, throw conscience to the dogs and out with the worst you can say of me. Call me villain to the core, but a plausible rascal withal. Say that I have fine talents, intellectually, but am unfortunately an atheist or a Say that I have the genius of a Washington, but am too big a liar to succeed; tax me with any degree of rascality that is dependent on brains, and I will forgive you and know where to look for an enemy. But do not, do not I implore, under the holy mask of feigned friendship, fix on that brand of natural and hopeless idiocy—the title of "a good-hearted fellow."

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The season of gayeties terminated with the Assembly German on Tuesday, Feb. 25, and of the points of interest in keeping with Lent, the first is the

Winter Athletic Contest,

Which took place in the Gymnasium on the afternoons of Wednesday, Feb. 26, and Saturday, March 1, when a varied programme, consisting of sparring, fencing, wrestling, kicking, jumping, etc., was observed. The games were in every way a success, and bid fair to become a regular institution. The arrangements were in the hands of a committee of which Mr. Berens, '80, was chairman. The

Townsend Prizes .

In the Senior class were announced, March 7, as follows:—Lucien Francis Burpee, Rockville, Conn., "The Benevolence of Law." Samuel Monell Foster, Newburgh, N. Y., "Edmund Burke." George Washington Kirchwey, Albany, N. Y., "Edmund Burke." Louis Judson Swinburne, Albany, N. Y., "The Unrest of the Age as seen in its Literature." Louis DuPont Syle, Baltimore, Md., "The Comparative Influence of Wordsworth and Byron on the English Poetry of To-day." Ambrose Tighe, Brooklyn, N. Y., "The Benevolence of Law." And, shortly before, it was decided that the following gentlemen should represent the class of '80 at its

Junior Exhibition

On April 3:—Edmund Manross Bentley, Elmira, N. Y., "Savonarola." Edmund Frank Green, Oakland, Cal., "Marcus Aurelius Antoninus." Leroy Bliss Peckham, Lebanon, Conn., "Edmund Burke." Edward Parish Noyes, Wilmington, Mass., "Napoleon and Mexico." Harry Waters Taft. Cincinnati, O., "Grattan and Irish Society." Dickinson Woodruff Richards, Litchfield, Conn., "Loyola." Doremus Scudder, Brooklyn, N. Y., "Martin Luther—A Study." Sidney Catlin Partridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., "America's Place among

Nations." William Montague Hall, Ashford, Mass., "Peter the Great." Frank Whetstone Hopkins, Cincinnati, O., "The Armada." The editors from the class of '80 for the

Bi-weekly Papers

Have been announced as follows, the *Record* following the custom of the *Courant* and appointing its editors from all departments. *Record*:—H. C. Ordway, '80; N. G. Osborn, '80; S. C. Partridge, '80; C. A. S. Dwight, '81; Sherman Evarts, '81; J. E. Whitney, '82; W. S. McCrea, '80, S. S. S.; E. L. Goodsell, '81, S. S. S.; N. E. Decrow, '80, Financial Editor. And *Courant*:—J. E. Newcomb, '80; A. E. Hooker, '80; T. R. Morrow, '80; J. C. Coleman, '81; A. B. Lincoln, '81; C. W. Burpee, '82; L. M. Higginson, '80, S. S. S.; M. Alcott, '81, S. S. S.; F. S. Morrison, '80, Financial Editor. At a meeting of the Senior class, March 12, the following gentlemen were chosen to serve on the

Class Committees:

Class cup—L. W. Bowers, R. Barker, W. E. Story. Class Secretary—S. Willard. Class ivy—P. Bigelow, E. C. Haynie, H. A. Buffum. Senior Promenade—O. H. Waldo, chairman; F. A. Stokes, floor manager; J. Bulkley, Julian W. Curtiss, D. Daggett, G. L. McAlpine, W. H. Smith, T. W. Stiles, W. J. Trowbridge, G. D. Watrous. Class Supper—Chun Lung, H. H. Donaldson, E. P. Livingston, R. S. Rodman, M. S. Wilson. Class Day—J. V. Farwell, J. M. Fox, C. H. Livermore, W. N. Parker, F. W. Williams. By way of

Items,

There is the news of the arrangements for a single scull race between E. P. Livingston, Yale, '79, and W. N. Goddard, Harvard, '79, to take place at Worcester, Friday, May 9.—
The Linonia course of lectures has been continued by Professors Sumner, Walker and Baldwin.—Dr. Stoeckel has given two of a series of three organ recitals, being assisted in the vocal department by Messrs. Marston, '79, and Griffiths, '70, Mrs. Robertson, and Miss Phelps.—The ushers at the third President's reception were Messrs. Auchincloss, Stiles, Hitchcock, and Silsby, S. S. S.

BOOK NOTICES.

Lines in the Sand. By Richard E. Day. Syracuse, N. Y.: John T. Roberts.

This little volume of poems was published for the Syracuse chapter of Delta Upsilon, and is intended chiefly as a souvenir of a member of that society. It purports to be a collection of early miscellaneous productions. It certainly is far removed from the usual order of verse written by undergraduate authors. We are often met by rhymes more or less witty, sometimes with a degree of polish and depth of thought; and now and then we meet a truly poetic lyric or epigram. But in the volume before us we find a remarkable subjectivity, a delicate expression, and elegant finish—in short, what we look for rather in an accomplished man of letters than in a student "in the midst of a university course of study, supporting himself in the meantime by teaching." These are the verses of one who had not to search and strain for themes and utterance. They come from an introspective spirit, and flow forth as easily and fully as the notes of a bird. There is little that could be called crude or extravagant in expression, and little that does not concern man's inner experience, rather than his outward action.

There is a suggestion of Whittier in these opening lines:

"While Life's strong ocean hushed its restless throbs,
While crept its tides into their caves with sobs,
I've loved to kneel, and on the strand
With many a vow and many a hope,
And many an aspiration grand;
Then wander on the pebbly slope
Till tide expunged my passion and my vow—
Till Time smoothed out such wrinkles from his brow.

'Twas not in vain for I a charm have learned,
That soothes me when betrayed, by Fortune spurned;

I mourned—and Poesy has set me free, Thou mournest? She has solace too for thee.

And yet, though never mourner bless this line,
Nor warm his heart in beams that fall from mine,
Should one kind critic, 'mid the throng
That passes ere the tide comes in,
But read the song within my song,
Not profitless my work hath been;
For though no name is joined in weal or ill
With these sad rhymes, they're dedicated still."

And in truth these are "sad rhymes" for the most part. They are written in a minor strain, plaintive and touching; and the poet never lacks the skill to awaken the responsive chords. Listen to these stanzas from "My Treasure:"

[Death] "chilled the clay I loved, to marble cold, Yet wrapt decay in Beauty's pall To mask it,

And left me ling'ring by the saintly mold, That breathes no answering word to all

I ask it:

For Death hath stol'n the gem—the fleeting wraith, I deck with evergreens of faith

The casket.

Here, lifeless Hope, from blemish of decay The heart's pure air thy beauty's trace Is keeping;

The heart's sweet rays across thy features play, Like ocean's o'er a mermaid's face While sleeping.

But ah! no smile of hers to warm this place, No smile of olden love to share

My weeping."

We are sorry that we cannot quote more of the excellent bits this volume contains; and there are many of them, for the work is remarkably even. It is worthy of a place beside many more assuming collections, and is sure to find a sympathetic appreciation among all lovers of refined scholarly verse.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It will be a desirable change in college journalism when the days of reviews and literary criticism are ended and a period marked by more original, independent effort is begun. Or is it indispensable to a young writer to lean upon something? Does he always feel the need of a mould into which to cast his thoughts? It would seem so; for three-fourths of the exchanges before us are filled with laborious efforts to follow an unnatural bent. The writers timidly toddle along, clutching at the support and guidance given them by the plot of a novel or the scheme of a poem. Rarely enough does one break away and let his own brains or fancy lead him; not often do we get a fresh, live essay, filled with the author's personality and earnest with his own honest thought. Why should this be? It is idle to expect that the average undergraduate's opinion of William Black or Henry James will possess much interest for his fellows or carry any weight. Better far to leave such "heavy literary" to the staid Reviews, and devote all energy to making college periodicals what they ought to be-exponents of the students' peculiar ideas and literary activity. Here, for instance, is the February Berkleyan with five pages devoted to ambitious, belated, inane effusion on Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner;" in which the author tells us that "we feel that our forefathers must have read and enjoyed it," and assures us that "Coleridge must have possessed wonderful fancy as well as the power of vivid description." Such original observations, together with a synopsis and liberal extracts from that somewhat familiar poem, make up this valuable contribution. In the same issue are two articles—the one entitled "Wit and Humor;" the other, "Negro Education and Citizenship"—which, with far less pretension, are infinitely more interesting, because their authors "struck out" each in his

The rule holds even with that best of our exchanges, the Nassau Lit. Two out of four articles in the current number are reviews—well written, to be sure, but lacking in the sprightliness that belongs to a less constrained mode of composition. Thus it is that we have learned to hurry over the bulk of our exchanges and look to its notabilia or editorials for interest and amusement.

The Cornell Review opens with "Symposium Metricum," which is excellent; as witness these, the three closing stanzas:

"Pledge me now the Triple-crown'd, If of love you know the sound, If the trumpet, if the lyre Sets the heart of youth on fire! Drink to Hellas, as she stands, Hellas, Hellas, land of lands: Drink to art and eloquence, All that speaks to mind or sense:

Drink to words of law and right, Drink to liberty and light, Drink to beauty, drink to fame, Drink to an immortal name."

The Harvard papers overflow with all sorts of allusions to the recent partial admission of woman to the pursuit of "culchaw." They evidently anticipate delightful changes to be wrought by woman's touch. We extract from a prophetic article in the *Crimson*, entitled "A Bisexual Symposium—Time, 2000 A. D.:"

- ' Scene, Memorial Hall. Enter Mr. John Brown and Miss Sarah Jones, Sophomores.
- "SHE. Come, Jack, you must hurry through your dinner in two hours and a half, for I've engaged you for the first waltz. * * Wasn't that a charming dress that the Presidentess wore at her recitation in Etiquette 13, this afternoon?
 - "HE (languidly). I cut.
- "SHE. Do look how Marie's muscle shows in evening dress, since she has been pitching for the Nine; really, she ought to wear a fichû. Jack's dress is too elaborate; since he's been in College House he spends all his time in prinking. *
- "HE. What do you think of Fine Arts 2? We had a very interesting lecture to-day on the collars of 1879, illustrated by an antique portrait inscribed PACH, of a real college-boy.
- "SHE. It's not as hard as Fine Arts 1. I had to design a costume for the crew; I gave them the most delicious pull-backs, and caps with cardinal ribbons,—each girl has a waterproof ulster, of course. Since the coxswain took Cooking 8 she has grown so fat that we've had to send her to Brown's. *
- "HE. Speaking of puffs, *yours* looked horribly when you rushed into prayers at 11.05 yesterday.
- "SHE. Well, nobody looks at us girls, since the Junioresses from Cancan 15 have taken charge of the musical exercises. If I see you trying to catch the end coryphée's eye again, I'll drop you.
- "HE. You've got no right to talk, since you have had private instruction in Flirting 3 from Herr Winkerman.
- "SHE. Finish your maraschino, Jack; it's half past ten, and they're clearing the hall for the waltz."

Having once opened their columns to the restless, ubiquitous "Graduate of '69," no one can foretell the result to the unfortunate *Crimson*. We should not be surprised if they were forced to exclude even "A. L. H.," that best of the college poets, whose is the following:

MY GUIDING STAR.

"Last night appeared a glimmering star,
High in the heavens its lantern hung,
And round the orbit of my dream
The softly shining planet swung:
I woke,—is it an omen this?—
And felt upon my lips a kiss.

She is the planet, my true-love,
That hovered o'er me in my sleep,
Like fortune-stars that from above
Over their favorites vigil keep.
I am a sculptor, and I prize
The Parian whiteness of her throat;
A student of the stars, and note
The heavenly radiance of her eyes.

My guiding star, should thy soft beams Be quenched in gloom and disappear, No other light could e'er illume The darkness of my pathway here."

The quaint face of the *Lampoon* stares up at us with justified assurance. Thus he lays aside his humor in honor of the dead:

IN MEMORIAM.

"Old friend,

Who thought, and, thinking, saw the higher aim
Above the common prizes of the common game,
And, firm of purpose, sought the better fame,
Farewell.

The end

Came in thy flush of promise; thou hast gone— Be our noontide as fair as was thy dawn! Where'er thy soul, on thy calm faith upborne, May dwell.

Old friend!

Thy memory remains to shine upon
The darkened ways of us who labor on;
Farewell, the faithful friend, the earnest man,
Farewell."

The following verses may strike responsive chords somewhere:

SPARKING.

"Drear through the window lowers the day, Heavily lag the hours away; Will she not listen, my love, my own? Hush—I will call her by telephone, And swear I shall love her alway!

Wilt thou not listen, my love, my own,
To the passionate call of my telephone?
'Tis thou I shall love alway!
Yes, yes! Sweet word! but hark! I fear
'Tis a girl on another circuit I hear!
I have given myself away!"

The Vassar Miscellany contains a well-written and appreciative notice of "The Lady of Aroostook." We enjoyed the chatty style, full of a woman's "I think," but we wern't prepared for this at the end: "But," exclaims a friend of ours, "Stanniford was freckled; I can't get over that." "Yes," we reply, "it was a shock to hear the announcement, after we had formed such a noble ideal of our hero,—but then the sea air is very trying to one's complexion, you know, and otherwise he was rather 'nice;' don't you think so?" That establishes a new standard of excellence, to which future authors will do well to give heed. It tempts us to add these sentences from an editorial of the same exacting publication: "Would it not be well for us if we occasionally let our friends play the part of Cassius, who we remember says to Brutus, 'I, your glass, will modestly discover to yourself that of yourself which you yet know not of'? We wonder if that of which we know not would not often be egotism?"

We turn away from the motley heap that still remains, careless of the interesting matter it may conceal. This digging among exchanges and attempting to say wise or witty things, is a thankless task, and we are done with it henceforth.

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No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE-

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES-Cantabunt SOROLES, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1879.

NEW HAVEN:

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MIDCECLXXIX.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE .- Conducted by the Students of Vale College, This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the begin-

ning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all sub-scribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who

would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1879.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '80.

JOHN A. AMUNDSON, WILLIAM M. HALL,

ALFRED B. NICHOLS, DOREMUS SCUDDER.

A NEW FACTOR.

THERE is a continuity of moral forces no less inexorable than of the physical, and when it is said that life to-day presents a factor peculiarly its own, nothing more is assumed than a new direction for an eternally flowing force. Infinitesimal changes go on unceasingly; transitions are so gradual as to be imperceptible until embodied in some apparently sudden movement, or in some striking personality. Such changes become matters of history; they are not for an idler to trifle over. Others there are, however, which come and go like shadows on a landscape, transforming for a moment the whole scene, giving new colors and shades to life social and individual, a new quality to its expression, though never deepening to the darkness of a revolution.

I have sometimes thought that Americans, especially those of the blue blood of the Puritans, enjoy with a relish of peculiar keenness the present marked tendency in literature to the study of character in manifestations aloof from the old lines of thought and interest; a study not strictly unsympathetic, but still through eyes quite wide and clear, unclouded by stirrings of moral instincts,

and not dimmed by too quick feeling. The belief, uncomfortably omnipresent of old, that there was always a soul involved, had a chill reproof for the mere æsthetic view of character as a delightful and remunerative art study. The New England fathers, themselves types of rare artistic merit in sharpness of outline and intense though severe coloring, walked through life with eyes sternly fixed on the moral ideal. The unveiling of another's life of sins, failures and confusions would have struck them as unseemly to the verge of indecency. Action left little room for idle contemplation, and lives so intense moved with a sure swiftness that obliterated the jar and consciousness of the machinery. Moreover, the fresh purity of the New World; its crowding possibilities, wide as its prairies, mysterious as its forests; the emphasis with which Nature spoke of the insignificance of man beside her own eternal mutability, crushed out with a Titan's hand all the narrower consciousness of self. changed. As the short-winded asthmatic sentences of modern prose have followed on the full-chested sonorous periods of the English classics, so conscious introspection and analysis have succeeded to the older and statelier styles of character-drawing.

Poetry, novels, the drama, alike show this tendency. In its lowest motive curiosity, in its higher sympathy, its growth has been accompanied by a corresponding diminution in intensity of outgoing vitality, and in stability of opinions. We are more tolerant in all ways. Creeds and their adjuncts are no longer held with the fierce pride that exiled Roger Williams and persecuted the Quakers. Whether it is that we are nearing a universal and confessed Agnosticism, and feel that where no one knows aught, charity may well spread her cloak, or that we have come to a closer interconsciousness, and are better able to assume by mutual intuition the mental attitudes of others, there is in opinions held and in character conceived less that is foreign to our experience and sympathies than when the tending and guarding of our own spiritual garden-plot was the one affair of absorbing

responsibility. We are inclined to level wall and boundary altogether, to look off over the open prospect and recognize the hazy sky of the horizon as well as the clear The reign of a sympathetic comblue of the zenith. munism is upon us. "It is an ungirt time. The religion of seventy years ago was an iron belt to the mind, giving it concentration and force. A rude people were kept respectable by the determination of thought on the eternal world. Now men fall abroad, want polarity." But, after all, there is a certain strength in negations. The magnetic fixity with which the thought of a people is directed toward a spiritual pole is in its very strength a fetter. The Mystics taught that only to the soul swept of all knowledge and of all passion to utter blankness of recipiency, is it given to share in the Divine; the vanishing of the deep impressions made by set habits of thought and belief makes place for a gain expressing itself with faintness objectively, but of real subjective worth.

This widening and deepening of sympathy appears in the change of spirit in the novel. Scott, for example, painted with large and skillful brush characters whose truth and charm were at once recognized; you saw not your neighbor or yourself so much as consistent and concrete personifications of phases of human nature; the occult working of wheel within wheel,—of impulse, habit, instinct, of the thousand forces that weave the intricate-patterned fabric of life,—was not laid bare. Individual existence seemed petty beside that of nations and eras.

Novelists now have passed into an unknown land; new faculties are required; a new eyesight for the twilight region where deeds and words are but meagre indices of the power within. Once novelists were only reporters; now they must be interpreters of the most difficult and elusive of tongues. To Thackeray, Mrs. Lewes, or Hawthorne, how seldom life shows in the same aspect as to Fielding or Scott or Cooper. Ivanhoe, Leicester, Jeanie Deans we know, to be sure, almost as a contemporary might have known them. We can draw a broad, clear lesson from their lives; the study is simple, the text de-

cipherable. But we do not find that depth of insight into the individual problem, which traces the growth of a passion in the mind itself; which gauges the ebb and flow of impulse directed and modified by the coastlines of habit and circumstance. We know Pendennis, Silas Marner, Hester Prynne, not as, but far better than, we know ourselves; and these pools in which we catch glimpses of humanity have a fascination for us beside which the ocean, though reflecting the heavens, is dull and mean-One will not despise the power of lives not heroic, lives of heavy routine lived by commonplace fellow-sinners, when laid bare by a master's hand, if he has walked home in the gloaming through the fair English fields beside Seth Bede, slow peasant nature though his is, feeling the pain of disappointed love that fills his heart. The fretful mother in the cottage does not serve merely as a foil to the strong calm of Dinah Morris; she has a message of her own. Tito Melema has proved an outside conscience to many a one; his final treacherous denial is demonstrated as the inevitable and fit fruit of such successful husbandry, and by its side "the satire of a noble life," in the Frate and in Romola speaks like a clarion.

It is not dramatic art,—that the old poets wielded royally; it is not the truth of workmanship,—that must always be subordinate; nor charm of style, nor of land-scape or figure-painting; nor the atmosphere, the perspective, subjugating our senses to the conditions of unreal scenes; all this has been done as successfully before. It is almost the development of a new sense; it is the power of merging the individual in the universal, the coming to the conviction "that what touches any thread in the vast web of being touches me."

We are straining our ears to catch the undertones of life as if hoping to hear, beneath all, the voice of silence itself, a response from the ultimate limits of being; at least a whisper that would give some new accent of comfort to the

"airs and floating echoes that convey A melancholy into all our day."

Israel of old listened with awe to the Power without: the Greeks gave glad ear to the voice of a healthful nature; the Middle Ages thrilled to the music of divine ecstacies; between these fell long lapses of silence. Now we listen at home,—how well it is hard to say; noises and cries confuse us and drown what we long to hear. Contradictions are equally cried as truth. Life sweeps on and after all men are content to have found distraction even in the groans and struggles of other souls. seriousness is too awful. If we are to feel all the pain we see, our eyes will be always wet. So we play the dilettante and disguise earnestness with the flowers of a graceful pleasure-seeking. This is the phase of the novel, and it has already shown some strange developments. Beside the great streams of the masters, streams fed from mountain slopes and snows, and from high pure lakes, flow the turbid sewer-flood of the French Realistic, and the brooks of the later English and American schools. In the delight in reflections from the mirror surface the force of story and plot is being lost. An aimlessness is creeping on the story-tellers,—who are true to their name no longer.

In our poetry comes out still more forcibly the sense of seeking light through new openings to the Unknown. The instreaming gleam has something of the character of the Will o' the Wisp, but it has not a few followers, and all who are alive to the present feel the charm of the possibilities suggested by even the idle pursuit.

It is often said that no former age of modern times has so deeply appreciated and so completely appropriated the spirit of old Greece, and it is true. But the pith of the matter is missed in noting the points of likeness while disregarding those of difference. It is what we have incongruous with Hellenic thought and feeling that makes us distinctively what we are, and that points most steadily to what we are to be. It is no longer the simple problem of success which we would solve; failure may teach more. And thus has grown the conviction that there are manifestations of subtler forces than have been formulated by

physicist or philosopher; and that a scrap of humanity, stripped by some storm of misery, or untowardness of chance, shows their working as could not Apollo incarnate in his ideal perfection. And with the serious intent comes a new and vivid sense of the barriers. Individuality is found a prison. At best we can do little more than conjecture the life, intense and multiform, lying behind the eyes that look most frankly into ours. Still, fascinated and drawn on, we own no deeper source of delight than the study of the perplexing half-lights of humanity, whether we will pass an idle hour, or, with more serious purpose, seek to know

"Whence our lives come, and where they go."

GREY EYES.

Clear grey on the gleaming river,
And warm in the sky above;
The two in your eyes are mingled,
In the eyes I love.

Lucent and fair and unruffled,
Sweet eyes of dawn, as true
As the clear-flowing calm of the river
Your fathomless hue;

With a veiling of gracious splendors
As through mist-banks of star or sun;
Whose noontide shining illumines
My dreams alone.

w.

THE JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION:

Beter the Great.

By WILLIAM MONTAGUE HALL, ASHFIELD, MASS.

CIVILIZATION is not always a plant of centuries, with roots sunk deep into the buried ruins of a Babylon or Rome, watered by Galileos, Shakspeares, Cromwells, Luthers, the product of steady natural accretion, the purpose and the proof of "the slow gestation of progressive history." There is catastrophism in the change of man as in the change of nature. Sometimes a civilization bursts volcanic from a barren plain, and we know that some Enceladus has stirred. To such a civilization I ask your thoughts to-day, and to the giant who upraised it.

When Locke is writing his philosophy and Fénelon his epic, the plains of Don and Volga are the dreary habitation of a shapeless empire, a medley of barbarous tribes held together by a despot and a superstition—in whom. under their double load of tyranny, no thrill of life can Muscovy is a nation without sea-ports, without manufactures, without society, without ambition. Her history is ignorance, anarchy, despotism; her future what? Whence can life come to her? Shall her creeping growth bring it in twenty centuries or so? Shall enemies attack her and force her to be civilized in self-defence? Shall a camel driver or a monk preach a new religion and set her heart and mind aflame together? If there is for her no Mohammed and no Luther, what hope is there? What fibre in her would answer to the touch of a Dante, a Confucius, a Richelieu? She has no society, no literature, no memories. Yet there is one way. From the last and darkest corner of the Possible—yes, from a throne. from a barbarian throne—comes light. Peter, a childking, ignorant, passionate—this is the savior of Russia. the founder of a civilization. A Swiss adventurer tells

him of strange power and knowledge in the West. Peter makes his companions in vice his companions in learning; is set on fire with zeal to make his nation great in the earth. He confounds his scheming sister-regent by imprisoning her and scattering her conspiracies to the four winds of heaven. He must have a sea-port; he gathers up his motley soldiers and flings them upon Azof, to be scattered, gathered up and hurled again. The water wears away the rock; Azof falls, and Europe wonders. Peter now has a sea-port, and experience. He cannot attempt another ruinous victory. His design of war on Sweden must be put away till he can civilize and discipline his rabble into an army, till he can civilize and discipline himself into a statesman. So comes his memorable journey to Holland and Great Britain. The proud ambitious czar postpones his ambition and humbles his pride to learn kingcraft of foreigners. In one year he gathers up the knowledge of the West and hurries back to Russia to force it on his bewildered and unwilling people. Thenceforth all his life he is warrior, student, reformer, tyrant. He determines to take his capital from Moscow and plant it in the sea; and he fights Charles XII. twenty years for the marshy site of Petersburgh. The pretorian guard of Russia threaten to reassert their ancient power; he destroys them as promptly and as cruelly as Mehemet Ali did the Mamelukes. The priests oppose his reformation of society; he appoints the court-fool patriarch, and makes the church the laughing-stock of Russia. He builds cities, regulates his subjects' dress and beards, establishes schools, teaches etiquette, medicine, and cookery. His activity is infinite and infinitesimal: he plans a foreign policy for two centuries, and out-Philips Philip II. in his passion for details. The people protest and struggle against the reforms of this overpowering czar: but the long skirts and the beards are cut away. the monasteries tumble, the hospitals and factories rise, the stolen library of Abo is opened, the schools begin their sessions, the sacred calendar is changed and no avenging fire descends from heaven. In a word, the people are civilized by storm. The drama of human progress is acted in a day before the eyes of Europe.

The books tell us that such civilization is varnish and not change; that it is coinage of base metal, soon useless and destroyed. That Peter ought not to have imported a civilization, but to have raised one at home by skillful, generous nursing; by encouragement of trade, production, science, art, literature, manners. That a "Slavonic civilization" was needed by the Slav. The philosophers were right, in general; for when a nation is past its childhood, when the vital essence has faded from its social forms, no change of forms can change its nature, no change of environment can neutralize its education. But Russia was barbarous and young; forms were realities, mind was still in great part the mirror of surroundings; and Peter's reckless destruction of old customs and establishment of new really affected the substance of men's lives: when he mocked the church, Ecclesiarchy fell: when he brought woman into society, Orientalism fled across the Danube. While men resisted change, they were changed; ay, their very opposition helped them on: it waked them forever from barbaric torpor. When men resist civilization, their civilization is begun. Peter was wiser than his critics; wiser, perhaps, than he himself knew. Their plan was to multiply zeros; to encourage the manufactures, the science, the literature, which did not exist. What manner of thing a "Slavonic civilization" would be, the world does not yet know. Peter's plan was to create. It was time for strength, not skill: for courage, not prudence; for blows, not nursing. The prophets said that his civilization would not civilize; that his galvanized Russia would drop lifeless when he died. What an answer waited for them in the coming years! Muscovy the ignorant, matching her astronomers and physicists, her poets and her statesmen, with the princes of their kind! Muscovy the despised, grown to the Titan of the North, the shadow on the pride of England!

Blemishes there were in Peter's civilization: the volcanic glaze and smell of sulphur are upon it still. Bar-

barism lingered, struggled, lingers and struggles to this day—for Barbarism is well-nigh immortal—but its crown of forty centuries' misrule is buried in the tomb of the Great Czar. He, a despot, planted the seeds of liberty. By main force he drove fifteen millions of men toward civilization. He found an empty council chamber, he left a policy; he found a group of tribes, he left a nation; he found a mob, he left an army; he found darkness, he was light. The Russian needs no mythology. To him Mars, Apollo, Cadmus, Hercules, Æsculapius, Vulcan, all are one—the White Czar.

Like the gods and heroes, Peter bears no unstained name. He was cruel, for the ancestral fire of despotic power was in his veins; but we remember at what altar he blindly offered up his human sacrifices. He was perfidious, but Walpole and Alberoni taught him honor; ay, the nineteenth century has not forgotten how to lie. fought selfish wars. Reproach him, France, conqueror of Europe! Reproach him, England, poisoner of China! Reproach him, partitioners of Poland and of Turkey! His cruelty, his perfidy, his selfishness—they were the salvation of half a continent; they increased the sum of human happiness; they are forgiven. Never did reformer rise from so black a depth. Paul was self-righteous; Luther was superstitious; but Peter was a king. heritage, his royal mantle, was the triple cloud of pride, ignorance, and passion, that surrounds a barbarian throne. His legacy was Russia. He turned the reservoir of the Goths and Huns, the fountain of medieval darkness, into the spring of a new civilization. He laid the foundations of progress so broad and deep that no succeeding storm of revolution or flood of nihilism has stirred them. He was Peter, and upon that rock has all the greatness of new Russia been built.

PASCHALIS.

With echoes of the Lenten bells Still ringing in our ears, With the sad joy, the joyful tears, Of which their music tells.

We hail thee, gentle Easter morn, Dawning so calm and fair That hearts half dead with dull despair, Rise with fresh hope upborne.

"Christ's body is indeed not risen," Men say, "Your hope is vain;" Alas! I know not. But 'tis plain, Suffice it, in our hearts he's risen.

THE ROMANCE OF SAN MIGUEL.

A T Monterey, in the vine-clad veranda of a quaint Spanish mansion, one afternoon, I was sitting, just aroused from a siesta, by the voice of my host. It was a typical Southern California day: dry, sultry, and enervating; and I had been lazily dreaming out my Chateaux en Espagne, during the time allotted, in Spanish families, for the afternoon nap or siesta. Through a leafy frame came to my eyes a most pleasing picture: below, and out for many a mile, stretched the ocean, bordered landwards by a dazzlingly white beach; at another side were the foothills stripped, it is true, of their verdure, but bold and massive withal, and on one of these rugged mountainsides stood a most curious ruin, with towers sharply defined against the blue sky. It was among these crumbling walls that my thoughts had wandered, and of them had I been dreaming. I could not reconcile this ruin with its surroundings. On the Rhine, or anywhere in Europe. such remains would have seemed fitting, but here in young California, without an old feudal system, what an

incongruous something this was! Musing upon the possibilities of a story connected with the castle, and on the point of struggling with myself to find means of escape for my heroine, had she been carried off to this stronghold by some robber knight of olden time, I could not help feeling annoyed at Don Colino and his hearty efforts to rouse me from a supposed nap. Hastily explaining that I had not slept, I described to him the curiosity which the sight of the ruin had aroused in me.

A happy gleam shot over his swarthy features and I knew the subject was pleasing to him. "Ah, the Señor means our San Miguel; it is old, old for us, but you know, Señor, that the adobe walls do not endure, and therefore, although but threescore of years have passed since it was built, the ruin appears such an one as you may have found crumbling and fallen in old Spain. But the story; poor Ramon! poor Zelia! Long after the edifice yonder has gone to decay, their fate will be tenderly recalled." Expressing delight that my ruin should own a story, I begged Don Colino for further information. "If you wish, we will ride among the hills and pass the old church, and on the way I shall tell you of San Miguel."

Soon we were scouring the country without speaking, but my friend, seeing my eagerness, charitably drew rein to that slow trot, by which the little mustang accomplishes such long journeys. "You must know, Señor, that this San Miguel is not an old castle, but one of the churches established years ago by our blessed Mother." Hereupon he crossed himself devoutly. "Around it grew a little colony of good Spaniards, who, guided by the fathers, sought to live uprightly before God and man. The Mission prospered, and at matin or vesper-bell, a goodly number would come to worship at the altar of our patron saint. When my mother took me at eventime, I was impressed, child though I was, by the sweet peace which seemed to rest upon the hallowed place, as I sat entranced by the girl's voice which chanted in response to the fathers. One day I waited to catch a glimpse of the singer. She was beautiful. Spanish in name, she had inherited, from her German mother, yellow hair and a fair cheek, while her father's race shone in her proud bearing and in an occasional angry glance. Among so many dark-hued people, Zelia seemed a lily, and in truth we called her our lily. She was rich, and report gave an incredible number of horses and cattle to him whom she might reward with her hand."

My friend ceased speaking, as his cigarette had gone out; and while he was preparing another, I marveled at the absurdity of endowing a lily with cattle—they would trample upon her. He continued. "The suitor most favored by her parents and by Zelia herself was Ramon. Young, handsome and bold, he was one of whom our lily might be proud, and the betrothal met with the blessing of the church, and the best wishes of friends. Whilst all were rejoicing in their happiness, and before the wedding-day was chosen, news came of a border raid in which we had met with severe loss, and a demand was made upon the loyal of San Miguel to go and fight our foe. Ah, Señor, Ramon, brave man that he was, went away with the rest, after having received Zelia's blessing upon his cause. Well do I remember their parting. Galloping gaily at his side, she accompanied Ramon to the cañon where the path entered the mountains, and a stranger would have thought her happy and delighted; but I, who knew her well, failed not to detect a flush upon her cheek and a certain reckless and unnatural excitement in her bearing.

"Report soon came that Ramon had won a great victory, but this was almost immediately followed by the news that his whole command had been surprised and ruthlessly swept down. The messenger declared that the bodies of Ramon and two of his lieutenants had not been found, but on the heights of a precipice were discovered their caps and belts; and so we could only infer that the unfortunate men had been thrown into the torrent below.

"It was my mother alone who dared to communicate to Zelia the sad news. For a moment the girl seemed stunned, but then she summoned her courage and bravely

bore the shock. As I passed by her house next day, she was arranging her little garden and humming softly to herself one of the songs Ramon used to sing. Her black dress alone would show that she had met with a loss. I could not then understand her indifference; yet, a short time afterwards, while riding at the entrance to the mountains where Ramon and Zelia had parted, I saw a horse fastened to the roadside and saddled with a woman's saddle. Wondering not a little, I quietly penetrated the thicket, and there, in an open place, lying prone upon the grass, was poor Zelia, crushed with grief and just able to motion me away. Frightened, I rushed off. but as I was slowly riding home, the clatter of a horse rapidly approaching caused me to turn, and I beheld Zelia dashing towards me. As she passed, her face was gay, even happy, and when she playfully flourished her riata at me, unable to resist the challenge, I put spurs to my horse, and we had a most exciting race. I could not believe that this was the sad, disheartened girl whom I had seen but a moment before. I could only gradually realize that it was not indifference, but sensitive pride which prevented our Zelia from seeming to lament the lost Ramon.

"Well, Señor, years went on and my lady sought consolation in the holy church, and many a blessing was invoked upon her head by the poor for leagues away. Aided by the good *Padre*, she was a ministering angel to San Miguel. She still had many suitors, but to all she gave a positive refusal, and this was the only indication that she did not forget Ramon. One day our little community was startled to hear that Zelia had taken upon herself the first vows of sisterhood; and, it was told, the black veil would be assumed in due time at the convent of Benicia, in the north country. Her mother said that the step was the result of deep piety and religious convictions, not disappointment in worldly matters.

"At last the morning came when she was to leave us forever. Although it may be a happy privilege of our Church," and Roman Catholic devotion to Church was evidently at war with his human nature, "I am always

sorrowful when she robs the world of a fair girl and shuts her up in a convent. The whole Mission assembled to bid good-bye, and, as the cavalcade started, children ran before strewing with flowers the pathway of our Zelia. We watched the riders until, in a cloud of dust, they disappeared over the crest of a hill. On the evening of that same day, there came in hot haste to our door a horseman. After an instant my father called my mother, and I in curiosity followed, my parents too disturbed to notice the intrusion. They were earnestly talking with a pale, bearded stranger, who quickly rushed out, jumped on his horse, and was off again, scarcely waiting to hear my father cry:—'They are but a few hours beyond. Use all haste, and you may be yet in time. God speed you, Ramon.'"

At this moment, we left our horses and walked towards the old pile, and when we had seated ourselves under the shade of its broken walls, Don Colino resumed his narrative: "One day a little company of horsemen came to the Mission, and, in eager hope that they might be Ramon and Zelia, the people gathered around them; but no Ramon, no Zelia did they bring us, Señor. They were the attendants of Zelia, who had accompanied her to Benicia. Ramon had joined them, en route, but when the first delight at regaining her lover was over, Zelia had coldly pointed to the white dress in which, as a novice, she was clothed. The two had ridden aside, and so their words were not heard; but, after an appearance of yielding to his suit, Zelia, hurrying away from Ramon, had given to her people the word to advance at full speed. They left Ramon standing with his hand upon his horse's neck, but soon he followed slowly, and thus continued for a time as though in amazement; and when last noticed he had fallen down and seemed to have fainted."

My friend ceased, and, great as was my desire to know the fate of the lovers, I could not, at first, break in upon his reverie by a question, but I finally ventured to ask him to continue. His only answer was, "Come, Señor."

I followed until, on the shaded side of the ruin, we

came to a spot, green with flourishing grass and bright with many flowers, in marked contrast with the sterile surroundings; and here, side by side, were two graves, the one fresh and apparently of recent origin, bearing on its simple head-stone the line, "Zelia—in religion, Sister Eustacia;" the stone on the other grave was inscribed with the single word, "Ramon."

"This," said Don Colino, "is the sequel. The Señor, doubtlessly, knows that, miles away from Monterey, there is a point where the rock runs so far out into the ocean that the beach at its base can be passed, for a short time only, at the very lowest tides. Precipitous bluffs lie on either side, and if, when the tide is coming in, a traveler should go far within these steep walls, escape from death would be impossible. He cannot return;—the sea is in his track. He cannot go beyond the point—the rocks forbid; and on the land side, the lofty bluffs cannot Well, one bright, glorious afternoon, the be scaled. fishermen on this dangerous beach saw a horseman riding furiously in the direction of the point below. They frantically hailed him, but he would not stop, and with a wild, mad shout he rode behind the rock which marks the en-The tide was turning, and the trance to the fatal strand. fishermen dared not follow. Next morning the dead bodies of horse and rider were cast up by the waves. The rider, Señor, was Ramon.

"As he had known, from his boyhood, of the dangerous character of this beach, he was declared a suicide, and our good *Padre* refused to bury him in the consecrated ground of the churchyard, and so we dug his grave on this spot, as near as possible to the old church. The priests would not bury Ramon, but see how green his grave is. Who takes care of it, Señor?"

"Just a year ago, Zelia died. After long devotion to her order, after a spotless, beautiful life, the last wish of the Sister Eustacia was, that she might be buried under the ruins of San Miguel by the side of Ramon.

"It is growing cool, Señor, let us return."
We rode home in silence. My castle had its story.

OUR LADY OF DREAMS.

Clear against the dusk of crimson, Wrought of Orient art and loom, Face of light the gold hair dims on, Sleeps thine old-world bloom.

High, unvanquished, unforgetting,
Though forgot of place and name,
Sun of beauty held from setting
In a heaven of flame;—

Love has turned to bitter ashes, Fame has fallen to silent breath, Still thine eyes through veiling lashes Wing fierce scorn of Death.

Still those deeps of gleaming azure Light the night and lead the noon, Shot with sea-gray ripples as your Own sea-queen's lagoon.

And, as on a windless morning

Crowned with stars and robed with mist,
When the ocean waits the dawning,
Waits the Sun-god's kiss,

They who watch the seaward gliding
Of the craft that lapse and fade,
See a dreamy beauty sliding
O'er the dreaming wave;—

'Thwart thy gracious brows draw softly Shadowy loves once closely clasped, Loves and lives laid down so lothly, Dreams alike at last.

In thine ears for aye are sighing

Long-mute winds of memory;

Long-quenched stars for thee are rising

Out of thy Southern sea.

F. E.

A LITERARY EXODUS.

IKE the decks of the ocean steamships in the summer months, the pages of the monthlies for some time past have been bright with those "fair visitants" that spread their gayest plumage in the sunshine of Paris. The prospect has become alarming, lest, as our summer resorts are bereaved by superior Lutetian enticements, so our lighter literature forsake its familiar home fields and weary us with simultaneous transitions in space and in character. The Royal Highway is periodically reattempted, though proved no thoroughfare, and studies of the life, scenery, and art, of other lands have for a long time been pursued under the guise of the novel. Of late the process has been reversed in a way disconcerting to one's sense of proportion; the growth of centuries, the work of generations, the elaboration of nature are made the background for the most transitory and trivial of human passions, and we have flirtations under the columns of Baalbec, assignations in the Coliseum, and the eternal thistledown of chitchat blown indifferently through the lobbies of the opera and the arches of an abbey.

The daughter of France is a figure well known in the graceful rôle of home life, as in the public one of the best dressed of women; the acquaintance of the English girl we have made along with that of her brothers; but about the typical American maiden there lingers an uncertainty. At least with foreigners she is hazy and undefined, whether she be a rampant Daisy Miller or a meekfaced Irene. She is in fact multiform, Southern, Eastern, Western; each of the cardinal points claims its own type. If, as Novalis wittily defined, every Englishman is an island, in a certain sense every American is a continent, and (if the awkward immensity of the scale can be pardoned in its further application) it is true irrespective of Her faults are prodigious, her virtues massive; and below faults and virtues lies an expanse of character fertile for fruits of every clime. So also in New England:

and the Lady of the Aroostook goes out with the spirit of the land upon her. There is a large seriousness about her that may become overwhelming. She takes things, from amusements to devotions, in so direfully serious a way. Not at all that she is incapable of apprehending the lighter sides of life; she is a quick pupil where she pleases; but she uses too firm a grasp on that immediately in her way to turn easily to new interests, or to get at the comic element of life that lies in constant transitions and their attendant smile-provoking incongruities. Wit in words lies in the keen perception of such latent unfitness; the humor of living consists in a corresponding perception of the lack of consistency between profession and practice, possibilities and actualities; and if the humor be not felt the ultimate seriousness is.

One has the question thrust upon him in the presence of this country school-mistress of narrowest experience, with scarce an inkling of the world outside of the circle of her native hills, unconscious of her anomalous position on shipboard, whether after all, from some inner vantage-point of knowledge she is not viewing over her entrenchments the haps of the men around her and of the world at large, with a quiet perception of the truth of life that gives her a towering advantage.

She is monosyllabic; worse than this, she "wants to know;" she is passive and silent to the verge of monotony; yet it is not shyness nor reserve; she is mistress of the situation and has the grace and poise lent her by the half-unconscious perception of the fact. She makes no effort to adapt herself to circumstances; why should she? Circumstances have not made up her life heretofore in the quiet village where nothing happens. She has not yet learned the life that lives only in the chances of the hour, in the succession of tiny eddies that distract by motion without advance, and satiate by weariness without attainment. The poverty without has heightened the wealth within,—not for production but for possession, and as such poverty is wealth, such ignorance is knowledge. But it lies close within the sphere of herself. Her empire

must always be of the narrowest, though she reign supreme there; educate her by "foreign advantages" and she passes to a new throne to fill it with new grace. It is a disappointment not to witness the succeeding to this more tangible social crown; but after all, her lover was wise in replanting his flower in the old soil, in the air of the old traditions. At all events, if the remotest contingency of another Daisy Miller impended. Impossible, you say, as to make a Nell Gwyn from a Quakeress; but the assertion is as untenable as the comparison is unjust.

You have met not a few undeveloped Daisy Millers, and have, I will warrant, been bewitched with every one. Only you did not suspect the power of the European hot-house in modifying the type, in intensifying piquancy to pertness, wit to wildness, and above all the effect of contrast,—the setting of the gem. The same poise and independence that brought Lydia home unsullied or ungraced (as you will) by foreign polish, set Daisy Miller in a position of bold defiance of the unfamiliar social conditions to which she would not mould herself. The one sought preservation of individuality in retreat, the other in resistance.

One can honestly admire much in these two contrasting types, but when one passes the door of the Pension Beaurepas, a sepulchral chill comes upon him as before the ghosts of ill dreams. Whether the veneer of "culture" that Mrs. Church maintains by dint of an open volume and dilute talk on generalities, or the hard dogged exhibition of sordidly fashionable tastes by the feminine Rucks is the more revolting, it is hard to say. These are American types in one sense; types of the ephemeral elements of society attendant on the nation's youth. Aurora Church is a piquant study, with nothing American except her blood. She is a personified epigram at our expense; Miss Ruck is little more than a biting caricature.

If, as a romanticist says, women are the opals and sapphires, while men are the homely charcoal,—one and the same substance, yet how different,—such as these have something baleful in their lustre, suggesting the clever imitations of the chemist beside the real stones. The truth is, as far as literature is concerned, the American maiden has not yet crystallized and taken form. Our Ethics of the Dust have not yet found their expounder, and we are well content with our individual creeds and individual worship, which, after all, loses none of its ardor from the lack of satisfactory generalizations.

As yet we have been given only sketches,—hints for the coming portrait when the true background shall be given, and we shall not have to go abroad to study American character.

NOTABILIA.

ONE more of the milestones, which mark our progress through college, has been rapidly left behind, and all that remains to us of our spring recess is a bright page in memory's volume. Perhaps our friend the weather was a little more disagreeable in his attentions to our comfort than we could have desired; but after all, who, save the Freshman ambitious to dazzle all eyes with a view of his important person, bestowed a thought upon this our most constant, yet fickle companion, when once the home circle—and what does not this term convey to each of us -had woven about us the magic web of pure enjoyment? It is too much the habit of the modern student, whom the peculiar training of the age has inspired with the thirst for excitement, to undervalue in conversation, if not in opinion, the fascination of quiet pleasures. It is this fact, which has given the Easter week the reputation of a dull season. A little reflection, however, and the reviewing of two or three pages of memory will convince us that this is the most unique, and, allowing for its brevity, the most delightful of all our seasons of relaxation. son for this is a simple one, and is to be sought in the

change which the week affords, a change from a period of extreme busy-ness to one of absolute rest. Coming at a time when the winter gayety has passed, when the delights of spring are yet in the future, when there can be no outside calls upon our leisure, it is admirably adapted for that so rare pursuit of to-day, the cultivation of one's home. We have heard or seen somewhere expressed the sentiment, that real character is best measured by the appreciation of home. If true—and why should it not be so—those of us, who lately visited our homes, had an opportunity of testing our characters by the state of our feelings, as we filed into recitation on a recent Thursday morning.

It is a pleasant task, when on the threshold of even so short an era as a new term, to glance back and notice somewhat of that, which has agitated public opinion in our small community. The college world is not so far removed from the larger one without, as to differ from it in any essential particular. Waves of opinion of no little importance to our characters are continually surging upon our little sea of popular sentiment. The past term, strange to remark, was noticeable for the absence of all excitement, and yet it deserves attention as being a period, characterized by more earnest thought and real progress, than it has been our fortune to observe in connection with any term during the last three years. state of things was perhaps the natural reaction from such extreme views with regard to college topics, as have, for so long a time, held the attention of the students. It is a phenomenon well worthy of consideration, when the average Yale man stops to reflect soberly upon religious subjects. Yet the past term presented many instances of this occurrence, and to anyone, who is in the habit of studying the college, it was apparent that the interest, which our press now and then manifested on such subjects, was in reality the surface agitation, which gave evidence of the deep current of feeling beneath. Unlike the forced, strained sentiment of a year ago, this seems

to have received a natural birth in the minds of all. It surely argues well, when college men for a time lay aside their usual lightness and indulge in a little serious thought upon matters unconnected with the curriculum. While we should be most sorry ever to see jolly Yale metamorphosed into a straight-laced Oberlin, and should grieve to behold the day, when the strong, characterforming temptations which beset the Yale student disappear, still we shall be the first to rejoice, whenever there is displayed a powerful sentiment against the false ideas and egotistical pretensions to unbelief, which are wont to characterize a community like ours.

ANY observant person, and at times even one who is not of very perceptive habits, in walking through the campus of an evening, cannot fail to notice the variety of noises, which, under the pretense of being of a musical nature, sound forth from the buildings and succeed well in making about two hours of the night somewhat unpleasant, if not hideous. However, as a direct advance, we hail these symptoms with joy. It was but a few years ago, when a piano on the campus was looked upon as an infernal machine, while a flute or a violin seemed the very devil himself. It was then that the fence songs were considered types of best music, while the few, feeble attempts of the Glee Club to rise above these were viewed with extreme disfavor. True, then was the era, when college ditties possessed a charm, with which time can never again invest them; still these simple songs were regarded as ideals. Of late there has come a change, fortunate for the student and not unfortunate for our Glee Club, provided it exercises a little more care in not running too far ahead of the college taste. There has undoubtedly been a revival, or, perhaps better, a birth of a purer taste for music. It is evinced in many ways, notably by the increase in the number of good instruments in our rooms. by the popularity of entertainments where a high order of music is the principal feature, and by the demand for greater musical advantages. The interest manifested in

the organ recitals of the past two years and the successful operation of a college orchestra are to be taken as indications of a change of sentiment among us. The question may be and often is asked, Why do not college men make greater advances in this branch of knowledge? First: our four years' course is too are two answers. short and too crowded with other pursuits to enable us to go far toward mastering this subject. Secondly and chiefly: our instructors, and those who have the management of the university, know little about music, care less. and as a consequence wholly ignore it as a science. day must come-and grant that it may be soon-when institutions of learning will afford opportunities for pursuing the study of music. It would be a grand thing for Yale to begin a great work by placing within the reach of undergraduates a somewhat thorough course in music. This may seem to some a chimerical suggestion. We assure you it is not so. Those who think thus, cannot have given the subject due reflection, or else have no appreciation of the value of a musical education. consoling thought, that when the inestimable value of even a very imperfect knowledge of this grand science, as well as art, is recognized, there will be made manifest a demand, which is in other words a supply.

In this the iconoclastic age, with reference to college customs and usages, we are naturally becoming more and more jealous of the few relics of olden time, which the ruthless hands of our gods have as yet failed or neglected to snatch from us. It is at this juncture when all our energies are being most strenuously exerted to conceal these mementoes of the past glory of the Yalite, and when the vulture-eyed, keen-scented faculty are straining every nerve to discover some new object for plunder, that one of our number deliberately turns traitor, and through the columns of a contemporary points out to our enemy a hitherto overlooked privilege. One of the dearest boons to us, who labor and toil to struggle through

the weary four-years journey of study, is the sight of a fresh, young, feminine face, brimful of life and joy, whose very presence among us seems that of a divine messenger to draw away for the moment our thoughts from the dull routine of work to the delights of freedom and rest. has pleased the fates to arrange for us such glimpses of heaven at the very time, when of all others our work is the most oppressive, when the outlook is the most dreary, when Despair, if ever that grim giant invades our little domain, comes nearest to all, we mean, of course, at morning chapel. And here in the face of all these facts the false-hearted enemy advances with his battery of argument, denouncing us as "impertinent," "impudent." Poor student of human nature! we pity while we denounce thee. Just as if the fair faces were not made for being viewed! Just as if our beauteous visitants had not expended much pains and time upon their toilettes with the sole expectation of meeting the gaze of those "upturned faces," and of noting with conscious pride the looks of admiration depicted upon them! Just as if there ever beat a woman's heart that would not be filled with disappointment, not to say a little anger, if she should fail to call forth responsive glances from the assemblage of poor mortals, to whom her presence seemed the visit of an angel. Let the wretched misanthrope, who has provoked our ire, reflect for a moment upon the consequences that would follow a decree of our Olympians, forbidding us to turn our eyes toward the sacred back gallery. How could we ever survive the cruel torture of that misnomer, the choir, to say nothing of the fifteen minutes of agony —dignified by the title of prayer—that follows? Whence could we gain strength to face the awful ordeal of the usual morning "flunk?" No! chapel without the prospect of some stray visitor would become unbearable. Our now precarious college existence would be an impossibility. The increased burden of marks would sink us, and we should disappear beneath the surface of collegiate life, never to reappear again.

ONE word as to our Sabbath church service. Of a certainty our revered faculty never committed a more praiseworthy deed than when they chose our college pastor. We, who tasted and saw of the old regime that it was very bad, devoutly give thanks every Lord's day for the blessing of hearing, dispensed from the pulpit, the gospel, instead of long-winded nothingness. As the faculty were in a measure forced to appoint, or perhaps we should say to acquiesce in the appointment of a preacher, our gratitude is not so great toward them as toward our There is no one of us, who does not pastor himself. appreciate his zeal in our behalf, and rejoice because of his faithfulness to his work. As there is a wide-spoken request on the part of many, it deserves to be made public. There are very few of us, who do not look with envy upon the theological students, because of the rare privilege they enjoy of listening to so many noted divines. The wish naturally arises among many, who can never expect to hear these men outside of New Haven, Would that the opportunity were extended to us. The following question is the result: Could not our pastor at times exchange with some of these clergymen of well-nigh national reputation?

PORTFOLIO.

-When the history of the "Knickerbocker Walking Club" comes to be written, the truthful historian will inform the world that it was between the Sauterne and Segars of the café that it had its origin. The evolution of the Knickerbocker from the ancient bathing appendage and the further development of the first into the inartistic spring-bottoms is a question full of interest to the student of social morals, but unfortunately clouded in the mystery that lurks behind every tailor's sign. We are satisfied with the simple, if not analytical reason of Sir Joseph, K. C. B., who remarked that he wore knee-breeches because he disliked pants and was furthermore supported in his view of the matter by his accommodating female relatives. But unfortunately for us Sir Joseph was a Briton, and if there is one thing that raises the suspicions of the average college inmate quicker than another, it is a possible imitation of an English swell. Moreover there is a latent feeling somewhere, that Knickerbockers are a peculiarly cockney institution, and I don't know but some may expect to see knee-breeches and balmorals on the Strand just as the average Englishman will ask a New Yorker about the health of the Buffaloes on Upper Broadway. But without entering into further speculation, the fact stands that the college welcomes the first Knickerbocker as it does the first plug-hat, the first "Regimental sky-blues," the first head from the horseclipping apparatus, or anything else that savors of novelty. A few graceful plaisanteries follow the first mover in this direction as he attempts to steal away from a Durfee entry, fondly hoping that he may pass unobserved the gauntlet of leanshanked critics whose life is rendered sweet in the early spring time, by perfuming their latest spring patterns with the aroma of "Old Judge" on the steps of the said building. "What do you call this?" "Pad those tooth-picks," "Shoot the kneebreeches," "Hallo, Pipe-stem," "Swim out," "Call it in." "Here's a circus," "Fire!" and similar cabalistic notes of endearment inaugurate the event. But don't let this discourage you. Think of the fortitude that has supported the frontispiece of the Lit. through forty-four volumes. Recall the unlimited amount of facetiæ that has fallen to the lot of Elihu

the Bow-legged, who stands serenely upon the last volume of the Lit., as he has stood for years and will stand "dum mens grata manet," to vindicate the dignity of the knee-buckle. Its practical utility needs no apologist, as any one will confess who has tried to run, leap fences, or climb in the pants of the period. The crew, ball nine and foot ball-team are certainly not influenced by a fashion when they discard two-bags for the encasing of their limbs. It is the freedom of motion that they seek in adopting their costume. "But what is a poor devil to do whose elongated bicuspids resemble the lean kine of Egypt?" you ask. Ma foi, ce n'est pas ma faute.

---Of what fine gold the Greek legends were spun, else they could never have survived the strains and torsions which they have been subject to ever since. Some one says that great authors always say far more than they are conscious of; let us hope that they are not held responsible for it, otherwise the ancients have much to answer for. As for instance, this "Epic of Hades." It is one of the newer things under the sun (newest one never can say), and its blossoms are gathered from the old stock with a charming air. Asphodel, moly, galingale, amaracus,—ah, where do not the familiar flowers please us; the old fragrance is always there; it cannot be destroyed by any rearrangement. But for my part,—being truly unscientific,—I recoil from having it pointed out to me that galingale is only a variety of the genus Zinziber, and moly akin to our common mandrake. I am so little of a botanical enthusiast that I grieve to learn that Olympus and Parnassus did not have their own divine flora, just as I grieve to think of the Coliseum brought to a shameless old age by the stripping away of its own peculiar draperies, and the Baths of Caracalla reduced to gigantic brick-heaps from the nightingale-haunted thickets that Shelley loved. I will not know that the hyacinth of any but Grecian soil bears hieroglyphics on its petals, and I will believe them indeed the cry of woe. So I do not acquiesce in Hippolytus being overwhelmed by a wave to the elimination of the supernatural, or the horns of Actæon suggested only by the full brown eyes, "as of a hunted hart." Poetry least of all should break the spell of a charmed credulity.

—During the recess I was in Boston, and on the afternoon and evening of Good Friday I went to hear Bach's Passion

music. The hall was densely crowded, and in the afternoon I had to satisfy myself with a seat on a gallery step; but in the evening Fortune helped me to just the seat I wanted—one where I could both hear the music and watch the audience. For some time I gave my whole attention to the singers, but as they advanced farther in the rendering of their parts, I found myself studying the crowd of people, and wondering how they were being impressed. Over the multitude generally there had settled a deep quiet. Recitative, aria, and choral, followed in uninterrupted succession. After any unusually fine rendering there was a rustle of appreciation, but quickly came back again the eager hush. So different was the spirit of that audience from the spirit of an ordinary concert hall, that it seemed to me the singers themselves, unless they shared in it, must be embarrassed from the very novelty of their situation. For this spirit I saw two explanations. A story was being told; a story the saddest words can tell, and in music unutterably sad. It was being told as true, but to its many listeners it might be commending itself as true, or as merely truth-like, just as when we read a story, if the picture drawn be a natural one, we are moved to hate or pity or love or grief, and that, too, without considering whether the tale be true or not. For the time being we assume its reality. When we read the narrative of some real event, we feel the same emotions; but, perchance, not more deeply than before. The difference is that where, in the one case, we put ourselves into a certain mental attitude, in order to appreciate a certain thing, in the other, we appreciate it as we are. Then the impression made is more likely to last because it is made upon ourselves; otherwise it is less likely. In the audience around me that sad story was finding eager listeners; but were they making a merely temporary hypothesis of its truth in order to receive it more perfectly and appreciate its beauty? Was it to them but a beautiful idea, worthy to be accepted for its own sake? Or, in its majesty and sadness, did it come to them as to souls unenveloped in any guise of supposition? Would the thousands around me fold their programmes as one closes the covers of a touching story, and, after one long breath, pass from the hall within to the street without, from these thoughts to thoughts far different? Or was it all to be real and lasting? In doubt I left my wonderings and became a simple listener again.

---I have a grievance, and one of long standing. In that tidy little brown-covered book that united so marvelously fancy and facts for the entertainment of the juvenile mind,-I mean the familiar "Evenings at Home,"—and beguiled us with its somewhat ponderous and encyclopædic charms even from Defoe and Oliver Optic, is a tale that illustrates with painful accuracy what I mean. Peace to its vellowing pages: the faint odor of dawning antiquity that gathers about its snug compactness stirs a faint motion of revengeful content that the didactic quadrupeds who aired so prominently their virtues and dilated so fluently in moral maxims to the reproach, no less bitter because tacit, of its biped readers are at last given to the realms of dust. But it is the moral inculcated by the tale entitled "Eyes and no Eyes," against which I particularly and emphatically protest. I feel still a thrill of savage longing to disarrange the dapper young person who in well-chosen phrase imparts to his admiring family the voluminous information, historical, zoological and ethical, which he has acquired in a brief hour's walk. I have once and again in mind sent him a round where I would warrant he would find no grass-grown Roman earthworks, no ancient battlefield, and, as I trod in his imaginary footsteps, I have felt a triumphant joy in knowing that I had at last nonplussed him. a case aggravated by the youth of the criminal, but why in the name of the Arachnidæ is everyone to emulate the possible performances of those discriminating insects who wear their evesight swivelled at the top of a small turret? It has been my lifelong grievance that I never could see and recount precisely the same objects as my companions; and, after one has once admitted that some chance vehicle or stray dog has escaped his notice, the possibility of having seen anything at all is contemptuously ignored. Here I protest, nay, we protest, -for I am not alone. To live with a mental daybook always before one; to be like a file of the Daily Graphic; to burden the sensitive-plate of one's memory with such indiscriminate images; in this we cannot acquiesce, even for the sake of respectability. To be sure, we could not if we would; the organ is lacking. So for us Mr. James' novels have a great charm; we perceive, with a feeling of restful sympathy, that his people do not note their surroundings any more distinctly than we do. They also have something else to do. One of

his New England maidens is continually "looking at" people, but we know that she does not see them; she has a deeper sense, one as deep as instinct, that distracts external vision; so the hard, angular, protuberant people get an agreeable softening in spite of themselves. Life is a hazy Indian Summer.

---The cleverest book we have read in a long time is Dosia, by Henry Gréville. It has the merit of being an "ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française." But however pleasant it may be to read a book which has received the stamp of so august an authority, its chief charm consists in something quite apart from this. Its chief charm lies in the story itself and in the inimitable manner of its telling. is one of the best exponents we are acquainted with, of the French ideal fiction. It is the very opposite of the realistic school of Emile Zola, and shines in contrast with L'Assommoir of that author, which everybody appears to be reading at present. To turn to their delightful little book, after reading a work like L'Assommoir, is like passing into a country where there is sunlight and sweet breezes and blue skies. is the perfection of literary art; its beauty seems almost flawless in point of taste. There are very few incidents in the story, and absolutely no plot, but there is a most delicate handling of characters; and isolated scenes, like the familiar and beautiful one in the orchard, linger in the memory as do some exquisite bits of genre painting. The dialogues sparkle with the graces of Gallic conversation. We must be content with the citation of one instance, the wit of which the translation misses entire. In the opening of the story, Pierre and the fantastic Dosia are introduced in desultory chat as they sit languidly tilting on a see-saw in the delicious old orchard. At the close of the book, when the two have become engaged, they return to the orchard and find themselves taking to the see-saw as of old. They rock so hard that Dosia's mother cries to them they will break the see-saw. "Ca ne fait rien, ma tante," replies one of the party, "allons! Hop! Hop! En famille!"

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Under the mysterious influence of our substantial-looking Patron Saint, the Lit. moves on steadily, unmindful of the storms and commotions that disturb the quiet of the college community, save as it vouchsafes to these a slight, though lasting mention in the pages of Our Record. The usual scenes of activity, which are wont to accompany the birth of a new term were heralded by an occurrence, which cannot but prove a source of sincere regret to the college at large, as well as to the board, who will most deeply experience its effects; we refer to the withdrawal of Mr. E. F. Green from his position as an editor elect of the YALE LIT. Unavoidable as was this step, owing to the condition of Mr. Green's health, it has none the less deprived the board of one of its most efficient members. Close upon this event there followed the

Lit. Supper,

Which took place at the Elliott House, on the evening of Wednesday, March 26. Shortly before ten o'clock the two boards, having completed the preliminary solemnities, seated themselves in august conclave around the loaded There also were to be seen Mr. Rodman, '79, and Mr. Green, '80, present as invited guests, whom the hosts delighted to honor. To be sure in such an assemblage of wits and sages, there was no lack of that at the present day so fabulous source of enjoyment, brilliant conversation. Hours sped away like minutes, while, under the magic influence of sparkling wine and stirring theme, each banqueter enhanced the general pleasure with well-timed eloquence. Amid mirth and melody the joyous festivities were prolonged until the grev of morning told of the day's approach. The brightest recollections will ever cluster around the crowning point of the feast, when the chief host arose and announced as the

TOASTS.

THE YALE LIT.

"Turns no student pale,

Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."—Pope.

L. J. SWINBURNE.

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

"If dirt was trumps what hands you would hold."—Lamb.

D. SCUDDER.

THE BOOK NOTICES.

"A book's a book although there's nothing in it."—Byron.

L. F. BURPEE.

CHI DELTA THETA.

"From ignorance our comfort flows."—Prior.

W. M. HALL.

THE FUTURE OF THE LIT.

"Time tries the troth in everything."—Tusser.

R. S. RODMAN.

THE NOTABILIA.

"A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the wisest men."—Anon.

J. A. AMUNDSON.

7. THE PORTFOLIO.

"Infinite riches in a little room."—Marlowe.

A. TIGHE.

THE LITERATURE OF THE LIT.

"I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding."- Johnson.

E. F. GREEN.

9. THE FINANCES.

"I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor."

H. S. GREEN.

THE BOARD OF '80. 10,

> "Though this may be play to you, 'Tis death to us."—L'Estrange.

> > A. B. Nichols.

The next evening beheld the ceremonies attendant upon an initiation into the mysterious brotherhood of the X. Δ . Θ . Almost as important, though of a very different nature was the chief event of the succeeding week--

The Junior Exhibition.

That long expected occasion was celebrated on April 3, in the Battell Chapel. Notwithstanding the angry frowns of the rain-god a large audience assembled to witness the proceed-Two new and very pleasant features of the occasion were the brevity of a majority of the pieces, and the five minutes of intermission, during which Dr. Stoeckel refreshed the wearied listeners with some lively organ music. With reference to the individual efforts we must say that every piece bore evidence of earnest thought, strength and clearness, while the delivery was of a high order. The audience listened appreciatively, testifying their pleasure by their hearty applause. At the conclusion of the exercises the faculty withdrew to the treasury tribunal for a few moments' consideration, at the close of which Mr. William Montague Hall, of Ashfield, Mass., was proclaimed the successful speaker. It is hardly necessary to add that this decision accorded fully with the opinions of all, who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hall's able oration, which, in accordance with the usual custom, we publish. A mention of oratory calls to mind the spirited debates, which, during the first half of this term, did so much toward restoring to its former glory the once defunct

Linonia.

This nursling of the sturdy class of '78 bids fair to earn the reputation of its resuscitators for strength and a successful battling with the storms of opposition, that frequently assail The removal of one great obstacle, that stood in the way of its success, is due to the class of '79. This was the abolishment of the meetings during the Spring and early part of the Numbering as Linonia now does so many Fall terms. active members from the three lower classes, there is little danger that it will suffer an early death. At its last meeting the society adjourned until Oct. 29, after having busied itself with the election of the following officers: President, W. M. Hall, '80; Vice President, W. S. McCrea, '80 S.S.S.; Treasurer, J. C. Coleman, '81; Assistant Treasurer, J. H. Trumbull, '81 S.S.S.; Secretary, A. C. Hand, '82; Assistant Secretary, C. E. Blumley, '82; Executive Committee, C. A. S. Dwight, '81; L. P. Breckenridge, '81 S.S.S.; C. W. Burpee, '82. Younger by one year than Linonia, and offspring of the class of '80, is the

Yale Orchestra.

This new organization, under the fostering care of Mr. S. C. Metzger, had made such encouraging advances, that its director resolved to hazard a concert, which was given before a select audience at the Atheneum on Monday evening, March

31. Although it was known that the musicians had worked hard, still very few anticipated the pleasure which was in store for them, and those who attended, thinking to enjoy the singing of the Glee Club more than the instrumental music, were very agreeably disappointed. This entertainment and Dr. Stoeckel's third organ recital, were the foretaste of the joys of the

Easter Week.

So swiftly did this come and go, that, but for the memory of its delights, we should be tempted to doubt its reality. A comparison of notes on our return to this dreary humdrum of work revealed the fact that, although every one seemed to have filled to the brim the cup of pleasure, yet the members of the

Glee Club,

Who employed a part of their vacation hours in making a short tour, were the most to be envied. On Monday evening, April 14, they appeared before a goodly company of Hartford's best society at the Opera House. The Club had a high reputation to sustain and performed its task well, quite eclipsing the efforts of former years. Messrs. Asay and Chamberlain were the heroes of the evening in a singing point of view, while the others of the Club consoled themselves with the thought of the numberless hearts that were being enslaved by their handsome appearance. At New Britain on Tuesday the scenes of the night before were reënacted, while at New London the programme was varied by the pleasure of serenading a few of the belles of the town. We would that we had the space to detail all the incidents, which joined to make this trip as joyful, if not as successful as any the Glee Club has ever taken, but we must hasten on to the more important, though perhaps less entertaining subject of our

Boating Interests,

Which seem thus far to have progressed right well. It is only a few weeks since a meeting took place at New London, between President Aldrich and Captains Thompson, Bancroft and Trimble, and a few other gentlemen to take measures upon our annual contest. The afternoon of June 27th was fixed as the time for the race, and everything necessary toward

rendering the event as successful as possible was discussed. The comfort of the crews and several improvements in the course were guaranteed by the New London committee, while Mr. Bentley will do his utmost to satisfy the spectators few days subsequently Captain Thompson selected as his crew: P. C. Fuller, '81; T. H. Patterson, Law; O. H. Briggs, '81; C. B. Storrs, '82; J. W. Keller, '80; G. B. Rogers, '80 S.S.S.; H. W. Taft, '80; O. D. Thompson, '79. The substitutes are: I. B. Collins, '81; W. C. Asay, '80. To these ten faithful ones, who give up so much for the honor of the college and deserve the heartiest thanks of us all, the period of rest meant a week of earnest work. Every day has seen them at their post, bringing to their task the zeal which is born of enthusiasm. Capt. Cook, the patriarchal boatman of Yale, and Messrs. Hvde and Livingston, have aided Captain Thompson with their united experience. It is owing greatly to these gentlemen that the crew has made such advancement. It seems a weary up-hill labor to endeavor to overcome our powerful adversary, but courage and energy can work wonders. We are glad to see that the college has much confidence in the captain and his fellow laborers. We have always hoped most for Yale when the fates seemed most adverse, for it is then that she lays aside her usual carelessness and gives attention to details, which so often are of importance in deciding a college contest. From boating the transition is easy to

Base Ball,

Which at present is the all-absorbing topic of conversation. We are happy to note that Yale has a nine of which she may well be proud. In the three match games which have thus far been played, it has been amply demonstrated that there is no one weak point in the nine. All the men show the effects of their faithful training and the one thing needful to perfect them is earnest, careful practice. Among individual players, who deserve special mention, are Mr. Parker of '80, Mr. Lamb of '81 and Mr. Hopkins of '82: the first two for their good batting and the last for the excellent manner in which he fills his position. We would impress upon the nine the necessity of recognizing to a greater degree the authority of their captain. We append the scores of the three games of the season, the first of which was played at Hamilton Park on April 11:

SPRING	YALE.															
	T.	R.	IB.	P.C). A.	E.					т.	R.	IB.	P.O	. A.	E.
Cassidy, r. f.,	4	0	1	0	0	О	H	utchi	son, s. s	٠,	3	0	0	О	3	0
Goldsmith, 1 b.,	4	I	1	3	1	0	P	arker	зb.,		3	0	I	1	Ī	I
Pike, c. f.,	3	0	0	I	0	0	L	amb,	p.,		3	0	I	I	9	3
Corcoran, p.,	3	0	1	1	9	I	W	alder	i, 2d b.,		3	0	I	0	Í	Ī
Ferguson, s. s.,	3	0	0	0	ó	0	H	opkii	ıs, ı b,		3	I	I	12	0	0
Smith, 3 b.,	3	I	0	2	0	О	C	amp,	l. f.,		3	0	0	I	I	I
O'Leary, l. f.,	3	1	1	I	0	О	W	ilson	, c. f.,		3	0	I	I	Ó	0
Crane, 2 b.,	3	I	I	4	0	0	W	atson	, C.,		2	0	0	4	2	5
Baker, c.,	3	0	О	ģ	5	I	R	ipley,	r. f.,		2	0	0	Ĭ	2	ō
	_	_	_	_	_	_	l				_	_	_	_	_	_
Totals,	29	4	5	21	15	2		1	Γotals,		25	I	5	21	19	11
Springfield,					I		o	o	0	o	0)	3-	-4		
Yale, .				•	0		I	0	0	0	O	•	0-	-1		

First base by errors—Springfield, 4; Yale, 2. Earned runs—Springfield, 2. Two-base-hit—Wilson, 1. Strikes called—on Corcoran, 18. Struck at and missed—on Corcoran, 18. Strikes called—on Lamb, 19. Struck at and missed—on Lamb, 21. Umpire—W. E. Horton. Time—2 h. 15 m.

The second game took place on April 12 at Hamilton Park.

HOLYOKE.								YALE.							
	Т.	R.	IB.	P.C). A.	E.				Т.	R.	IB.	P.C	. A.	E.
Sullivan, c. f.,	6	I	0	I	0	1	Hutch	ison, s	. s.,	5	2	2	1	2	0
Powell, 1 b.,	5	2	1	7	0	1	Parke	r, 3 b.,		5	2	1	2	2	3
Malone, r. f.,	5	I	3	ò	0	0	Lamb			5	2	3	3	8	2
Conners, 3 b.,	5	I	2	1	6	I	Walde	en, 2 b.	,	5	0	Ī	Ī	o	О
Dorgan, c.,	5	2	3	10	4	2	Hopk	ins, 1 t).,	4	0	О	8	I	4
Gillespie, l. f.,	5	I	2	О	ö	1	Camp	, l. f.,	•	4	0	2	1	О	ò
Winchester, 2 b.,	5	2	I	3	0	0	Smith	c. f.,		4	0	О	2	0	2
Turbidy, s. s.,	5	2	0	2	1	1	Watso	n, c.,		4	2	3	5	2	7
Welch, p.,	5	2	0	0	10	1	Ripley	7, r. f.,		4	2	2	Ĭ	I	ò
	_		_	_	_	-1				_	_	_		_	
Totals,	46	14	12	24	21	8		Totals	ί,	40	IO	14	24	16	18
Holyoke,			3		3	3	0	o	О	0		5—	-14		
Yale, .			2		5	0	0	0	0	О		3-	-10		

Home run—Lamb, I. Earned runs—Yale, I; Holyoke, 3. First base on errors—Holyoke, 12; Yale, 6. Three-base-hits—Yale, 3; Holyoke, I. Two-base-hits—Holyoke, 2. Struck out—Yale, 9; Holyoke, 5. Passed balls—Watson, 4; Dorgan, 2. Umpire—W. E. Horton. Time—2 h. 10 m.

The third game was played at Hamilton Park, April 23.

MONITORS.							YALE.						
	т.	R.	IB.	P.0). A	. E.		T	. R.	IB.	P.0). A.	E.
Burke, r. f.,	4	I	1	1	o	I	Hutchison, s. s.,	7	2	2	О	5	2
Kenady, 2 b.,	4	0	0	4	6	0	Parker, 3 b.,	6	3	4	2	Ĭ	1
Mellon, l. f.,	4	1	1	ö	I	2	Lamb, p.,	6	ŏ	2	О	q	1
Sheehan, s. s.,	4	0	2	1	2	1	Walden, 2 b.,	6	1	1	3	6	0
O'Brien, c.,	4	o	0	Q	1	5	Hopkins, 1 b.,	6	4	4	Ig	0	0
Hemlock, I b.,	4	0	I	- Ś	o	3		6	3	2	ó	0	0
Fitzgerald, p.,	4	o	О	О	5	2		6	I	3	0	О	0
Burns, 3 b.,	3	o	О	3	5	О	Ives, c.,	6	2	4	3	2	1
Fox, c. f.,	3	o	0	Ĭ	ī	o	Ripley, r. f.,	6	4	3	ŏ	1	0
,		_	_	_		_	1 7, ,		_	_	_	_	
Totals,	34	2	5	27	21	14	Totals,	55	20	25	27	2.1	5

Monitors, 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 Yale, . 2 4 2 3 1 2 2 2 2—20

Runs earned—Yale, 8; Monitors, 1. Two-base-hits—Hutchison, 1; Parker, 1. Three-base-hits—Lamb, 1; Ives, 1; Mellon, 1. First base on called balls—Ives, 1. First base on errors—Yale, 10; Monitors, 3. Balls called on Fitzgerald—110; on Lamb, 71. Strikes called—Yale, 17; Monitors, 10. Double plays—one on each side. Passed balls—Ives, 1; O'Brien, 4. Wild pitch—Lamb, 1. Umpire—G. Hiller.

Before closing we call attention to the following

Items.

Mr. Abel Otis of New London, who died recently, left by his will \$25,000 to the Yale Theological School, the bequest to be called the "Abel McEwen Fund," in honor of the Rev. A. McEwen, D.D.—The ushers at the Junior Exhibition were: J. A. Amundson, W. B. Boomer, F. Brooks, W. H. Harper, W. R. Innis, J. F. Shepley, C. R. Smith, G. A. Smith, F. O. Spencer, W. C. Witherbee.—W. C. Dole, Jr., has been chosen to fill the position of instructor in gymnastics, as successor of Dr. Sargent, now of New York city.—The Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York recently delivered a course of three lectures to the theological students.—Messrs. Clark, Messler, Taft, E. W. Walker and Witherbee, seated the audience at the Yale Orchestra concert.—A praise meeting was held in Battell Chapel, Sunday evening, April 6. Dr. Barbour delivered a short, interesting address, while Messrs Marston, Merriam, Simpson and Asay sang in a quartette.—The English University race of this year was won by Cambridge in 21 m. 18 s., Oxford coming in six or seven lengths behind. —The Juniors have elected as picture committee, C. W. Haines, W. A. Peters, W. H. Sherman; as class supper committee, W. D. Murray, J. F. Shepley, C. R. Smith, W. D. Walker, P. Walton; and to serve as historian in place of Mr. F. C. Train, who has resigned, Mr. A. E. Hooker.—We give the names of the gentlemen who have been chosen by the three Freshman societies to carry on the campaign of 1879. These are, K. Σ . E., Badger, Pres.; Bentley, Camp, Farwell, Hand, B. Johnson, Knapp, Platt, Phelps, Stone. A. K., Lyman, Pres.; Folsom, Gallaher, Hebard, J. P. Kellogg, Miller, McBride, Pratt, Scranton, Van Kirk. Γ . N., Whitney, Pres.; Blumley, Bruce, Burpee, Fries, Kinlay, Pember, Pryne, Smith, Weaver.

BOOK NOTICES.

International Copyright. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

This is an address delivered last winter before the New York Free Trade Club. Copyright is defined to be "the legal recognition of brain work as property." Its kinship to patent-right is shown, and, alluding to the far more general carrying out of international patent-right, the writer says: "The patentee of an improved toothpick would be able to secure to-day a wider recognition of his right as a creator than is accorded to the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or of 'Adam Bede.'" He gives a calm, plain and concise statement of the history of copyright in different countries, in England going as far back as 1558; and then of the progress of international copyright, the first step toward the recognition of which was taken by Prussia in 1836. "The United States is at present the only country . . . which has done nothing to recognize and protect by law the rights of foreign authors of whose property it is enjoying the benefit, or to obtain a similar recognition and protection for its own authors abroad." This is attributed to a lack of education on the subject among the people.

On this question, also, the ever active demagogue has been able to frame a cry of "free books for free men." It is wonderful what an amount of things "free" men are entitled to have free. Free books, free and unlimited currency, free support from the State, etc., are supposed to have some connection with free speech, freedom of religion, and free trade, and therefore to be proper and valid cries.

The British Commission and the various attempts to bring our own government to act in the matter are touched upon at some length. The writer then mentions provisions which a law on the subject should contain, and recommends the formation of a Home Commission as a preparation for an International Commission. The author's treatment of the question is impartial and such as to commend itself to all who desire information in brief compass as to the facts and principles involved.

Honest Money and Labor. By Carl Schurz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

This is a reprint, revised and corrected by the author, of his great speech delivered in Boston, October 23, 1878. It is altogether unnecessary for us to say anything as to the author's treatment of the subject. It is printed in a very neat pamphlet form, and forms No. XI of the publishers' "Economic Monographs."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We confess that the ardor and pleasant anticipation with which we began to look for our exchanges was somewhat dampened by the first arrival, The Virginia University Magazine for March. The best college periodical is liable now and then to contain an article that is too heavy, or one that treats of something foreign to the proper topics of a college press. But when all the articles are heavy, and even the jokes, then we must ascribe the result to a deliberately adopted system; and since we utterly disapprove of the system, anything written in accordance therewith we do not feel called upon to criticize. At what point does any one of the following topics touch the real current of college life? "The Black Plague in England," "Majesty of Mind," "The Bible," "Dead Matter," "Ireland" (poetry). The University seems to consist chiefly of the Law Department, whose pointless class-room blunders form the stock of wit of the magazine.

We take up the Vassar Miscellany. What a contrast! For it we have nothing but praise. We have even so far overcome our aversion to reviews as to admit the perfect and peculiar propriety with which the opening article discusses the question, "Is Daisy Miller a Type of the American Girl?" Anything from Vassar on such a subject cannot but possess interest. "Miss Daisy appears to us quite in the rough, but intensely, vivaciously American." She "had all the delicate, evanescent beauty of the American girl, with that 'divine slimness' which is the dower of our maidens." "She had the American talent for dressing herself well," and her "style of conversation is essentially that of the American girl," "exclamatory and explosive, abrupt and broken." "In fact, we all indulge in Daisy Millerisms to a greater or less extent." But, the writer informs us, she "is not the type of the Vassar girlone for whom the higher education of women had done its utmost, but an ignorant, uncultured girl." The article concludes: "We consider Daisy Miller a type of the American girl, though by no means the highest. She is crude and uneducated. Culture would have done everything for her. She was a pretty American flirt. We acknowledge her vulgarity, but not its hopelessness. We accept her as the type of the American girl, not for what she was, but for her infinite possibilities. . . . Her intuitions were fine. . . . It is much to say of anyone that she recognizes the best when it is presented to her view, and this we can say of Daisy Miller." The number is bright and readable throughout, though we were rather surprised not to find any poetry.

In the Columbia Spectator of April 1, is an editorial marked for special notice, urging the establishment of "An Intercollegiate Press Association:" In effect it would be merely an Annual Convention of Collegiate Editors, assembling together for mutual advice, and we sincerely believe would be most beneficial and useful in stirring up, as it were, the editorial fires and giving a chance for the offering and receiving of suggestions as to the management and aim of a college paper."

This is the *Spectator's* statement of the case. There having been three Intercollegiate Associations already, it "suggests the propriety of a fourth." The *Spectator* must be sanguine indeed, if it sees in the history and success

of the first three a warrant for the establishment of a fourth. Yale has no reason to regret her separation from the others and she will not be in a hurry to join a new one. The onus is with the proposer, and we demand something more convincing than "we sincerely believe [it] would be most beneficial," etc. We grant that it might be "useful in stirring up, as it were, the editorial fires," but we think that the fires would often be anything rather than intellectual. Moreover, of what would the Convention be composed? Editors of not even a year's standing. The new boards usually enter upon their duties in the spring, and in three short months, in public convention assembled, they are to proclaim to one another and to the world opinions which they have scarcely had time to form, much less to mature and put to the test of experience! We fail to see the advantage of the proposal.

Lampy views the season retrospectively thus:

Miss Roseleaf.

Headache,
Backache,
Strength all gone,
Nervous,
Tired,
Dresses torn
Fans all
Broken,
Gloves passe—
Goodness
Gracious!
Does it pay?

Holworthy.

Lessons,
Lectures,
Cut, and prayers,
Flowers,
Tailor,
Carriage fares,
Publics,
Dropped, I
Fear to say—
Julius
Cæsar!
Does it pay?

The following "economic" advice may suit somebody:

Should Blaikie, as he hands the key to you, Remark that twenty-five good cents are due Before you touch the water, Repulse his bold advances with a frown, And answer, as in haste you cut him down, "Kind sir, I give no quarter."

We are disappointed in the poetry of our exchanges this month. The following is the best the Advocate has to offer:

OUR QUARREL.

How did we quarrel? Why, I never knew; 'T was something "no fellow" could e'er understand. But tears came into the eyes of blue, And a ring was laid in my trembling hand.

A few evenings after, to bid her good-by, I called (as you know, in a mere friendly way), Ere I went to fight 'gainst the Turks, and to die,— For at home I hadn't the heart to stay!

But you wouldn't have thought she had a heart To feel or to love, much less to be broken, As she coldly asked me when I would start, And begged me to send her a travel-token.

But I couldn't help fancying, once in a while, That the sweet eyes were heavy with unshed tears; And I know that there wasn't the ghost of a smile On her face, when I spoke of the coming years.

And 'twas only a touch of her flowing hair, And a swift, shy look from her half-turned face, As she sang the words of my favorite air,— And love came back to his olden place. VOL. XLIV.

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



Dum mens grata monet, nomen laudesque VALESES Cantalium Sonotas, manimique PATRES."

MAY, 1879.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Gulliver's.

TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

MDCCCLXXIX.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Vale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America, entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annuthe writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in his general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Norabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergradreturned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay. is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the begin-

ning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nice numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price Is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor, Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who

would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

MAY, 1879.

No. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '80.

JOHN A. AMUNDSON, WILLIAM M. HALL,

ALFRED B. NICHOLS, DOREMUS SCUDDER.

DILETTANTISM.

I T is a consequence of the growth of knowledge that, in these days of ours, half-educated men are tempted by her "infinite variety," which "age cannot wither, custom stale," to stray from one purpose to another, never completing an investigation, never missing a chance to begin one. The man of to-day is like one reading in a library, where the conciousness of the great mass unread takes away the single-mindedness, and therefore the pleasure of the perusal; at last he shuts the book and wanders about, reading titles, seldom even taking a volume out to turn over the leaves. He finds it hard to devote himself to one pursuit with his whole heart, and to make the necessary preceding sacrifice of his interest in the other doings of mankind; to banish into scanty leisure hours the amusement of watching the growth of English history, or mechanical invention, or astronomical discovery, or social customs, or so many of these and a hundred other "grooves of change" as he has outlined in his mind for future following. So, in despair of choosing, he may pass away a desultory life, watching the surface-stir of present history (and by present history I mean the

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change of everything from kid gloves to star-dust); not without his place in the world as a man of wide information and ready reference, an entertaining talker, who is always "up with the times;" but unreliable, shallow, sometimes besieged with ennui and regret for the irreparable.

This is the dilettante typical; happily he is seldom found. Most men, driven by poverty, duty or ambition, choose definitely their life-work, the excuse for their existence; yet, whether that be business or profession, they are again in danger of becoming dilettanti in their intellectual amusements. Their hours of reading are solicited by the same variety of temptation; it is a cruelty to themselves to abandon their favorite studies, and so they keep a helpless, unsatisfactory hold on all. Convenient digests of progress in science and the practical arts are published in the monthlies, to be dimly read and negligently stored in remembrance. The latest news in ethics, physiology, geology, astronomy, machine-making, electro-plating, Edisonisms, is ever streaming into the mind and away into the confusion of a disorderly memory. Upon this is superposed a phantasmagoria of new paintings, statues, plays and fashions. The victim of intellectual polygamy must strain after every change in current politics, maintain a slight acquaintance with the progress of the wrestling-match between England and Russia, follow newspaper correspondents' wise guesses at the destiny of France, turn to face every wind of party doctrine in his own land. If he is an admirer of muscular skill, he notes the "events" in football, cricket, rowing, or horse-racing; in one of these pursuits he may even be well informed, thanks to the narrowness of its field.

So much for permanent employment of his leisure; there is another series of more or less ephemeral attractions, chiefly the product of the telegraph and the newspaper, accumulating their power from the consenting interest of mankind—derivatives from current history. A citizen of the United States is imprisoned in Spain; the omniscient newspaper consults its text-book of inter-

national law, and the next day Broadway is discussing jurisdiction with knowledge three hours old. A Western city is cleansed by fire, and the morning journal repeats the story of the London conflagration and all its great successors; in a few days all is forgotten, to be told again, months afterward, for Boston. There is war at the Rhine boundary; men are suddenly instructed in the strength of European armies, the balance of power, the ambition of Prussia, the financial and military condition of France, the history of the needle-gun, the topography of the Vosges, the defenses of Paris, the use of balloons in war, the powers of carrier-pigeons, and the culinary excellence of horse flesh. Two or three escaped forgers atone for their misdeeds by inducing, through a diplomatic controversy, a temporary interest in the law of extradition; then a few pirated publications perform the same service for the law of copyright. A financial disaster calls forth reminiscences and warnings from '57 and '37, John Law and Charles II. A Pope dies, and the world is flooded with information as to funeral rites, comparative length of papal reigns, rules of procedure for cardinals in conclave, dead-locks in past elections, drift of modern Catholic policy, and so on indefinitely. Two newspapers send an exploring expedition into the dark continent, and on that handle are hung the old descriptions of Ethiopia, from Herodotus up, with new disquisitions on the vast uselessness and doubtful future of the land of Ham. A shipwreck gives the opportunity for long recapitulation of famous sea disasters, criticism of nautical novels, description of newly-planned lifeboats. The planet Mars is found to be provided with moons, its swift little inner satellite reminds the newspaper of the nebular hypothesis, and for a week men talk astronomy over their coffee. A destructive strike or an attempt at king-slaying is the excuse for renewed promulgation of the definitions and history of communism, with long foot-notes on the International Society and Sir Thomas More. A mind-reader draws public attention, and the press gives a course in animal magnetism in six lectures. Our Lady of Lourdes works a miracle and thereby suggests the repetition of old legends, and homilies upon the vitality of superstition. The proposal to inundate Sahara revives the memory of Corinth, Athos and Suez, and calls forth speculation on a possible disturbance of the earth's rotation. Oleo-margarine is made the text of disputes on commercial substitutions and adulterations. Innumerable other objects of changing popular attention, worthy and unworthy—blue glass, phrenology, woorara, Keely motor, pedestrianism, Bessemer saloon, spelling matches, cundurango, Cardiff giant—drench the mind with easily evaporating knowledge. This loose, patternless patchwork of rags we are sometimes asked to regard as satisfactory knowledge of our own times; and herein is a lesson for college men.

It is hardly necessary to remind ourselves that thorough, systematic knowledge of all things is impossible to the man of the nineteenth century; there can be no Admirable Crichton in the days of Helmholtz, Agassiz and Curtius. Labor and genius, with the aid of time, can lift a man to a high and comprehensive knowledge of only a few subjects; while the intelligent mechanic, the man of business, the college student, the active lawyer, physician, editor, with whom this article deals, must be content with a superficial knowledge of all things foreign to their daily labor, unless they are willing to abandon their unmanageable wealth of land and plow deep in one small field; in diffusing our efforts we lose our claim to any pride like that of the skillful artisan, who is thoroughly master of his work. Yet, evidently, it is an open question whether narrow devotion to one pursuit, or dilettantism in its milder forms, is more profitable to its votary. It is, therefore, far from my purpose to find fault with the existence of patchwork knowledge; I wish only to prevent its being mistaken for thorough knowledge. To mark this difference, the long array of special cases just enumerated is intended. Take our own position. We come here to college with a half-chaotic load of beliefs and memories, picked up everywhere, stones from every hillside under heaven. The supposed purpose of our college life is to supply us with a firm framework of

theory into which we may build these pieces, and with great quantities of new material to work in with them; for our original heap, when regularly piled, amounts to surprisingly little. Most imperfectly, at best, is this purpose carried out. Our largest absolute progress is relatively small. In practice, we still rely much on the scrap-method of self-education; by fits and starts we give ourselves to extra work in theology, biology, history, Greek poetry, German prose; but time is scattered, and the result is seldom more than a good beginning. The gleaming variety of our attainments deceives others and ourselves: our minds are more like curiosity-shops, than like storehouses. We instinctively avoid asking ourselves as to what we thoroughly know. How many of us have a literature at their tongues' ends? How many are familiar with every by-path of philosophy? How many are equipped for useful experimental research in any branch of science? Let us recognize our position. A college man may be much informed, but he cannot be well informed. We are boys, after all, and the depth of manhood is not in us. We have mutual admirations only because we are members of a mutual admiration society; because we lack either power or inclination to probe each other's emptinesses.

A like analysis may be made of the average lawyer, politician or well-read merchant; but their case concerns us little for the present, differs from the college type in only one essential point, and deserves no separate illustration here. The same shallowness, redeemed only by good practical knowledge of one or two occupations, marks them all. It is inevitable, and is nothing to be ashamed of; the winner of daily bread must be an amateur in almost everything else. A truism, you say. No. There is a modern fashion, (a corollary, perhaps, of the Declaration of Independence,) of minifying the difference between man and man, denying the great superiority in learning of the philosopher and scientific investigator above the ordinary wide-awake man. So long as that belief is abroad, so long we may search our ignorance, to deny it.

THE OLD HOUSE ON EAST ROCK.

YOU have all seen the old stone house upon the rock. Plainly built of roughly hewn trap, with its painfully severe squares and right angles, there is little about it save its air of decay to attract for a moment the antiquarian or the lover of the romantic. 'Tis true that its long rows of two storied porticoes, rotten and fallen, its quaint dormer windows nodding dreamily at you from every corner seem to whisper of a secret; 'tis true that the little grove of darkly dismal pines seem continually sighing in silent sympathy, yet all this is in itself insufficient to turn the currents of our thoughts back to the early days of the Revolution when the old house was living its golden age. One climbs the long unsteady stairway leading to the summit of the rock, gazes with delight upon the panorama at his feet, comments in the most practical way upon the old house and its surrounding, and comes away perhaps without a thought of its history. Such had been my experience time and time again. But to-day my mind was in that delightful state which conveys one to the happy border-land of the real and the ideal, and to-day it was different.

On one of the stones built into the wall I found some cuttings which after a little study were deciphered. They were merely some initials R. G.,—C. H., a rudely carved arrow-pierced heart and a date, 1780. They were barely visible but they served to set me thinking and led me to obtain from the wrinkled old occupant permission to rummage through the old mansion. In the attic among a long neglected pile of books and papers, covered with the dust of half a century, I came across an old time-worn faded book, worm eaten and written in a girl's hand. The first page immediately attracted me. "The Diary of Comfort Hargrave." Two hours later and the rays of the setting sun stealing over the last pages of the book awoke me from my revery to the fact that it was evening and a walk of several miles yet intervened between myself and

the evening meal at the cafe. The pages of the little book, like the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights, had transported me to the scenes transpiring on this very rock just one hundred years previous.

The time-stained volume was what its title claimed it to be, the simple record of a quiet, peaceful life, into which had crept some little shadow of trouble, some little shade of sorrow, until the master hand had blotted all the picture out and called the model home to live with him. Puzzling out the scarcely legible sentences, supplying now and then a missing link, the story briefly and roughly told is this.

Philip Hargrave was a man of the old puritan type. Fairly off in worldly goods, he was far above the average in his store of goods laid up in Heaven. Philosophical, thoughtful and perhaps eccentric, he seemed to live in an atmosphere of his own and to look down upon his fellow townsmen of New Haven. And when he took wife and babe and ascended the steeps of East Rock to take up his abode on its summit, they thought it quite appropriate and no one wondered. What motives led him to this act of eccentricity we have at this day no means of ascertaining, but from his character as outlined in the Diary, it was apparently a desire to separate himself and family from a people in whom he had seen too little to love, too much to condemn. He wished a little empire of his own, and here he found it. The infant grew in course of time to sixteen years, and here the record of the book begins.

This unembellished account of her life contains but an unpretending mention of her life and ways. We can see the demure little Puritan clad in her neatly modest dress, her hair combed smoothly back, early in the morning performing her daily duties, putting in order her room, or bringing in from her miniature garden on the south side of the house pretty bouquets with which to adorn the breakfast table. Or later, sitting with her sewing and her book beneath the pines. Or at evening, as the setting sun gilds the placid waters of the Sound, looking off into the misty distance and wondering of the world beyond it all. And so the uneventful days passed by until a sorrow came

and underneath the pines a grave was made and Comfort's mother laid therein. O, the loneliness of those succeeding days! The father loving his daughter as he did was yet no companion for her, and preferred rather his philosophical treatises. Comfort, to be sure, was his little housekeeper and presided with matronly grace over his table. Still her life was little more than a sleepy wakefulness. One could almost imagine Comfort a sleeping beauty, only awaiting the coming of the one to break the spells that bound her to this home among the clouds. And the prince did come to this little puritan princess. For the prince lived in the green valley at the foot of the mountain, and it was only a repetition of the nursery tale when the prince saw and loved the heroine of our story. From childish love to youthful friendship and then to something different from either, were steps natural and in course of time. It was an awakening indeed to Comfort as her Diary shows. Were I attempting more than a mere outline of the life of Comfort in this gray old house, I might stop to picture other scenes in which the two loving and loved children figured. How like another Paul and Virginia they created out of the limited expanse of the rock a very Arabian Nights of romance. Every stone, every tree, the steep cliffs, the rock itself by their fertile imaginations were clothed with the green moss of time and the gossamer web of fantasy. Always inseparable during the day they were even at night not separated, for Comfort, standing at the whitely curtained window of her room, could look down into the valley and there in the little cottage gleamed a light which seemed in the darkness an eye, ever watchful over her. Two years passed swiftly by in this Utopian happiness, and Ralph had grown to man's estate. Comfort, too, was a child no longer. So Philip Hargrave discovered one day when he had taken from his books a moment to glance at his pretty housekeeper, and so it seemed well to him that she should go out into the world and mingle more with others of her sex. Then the pages of the Diary are tear-stained, a parting is chronicled, and Comfort

leaves her home and Ralph for half a year among some relatives in a Southern metropolis. Disconsolate and alone the deserted boy beguiled the weary hours of waiting until his playmate should return. During these days, I think, the stone existing now was carved. How prophetic the two pierced hearts were, the sequel shows. Even the longest days must have an end, and at the expiration of the half year Comfort did return. Alas! how different from the Comfort that had left him only six brief months before. For she had been out into that world of which she used to wonder, and had imbibed many of its ways and peculiarities. It was a blow indeed to Ralph when this fact flashed through his brain, but loving still the memory of what she once had been to him, there came one day that crisis which sooner or later most young men must experience. In words eloquent only in their earnestness. he asked the right to call her, wife. His pale face and mournful look must have told her answer to even the least experienced reader of the human countenance. few hours later Comfort awoke to the realization of what she had done. For on the blue waters of the Sound a white-winged ship is eastward bound. Too well the white-robed maiden, with her hands shading her eyes from the red rays of the setting sun, knew, as she gazed upon it, that a portion of its burden was a broken heart. well she knew, when all too late, that another heart than his was breaking too. For she was once again the Comfort of other days.

Over the hazy hills of the West lower and lower sank the setting sun. Dimmer and dimmer grew the outlines of the moving vessel, yet motionless remained the maiden on the rock. At her feet the winding waters of the tiny Mill like a golden serpent flowed in its tortuous course to join the Ocean. At her feet the little city so peaceful and quiet in the twilight had begun to light its evening lamps. Even the old keeper of the light house had lit his light at the sound of the evening gun in the old fort, and all nature seemed ready for repose. Back of the quaint stone house and the grove of pines, the sleeping giant too.

pulling about him the cover of the twilight mists, seemed more than ever worthy of his name. Yet upon the summit of the rock the motionless form still remains.

The sun has disappeared. Deeper grow the shades. Has Comfort fallen asleep? Does she not know that the chill breezes blowing from the bay are dangerous to delicate maidens so lightly clad as she? Has she forgotten that her father has been awaiting her for the last half hour, and his tea will surely lose its heat and flavor? If not, why does she stand so motionless? What can she see so interesting which is entirely invisible to all save herself? Not the white-winged ship, for that has long since disappeared with its burden forever from her view. If you strain your eyes you may, to be sure, make out two scarcely perceptible lights on board this self-same ship, but what is there in them to so absorb this maiden? Ask her, for we cannot inform you. And ask her quickly, too, if you really wish to know.

Dimmer and dimmer grow the lights, and now the last ray has reached the figure on the rock. You have asked too late, for broken hearts answer not the impertinent questions of mortals.

The old house is still standing, a picture of decay. The lineal descendants of the pines have long since usurped the positions of their predecessors in the darkly dismal grove. The little town has become the elm-shaded, steeple-crowned city of the year 1879. The busy ships sail in and out the bay, but the white-winged ship has never come back again.

S.

CASCADE BROOK.

O maiden silver-sandaled, mountain-born,
Outstepping lightly from the cool ravine
Where, hidden from gaze profane, and all unseen
Save by thine own pure self, thou dost adorn
Thine amber tresses with pink columbine,
Soft-drooping over violets white and blue,
Wake-robins, and anemones for you
Aurora-blown, sweet-scented with wild pine—
O maiden crowned with springtime, silver-voiced,
Step lightly on for aye, and on thy face
Be sunshine, since thy heart with ours rejoiced
When, wandering through the woods with lazy pace,
We met thee, joyous brook, that pleasant day
To be remembered long, the Ides of May.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN THOUGHT.

M ATTHEW ARNOLD has observed that only through the action of the critical faculty in sweeping away the obstructions of prejudice and accumulating material for a new and comparatively better order of things, is the creative faculty enabled to accomplish results. The Renaissance of the sixteenth century was the birth-time of the modern critical spirit. It was a time when, upon the institutions of feudal Europe, political, social and religious, was brought to bear, as a "dissolving force," the desire to know objects as they really are. Gradually, inevitably, the old ideas of Church and State, founded upon the infallibility of mortals, began to disappear, and the new idea of the right of private judgment commenced its course. The next age saw the creative activity of a William the Silent, a Corneille, a Shakspeare. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries philosophical criticism appeared. Bayle and Pascal were the forerunners of Voltaire. A new order of ideas was

evolved. The result was, in France, a Rousseau, promulgating the new gospel of sentimentalism,—an apotheosis of human nature;—and in Germany, a Goethe, preaching the exaltation of the individual Self. "Our own era," says Merivale, "is witnessing the consummation of a strife between two civilizations, one founded on force; the other on the spontaneous tendencies of the mind." The eighteenth century saw the beginning of the end. The civilization of force rested upon two pillars,—the constant authority of ecclesiasticism, and also of hereditary state government. Voltaire gave the fatal thrust to church supremacy over the mind. Rousseau, while reclaiming the popular moral sense from the extremities of "Encyclopædism," overthrew despotic royalty with the new lever of popular sovereignty. The opening words of "The Social Contract,"—" Man is born free,"—give the one thought of Rousseau's life—the key-note of his systems of society and of morals. Man is born a free agent. he joins himself to any organization, he does so by an act of will. Society,—the State,—rests, therefore, upon a contract. In the union of all the individual wills we find the general will, which ought to be the law for society or the State. Such was Rousseau's social philosophy. "Freedom by social contract! This was, verily, the gospel of that era; and all men believed in it, as in a Heaven's glad tidings men should."*

Man is born a free agent, differing from the brutes more in this than in the possession of an understanding. In the plenitude of his moral liberty he would naturally choose the good; but the educational influence, bringing him into contact with the vices of society, depraves him. Let him, then, revert to his primitive solitude and evolve from his own soul the true science and the true religion. Such was Rousseau's moral philosophy. What a contrast to Pascal's conception of mankind—as one individual, ever living, ever learning. The new teaching found an easy transformation into the doctrine of Goethe, that the aim of human existence is the cultivation of the

^{*} Carlyle.

power of refined enjoyment, is the attainment of that calm repose which arises from the conscious control of one's faculties,—all vicious and irregular impulses, the lusts of the eye and the pride of life, being overcome by a "course of disciplined self-indulgence;" a doctrine such as Bunyan might have had in mind when he penned the words: "Then saw I that there is a way to Hell, even from the gates of Heaven, as well as from the city of of Destruction." That criticism is perhaps just, which attributes to the working of Goethe's philosophy the fact that in Germany to-day there exists no strong, united middle-class sentiment capable of interfering between the selfishness of democracy on the one hand, and that of military despotism on the other.*

I have dwelt at length upon the course of Rousseau's theories, because it is the half-truth, half-lie of his new Evangel,—the physical and mental freedom of an equal multitude, which to-day is the center of political and religious turmoil, the watchword of a party and the substance of a creed. It has been the well-nigh universal belief that societies could be re-fashioned by act of the legislature, that the application of theories of "right" could assist in the immediate renovation of social forms. The proposition that all men are equal, together with its corollaries, has been the moving spring of agitation for a hundred years. It was the dream of the eighteenth century. It is the experiment and the disappointment of the nineteenth century. Like all absolute theories, it disregards the eternal nature of things. It fails to recognize the existence of social structures which can not be changed by a word. "Principles," says Spencer, "are not established until after a long battle of opinion. They have to prove their fitness for the Time by conquering Time." But brilliant theorists dreaming of "natural rights," and fashioning plans for the immediate attainment of happiness never accept this truth. Political "Dogberrys" blunder over it. Popular demagogues ignore it. And His Majesty, the mob, mean in every respect save

that of size, repeats what his flattering courtiers have taught him: "All men are really equal and must remain so." The literature which Socialism scatters among us is no longer the fanciful vision, the paper-and-ink scheme of the philosopher. It is the literature of the restless, reckless agitator, too often of the half-educated fanatic who believes that he has a right to life, riches and happiness at the expense of the rest of the world. Influences are at work among the people which the cultured classes are apt to slight until, if Americans, they find the financial prosperity of the country checked, and the industrial system endangered even by a legislative assembly of representative stupidity,—(to put it in the mildest possible form)—and they are left to consider Mr. Carlyle's question—"If of ten men, nine are recognizable as fools, which is a common calculation, how, in the name of wonder, will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men." Or, if our cultured classes are Europeans, and consequently deprived of some of our constitutional safety-valves, they are brought face to face with a social element which thinks it an act of virtue to kill a king, which dares to confront "the iron man" of Germany, and summons forth in opposition all the energies of that strongest government in the world, and which calls, in menacing tone, for the leveling of all distinctions, the abolition of all privileges, and the arbitrary reconstruction of society, upon principles of equality.

With this social unrest, the cultured, critical spirit comes in contact, and naturally asks—"How shall it be remedied?" The Atlas of the German Empire has answered, "By repression," seemingly forgetful that steam is dangerous only when confined.

Experience has shown that the "must do something" theory, as Spencer names it, is a specific which is worse than the disease. The explanation of the present and the hope for the future must be found in the continuous unfolding of each part of the social structure, in the gradual adjustment of those parts to each other by the

natural laws of development, and in the fact that disturbing phenomena which oft-times seem so abnormal, are, in reality, in perfect accordance with those natural laws, or are the necessary penalties for their transgression. The social unrest of the age, then, will find its natural antidote in that which is the moral unrest of the age-Evolution. Biological development, which contains the germ of all the rest, derives none of its origin from philosophical reveries, but rests upon scientific bases. It is the latest outcome of that spirit of critical investigation which has shown us how the universe is balanced, which has corrected the physical sciences, and now, through evolution, renders possible a science of Sociology. Under the impulse from this new exposition of natural causation, the modern spirit of criticism summons before its tribunal every principle, every creed, all that men have been accustomed to revere as good and true, or to shun as evil and false. Here again is found the eager, earnest purpose to know everything as it really is. Into what darkened chambers of belief are not these rays of criticism penetrating? What a vaporous cloud of discussion and contradiction are they not evoking? Ultimate principles, formulated creeds, have often been attacked as violently, but never before have they been submitted to a test so searching, so universal, or to an analysis so intelligent, so accurate. "After all," said Buffon, "there is no crucible like the mind."

Rousseau fought against arbitrary doctrines by means of other dogmas, truer, but just as arbitrary. But now, when, fated like all absolute doctrines, the Genevese philosophy is losing its power for good, there is evolving the new development philosophy to supplant the old, and to continue the warfare against Force, not with the weapons of arbitrary definition, but of rational induction based upon all known phenomena. True, it appears from the camp of positivism and our Nathanaels are doubtfully saying, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" The answer again is, "Come and see." But that philosophy of which Herbert Spencer is the foremost

exponent, can not strictly be called a new philosophy. It is rather the positive philosophy developed—since it includes a theology and a psychology—topics which positivism had formerly failed to recognize. As an orthodox critic has remarked, "Herbert Spencer comes in good faith from what has been so long a hostile army, bringing a flag of truce, and presenting terms of agreement meant to be honorable to both parties." . . "He shows the necessary existence of the ultimate religious ideas, while at the same time, he concludes that they are unsearchable."

The central truth of his system is that the law of organic evolution is the law governing all evolution. The original datum of biological development that "evolution is always from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and from the simple to the complex," has been by him predicated of all phenomena. "Whether it be in the development of the earth, or of life upon its surface, in the development of society, of government, of manufactures, of commerce, of language, literature, science and art, this same advance from the simple to the complex through successive differentiations holds uniformly."* The discovery and application of this principle, enforced as it is by copious learning and painstaking research, must exert a radically modifying effect upon the courses of thought and action. Newton discovered the law in accordance with which the universe is guided. Herbert Spencer has enunciated a law which underlies not only the phenomena of the physical sciences, but of life, mind and society as well. Thus, he has realized the conception of the "unity of the universe, and vindicated not alone the existence of Sociology, but, also, its eminent position among the sciences. The tendencies of this agitation are, of necessity, widespread and complex in the extreme. Fiercely assailed as such a philosophy must and ought to be, for the sake of a natural disclosure of the truth, by diverse interests and beliefs,—traditionary and conservative, it has still to prove thoroughly "its

^{*} Herbert Spencer.

fitness for Time, by conquering Time." The critical spirit of the future will sift it thoroughly, eliminating its untruths, determining its certainties. But amid the surface-turmoil of warring elements, it may not be impossible to detect the general direction of the tide. Men of action are becoming more and more subordinate to the men of thought. The generalizations of Science are obtaining more absolute authority than ever did the decrees of a Hildebrand.

The universal interaction of natural cause and natural effect is commanding attention, and is studied as containing the explanation for every event. The idea of man's moral liberty must be found to be incompatible with a view of natural causation, which represents every being, every event, as the inevitable result of preceding occurrences. Man, then, is but a package of inherited tendencies, which, under changing conditions, vary, and work out new and different results. While thus diametrically opposed to the tenor of Rousseau's moral philosophy, the new doctrines are capable of sustaining the warfare against arbitrary authority more effectually than he could ever have done. Absolutism in church, state and society must vanish away. The exercise of private judgment in all matters for one's self,—that precious acquisition of modern times,—is the especial care of the scientific philosophy. As Mr. Spencer observes, "The modern man of science relies more upon his own experience and less upon the statements of others in proportion as he views the field of knowledge from a more commanding position and acquires more accurate critical powers." The clear light which the evolution principle sheds over the domain of Sociology, is dispelling the mists of pretension. We see now that different causes combine in the production of every individual, that one can but vaguely appreciate the feelings and needs of others, "that human nature, society, all matter and spirit is in a ceaseless flux," and "that there are no such things as the everlasting hills." When this perception is fully attained, the rule of despotic, arbitrary dogma is ended.

It is related that, in the first crusade under Peter the Hermit, whenever the multitude came in sight of the roofs and towers of a distant city, the little children in that motley horde would cry, "Is this Jerusalem?"

We are too like these poor children, apt to think that the mountain which obscures our vision is the only one between us and the Holy City,—apt to think that rest and happiness can be found only under the gilded turrets of some particular "castle in the air." No! Long journeys, danger and death, perhaps, are between us and Jerusalem. Our Jerusalem may be but an ideal. The distance between us and it may always be relatively the same. Still, towards that ideal all things are tending, and that tendency may be aided by our action. In such action, rest and happiness are assured.

GEORGE ELIOT'S HISTORIC TYPES.

MONG the many rich intellectual gifts of this manysided writer, it would doubtless be somewhat difficult to determine exactly which is possessed in the largest degree or employed with the greatest efficiency. Some consider her superior in psychological analysis and comment, some in the range and variety of her characterization, and some in wealth of diction, dramatic power, and pictorial imagery. I see that so clear-sighted a critic as Mr. Hutton is doubtful as to her most marked literary excellence. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that she has been greatest in one or another direction at different stages of her literary growth, or rather that one or another quality has been displayed with more considerable freedom and prominence. But there is one feature, which to any one who has watched the successive achievements of her genius, can hardly have passed by unnoticed; it has become from a matter of allusiveness at the beginning, more distinct and specific with every fresh effort,

until in her last book, "Daniel Deronda," it pervades the whole story, and indeed gives the work its most singular interest. I mean what may be called, for lack of a better word, her historic sense, such a sense as Niebuhr, or Sir Walter Scott, or Landor had, only differing from theirs in this respect, that it uses the past of history rather in illustration of modern life and as acting on individual character.

The peculiar working of this historic sense is seen most clearly in her construction of character. Doubtless she often makes use of the method of delineation which is common to all the imitative arts. Gould, the American sculptor, said he got the idea of his "Western Wind" from observing one day the singular grace of a woman's dress blown by the wind into retreating plaits. We know from Hawthorne's "American Note Books" that a romance like "Septimius Felton" may be suggested by an occurrence trivial and insignificant in itself. So it is probable that George Eliot not infrequently finds the germ of a character which is capable of infinite development in her hands in the merest hint from every-day life. a chance observation in reading, or an experience of the slightest kind. But at certain times, when she has a given character already present to her, her mind seems to work according to a different and less common process: by an apparently instantaneous and perfectly natural impulse she goes back into the historic past and fastens, with a strangely fit sense of analogy and close innate connection, upon its prototype, which serves to a degree in further fashioning, enriching, or casting clearer light on the creation of her brain. For instance, in the Prelude to "Middlemarch," the author has in mind the life of Dorothea and its disappointed ideal, whence she is led to think generally of lines of "spiritual grandeur illmatched with the meanness of opportunity," and thinking in this duct, there comes instantly the recollection of a historic parallel—that of Saint Theresa, and consequently it is around her that the Prelude centers, and in her as a historic personage that the idea is embodied.

This, however, is but a poor example of the extent and influence of this historic sense in her delineation of character. From the very first she has been largely endowed with the faculty, and unquestionably the extraordinary range of her observation and reading, served to strengthen this inclination that led her to study even intimate friends, it may be, by the light of historic parallel. Taking her last book as a stand-point, we can look back and see how her study of character has become with every new essay more thorough, more universal, more characteristic; there enters into her estimate not temperament only, and intellectual and spiritual bents, but the influence of race, of hereditary traits, of nationality. In this way nearly every leading character in her books comes to have the features of a type of its kind—types bearing on their face the broad, universal marks that are not to be mistaken, and yet sketched with the delicacy and sense of the subtle distinctions and more covert traits which show the hand of a great artist. I imagine I find in her books, without stretching the notion too far, distinct types of five several races-Tito Melema of the Greek, Savonarola of the Italian. Mordecai of the Jewish, Herr Klesmer of the musical German, and Adam Bede of the artisan English. sight this idea of types does not appear very clear or satisfactory; nay, it rather appears to be arbitrary and unnatural, making out of the characters more than the author intended or thought of in her conception. Possibly it may be so: I do not care to press the point too strongly. My point of view will, perhaps, be plainer after a short analysis of the character of Tito Melema considered as a study of the Greek race.

In saying that he is a study of the Greek type, I do not mean that George Eliot confines herself solely to the aim of illustrating or painting merely the peculiarities of the Greek race, least of all that she sacrificed to any such considerations the essential individuality of character. But it is evident that in this most poetic and harmoniously perfect of her portraitures, Greece, with all the potent witchery of its old-time glory, its associations in

literature, art, and philosophy, and especially its wonderfully endowed and attractive race, legendary and historic, has never been entirely absent from her imagination; has rather, joined to the wealth of her reading in the Attic literature and her keen sense of sympathy with the Hellenic spirit, reflected in various ways upon the composition of Tito's character, and made it the richer, more picturesque, and purely Greek. In person, Tito is eminently Greek; he has the dark glowing beauty and bodily strength and suppleness of an Apollo. Yet there was something in his handsome face which made old Piero di Cosimo want him to sit for Senori in the act of deceiving Priam. seems to me I have sometimes detected that something which may be a subtle indication of possible deception in the nature—in the beautiful features of certain statues of Greek athletes in the Vatican at Rome. Nimble acuteness of intellect and ready adaptability to changed circumstances—characteristic Athenian traits—are markedly developed in him, and become largely instrumental in advancing him to offices of trust in the Florentine government. He has that same sensibility to the beautiful which made the Athenian take delight in a Zeus of Phidias or a Prometheus of Æschylus, and he is Greek all over when he tells the enthusiastic barber what he thinks of Florence's Christian Campanile and the paintings of the old Italian masters. In all his social relations he displays the bright, joyous, pleasure-loving temperament of the true Ionian. He was destitute of the fear of wrongdoing, yet fear was a strong element in him—"the fear of what he believed or saw was likely to rob him of his pleasure." That is only a touch, but it is a very significant one; Mr. Taine in his "Art in Greece" has observed the very same trait in the Grecian character. there are points in the fictitious career of Melema which have a striking resemblance to certain portions of the life of Themistocles. His policy of double dealing between the hostile parties of Florentines on the one hand, and Piero de Medeci on the other, and that dexterous affiliation with both parties without exciting suspicion for a long time, and in such a way as to be entirely safe whichever party got the final ascendancy, reminds one very forcibly in several particulars of the versatile Greek commander's playing off between the Spartan leaders at Salamis and the Great King at Susa. In short, the whole history of Tito, the history of the development of a talent or facility for concealment and fabrication, this ease in catching another's mood, doubling on himself, and slipping into duplicity, into a studied and self-recognized deception, is the history of many a brilliant Athenian's life-career.

A SEA TALE.

The storm king ruled. The maddened seas
Ran up to meet the sky.
The ocean depths in boisterous mirth
Their pearls cast up on high.

Amid the revels of the storm
A rocket pierced the gloom,—
The chorus of the elements
Laughed at the vessel's doom.

The golden light of morning lit
The faces of the dead;
Of all that sailed upon that ship
One babe survived, they said.

Month after month the tides ran out Upon that rocky shore, Until the days had counted years, The years had reached a score.

On this dark night, the blackest night That all those years had known, A vessel brake upon the rocks And, heeded not, went down.

To a mast in clinging death still hung
The babe, to manhood grown;
A tar's rough hand carved on his tomb,
"The sea takes back its own."

NOTABILIA.

MAY, delightful, easy-going, reposeful May! thou art gone, and we, poor mortals, are left to face the stern ordeal, which threatens to banish our summer's pleasure, and grants to our divinities the long desired opportunity to avenge themselves for all the slights, which we, careless fellows, have put upon them. What with ball games to witness, a Junior crew on which to stake our all, the Dunham, Lake Whitney, the enticement of an all-night excursion on the Sound, and the allurement of Nature's smiles and of Old Sol's cheerful countenance, it is no wonder that books have lain untouched, and we have become enthusiastic in the pursuit of health and good humor. Of course the faculty have stormed and threatened to exile us to the wilds of that Siberia of Yale. Milford. Decrees, restrictions, warnings, new regulations and a host of authoritative reprimands of a kindred nature have fallen in showers, but only to result in a more abundant and luxuriant growth of the flowers, which they were intended to drown out. The community has yielded itself to the gentle influences of the season, and withdrawing from the dingy study-rooms has sought that best of all places for gaining true culture, the open, fresh air. Walking, rowing, and athletic clubs of all descriptions have sprung into flourishing existence, while, as a consequence, the time has vanished away far too suddenly. The many societies, also, have aided the general rejoicing by opening their doors to the fortunates who have been happy enough to receive their favor. But one event has occurred to mar the uninterrupted enjoyment. The day has at length dawned when that chiefest prerogative of American youth-bonfires and illuminations—has been snatched from us. No more shall our old brazen friend proclaim, with his loud peals of joy, the news of Yale's conquests. No more shall the sacrificial flames arise to the goddess of victory. No more sparkling libations shall be poured forth in honor of the

Mars of the ball field, or the solemn river god. May we not expect that these divinities, angered at our lack of faithful worship, will, one and all, desert us for our enemies?

THE past year has witnessed many demands on the part of our sister department to a fuller recognition of them as equals by us of the academic course. The question has been debated sharply on both sides, old prejudices have been revived and the smaller department has, as might have been foreseen, been worsted in the contest. There can be no doubt that there has for a long time existed among us a strong feeling against our brethren of Sheffield, and it is still more patent that the breach thus formed is increasing. For this there must be some sufficient reason. Anyone who has compared the two departments cannot have failed to perceive that there is a quality existing in the larger that is wholly absent from the smaller. Among the students of the latter there is observable a certain looseness, want of cohesion and general air of carelessness, which the academic undergraduates, as a body, never show. No one will hesitate to say that this is due to the lack of discipline and utter disregard for religion, which is so characteristic of the Scientific school. It is a fact demanding no explanation, that young men on leaving home need restraints, and should have forced upon them principles of morality, provided they are to become men of the highest development. Infidelic doctrines, too, are poor food for the majority of the hearty, healthy, careless youths who fill our colleges. The glory of Yale is her strict discipline and, though all of us undergraduates delight in profuse grumbling, we respect and honor our faculty chiefly because they exert themselves to the utmost to keep us within bounds. Compulsory attendance at chapel and church services, and a few of the wholesome regulations now in force among us would go far toward soon placing the members of the Sheffield School upon a level with their fellows of the academic department.

THERE is nothing so pleasing to the mind of the undergraduate during the early stages of his college career as tradition. Hence, perhaps, one small reason of the popularity of our two older American universities, around each of which clusters a host of traditional tales. Does not every Yale man cherish with pride the story of the brave boys who sallied forth from Old South Middle in revolutionary times, to do valiant battle for their city? And who of us has not listened eagerly to the thrilling accounts of the rivalry and conflicts between the students and townsmen? These are but an instance of the many familiar stories that have come down to us in reference to the days of the Yale of old. We remember that, in Freshman year, as we stealthily crept along under the lee of the trees, in our endeavors to escape the storm that burst forth from South Middle, our attention was frequently drawn to the dilapidated pump-like structure which stands before that building, of which it is the fit representative, the Laboratory. Being of an inquiring cast of disposition we put our queries to every friend, and many and strange were the answers we received. Each narrator seemed to picture in his imagination the original of the broken-down concern and, with this as a background, would weave a tale in keeping with his own individuality. To the severely practical, it stood as the last remnant of a weighing machine of days gone by, or as the ancient hitching post, where our grandfathers were wont to moor their land craft. The man of intense thought esteemed the relic far too trivial a matter for his consideration, and viewed it simply as a rotten stump that marred the beauty of the campus and reflected no credit upon the faculty for their failure to remove it. While the imaginative spirit pictured it to himself as the pump of mediæval structure, and, unlike his practical or abstracted friend, whose store of tradition on the subject was not very enticing, would entertain us by the hour with a glowing account of the scenes it had witnessed. A few of these tales are still to be found lurking in odd nooks of our memory, as, for instance, the story of that

poor sickly Freshman, who lost his life in consequence of the severe ducking he experienced at the hands of the barbarian Sophomore of yore, and of that strange, sad young fellow, who could so often be seen standing beside the pump, lost in thought, unmindful of the fact that his pail had long since been filled, until aroused from his reverie and recalled to himself by some more practical classmate, the sequel of the latter being that this same student rose to eminence and became an honor to his college. It is a pity that our narrator could never recollect the name of the hero of this exploit. These are but two of the many stories that center around this remnant of olden time; whether they be true or false we cannot say. Evidence, however, seems to point to the fact that the object in question was some source of water, whether spring, well, pump or cistern it would not be possible to decide, as the authorities differ. Of later years there has been a cry to the faculty to dig us a well somewhere on the college grounds. The demand has thus far been unheeded. Perhaps by raising the curiosity and inciting the spirit of investigation of that reverend body, we may be able to accomplish two great objects. We would therefore suggest that the rulers of the campus proceed to dig about the ancient weighing machine, hitching post, rotten stump, or relic of a pump, whichever it may be, and settle the dispute which exists in reference to its former use. Having then once taken spade and pick in hand, it would be little extra trouble to satisfy the yearnings of the college world by pursuing the underground investigation a little deeper until the region of pure, sweet, cold water be reached.

THE last of the elms that fronted the old Herrick homestead has at length yielded to the onward march of improvement. A year ago when its companion fell a victim to a similar demand, there ascended to heaven a few regretful sighs from those who could not endure to witness, unmoved, the monarch's overthrow. It is by these that the question is raised, "Does it pay?" What

do we gain by the beautifying of a few yards beneath our feet to recompense us for the great loss which meets our eyes when directed, as they should be, skyward? The growth of a hundred years is well worthy of a moment's consideration. Two of the giants have now gone, leaving one of the finest corners of the campus desolate and forlorn. The alumni, on their return to their old haunts. must sadly miss the landmarks of their day and view with evil eye the vanishing of nature before her conqueror, art. If we are to place any credence in the report which has circulated within the college domain, since first we can remember, the demolition we behold is but the beginning of the reform which will in time see the completion of a quadrangle. The fine row of elms, stretching from the south of Farnam to College street, will be forced, we are told, to make way for new dormitories and recitation halls. When on a pleasant morning we saunter along the campus and gaze up into the spreading branches, each of them clothed with its myriad leaves, the dew glistening in the early sunshine, or, at midday leave our dusty, heated rooms to recline in the cooling shade and drink in draughts of pure air, then it is that we think lightly of the discomforts of our chambers and esteem the dingy factory buildings far preferable to a Durfee at the expense of our friends, the elms. However, if we reflect a moment our fears will take to themselves wings and fly away. Doubtless the hope of many an ardent admirer of Yale will in time be realized, but we must not forget that our fathers dreamed of a new chapel, which their sons have lived to behold. And we, who exist in this day of large gas bills, unrewarded Junior speakers, and streets of dust, full many a foot in depth, may look to witness the fulfillment of the prophecy of a quadrangle, when the trees we hold so dear shall have crumbled away.

PORTFOLIO.

-When I put on my eye-glasses and peer down from the heights of these Elysian Fields to the dim regions beyond the Styx where the Sub-fresh wandered a yet unembodied academical shade, it seems to me that I can distinguish men with a certain definiteness of outline lacking to the higher level about Thomas, Richard and Henry answer to their names still, even in the snuffy-brown disguises coming with the mud of Spring. But I am anxious. Am I ultimately to have but one friend for three, and that one inconveniently capable of being dispersed in three places at once? When Dick has been deposited on my lounge, disputative and loquacious, for a couple of hours, are the next two to be absorbed by Harry in my easychair, loquacious and disputative in the same fashion and to the same end? Pray, why must that careful matron, our Alma Mater, fold up and lav away so jealously our individuality, to replace it with an intellectual livery of monotonous make-up? There is danger lest we never resume our own,—and at best it will reek stiflingly of camphor. With all the clown-suggesting patches who would not have the familiar old attire? Its tatters even are charming. The truth is, I abhor the erasing friction of this mill-work. I want a man's corners,—even if they incommode my ribs at times. These outlying angles often hold the most crystals, and strike the brightest sparks. Men seem ashamed to have strong likes and dislikes, dread being called "queer," don't strike for fear of missing, and so no hits are made. O, ves.! I am one of them. I always feel, when again among old acquaintances, that I am recognized only by my negative qualities, by what I am not, not by what I am. Yet I once had hobbies; many limped sorely from over-riding. Shall I ever again have the face to bring out the ancient steeds? I fear me not. Respectable uniformity has cowed me. Still we preach:—deliver us from the universal pedestrianism that follows the dismounting from all hobbies. You may get thrown, but while your neck is whole, riding is better than walking,—and more entertaining. Stick to Rosinante. you too may become immortal.

——I had rather a thousand times walk Broadway when I am in New York for half a day, than go to the theatre. It is somewhat of a vulgar taste, but I like to watch the men and

the women. The rich array of dry goods and of jewelry too, which used to grace the huge show-windows, was always a source of great delight to me. But since the time that Stewart built his new store at Tenth Street, it has become the fashion in New York to confine these displays to the interior and from promiscuous public gaze. I am glad that this fashion has not penetrated everywhere. Especially in Boston at Christmas tide it makes a man's mouth water to gaze even, for instance, into a butcher's shop and see the turkeys all adorned and hung up in symmetrical order, and the little pigs in holiday costume of paper rosettes, seemingly crying out "Please eat me." And what shall we say of the confectionery establishments, with their prodigal profusion of bon-bons?—or of the jewelers, with their gold and their diamonds? Sometimes when I have a long time to spare, I indulge myself in tracing the possible careers of the goods exposed to view. Tailor's window, loud suit, fast man, low tastes, brothels, gambling dens, haunts of vice in general, ruin,—in short, quite the rake's progress. Milliner's shop, lovely hat, suggestive of innocence and beauty, fair maid of sixteen, heightens her seraphic beauty, she looks an angel as she prays on Sunday in the chapel gallery, careless student in the midst of his frivolity beholds her, is struck by the noble ideal, becomes converted, takes the valedictory, etc. The best display of the season in New Haven, to my mind, has been the one of ladies' stockings in one of our dry-goods stores. So tastily arranged, showing every curve of grace to advantage, of such beautiful colors. Surely it was bewilderingly pretty. I did not dare trace any of their careers at all.

—We, of course, have fresh in mind the tall grace and the accents, sweet with their diffuse, semi-articulate vowels, of Modjeska—the fair enthusiast for an Arcadia in a Western ranche, the Lady of the scentless, swift-fading flower, Camille. We confess, at starting, to an admiration of long standing. Even the faintness of the applause was agreeable, as leaving us in a retirement apart from indiscriminate approval. One old thought came back with fresh force, that it was not the story of the Dame aux Camélias told by word of mouth, but the life of the heroine lived before the eyes. It is the prerogative of a dramatic artist not to say but to be. One dispenses with probability, consistency, and all the other virtues of construction so lightly, when once within a personal sphere, and can

then sympathize so keenly with what is quite removed from his own personal experience. For ourselves, we find Dumas insupportable; he tries our temper and our nerves; he tortures us, and our resources in experience are too limited to give him the lie, while at the same time he cuts off all escape in other directions by tying us down so realistically that, unassisted, we cannot get into the more poetic region where the trials of the flesh are transfigured into growth of the spirit, and where the refreshing truth comes home that self-sacrifice and bitter loss hold the possibilities of a finer happiness. Modjeska says this, and, for her sake, we pardon the author of so painful a tale.

---When I write my second novel,--for who has not at least commenced his first by his dozenth year? I remember mine, the joint product of literary and culinary indigestibles, though even the heroine, the euphonious Sophonisba, has faded to a mere name, such is the outrageous faithlessness to ideals,—when, I repeat, I find myself suffering from a plethora of ideas, and disburden myself at the expense of my few misguided readers, I have a theme ready and waiting. (It is not copyrighted, and my potential rivals are welcome to the suggestion.) I am tired of the simplicity, the poverty, of conception that makes a man or woman heroic in doing some very noble, virtuous, and admirable deed (according to the orthodox plot—theology sure of compensation in another world if not in this), for some one else to the sacrifice of personal happiness for the time being. These seem to me but time-serving heroes at best. They must come out ahead in the long run, however long such run be. What I want to see is a heroine (let us say) who, for the sake of her lover (say, to start on familiar ground) not only gives him up, as Camille does, utterly and by one fell stroke, but does it through some sin that, as she well believes, must cost her all the possibilities of future bliss. We have plenty of nuns that have broken their vows, to follow earthly happiness; give us one that has violated hers only to renounce her lover forever, to bear a double and inextinguishable curse. That would stir one with an admiration devoid of misgivings. That would be a rôle to try the powers of a Modjeska—yes, of a Rachel.

—Whenever I am in the presence of any of the beauties of our native scenery, my sense of delight is always mingled with a regret that it has not been given to me to enjoy the

view before me as it was in all its first perfection. New England, unless it be in some of her out-of-the-way corners, is not what she once was. As the years have rolled by, she has become populous and civilized, and modern civilization is a ruthless vandal. Even it has not been able to mar her form or sear her fair face utterly, yet the very fact that she still can be so fair always renews in me the vain longing to have seen her perfect.—to have been the pioneer voyager to whom she showed herself, fresh as on the day of her creation. Once this feeling of very exasperation at man, his presence, and all his works, came over me in a peculiarly impressive way. It was last summer, on the evening of July 3, and I was waiting for a train at Bradford, on the Merrimac. I had some time to spend, so I wandered to the river. The land there sinks to the water-level in irregular terraces, and across the river rises again in bluffs, and, farther back, in rounded hills. Between the banks the stream sweeps in a broad majestic bend. When forests crowned the heights it must have been a place of exceeding beauty, but now the contour of land and water alone remains, for where the trees were lies the thriving manufacturing city of Haverhill, and everybody knows that for inherent unsightliness manufacturing places are unsurpassed. Nevertheless, as I threw myself down on the bank, I was not immediately conscious of my old unsatisfied feeling. Across the water the noise of the day was subsiding in the streets: above the houses a crimson cloud or two showed where the sun had gone down; the surface of the river was perfectly smooth, and I could see a second city in the water, as perfect as the first, except when a boat stole down with the tide and spoiled the mirror with its wake. Then the clocks struck eight. After all, thought I to myself, men and their civilization are not always for the marring of Nature's face. Do not man and his works contribute to such a scene and time as this a beautiful something unknown in any wild? My queries received an immediate answer. From far up the river came a sound which was echoed and repeated in much the same way that travelers say the first faint distant cry of the wolf finds response in the Russian forests. What is it? No! There it goes again. Yes, it is !- it is! Young America beginning his fishhorn celebration for the Fourth. The analogy to the wolves' cry continued. Now one sounded nearer, now a faint note from the other end of the city; then some one right opposite me blared away on a big bass one. Then they began to come in twos and threes, or half a dozen together, or in rapid succession. The effect was as though the whole city of Haverhill were the key-board of a large steam organ and over it a feline of fabulous size were meandering at her own sweet will and prancing at the grand passages. This is unknown in any wild. My train whistled and I rose to go, but as I shook the grass from my clothes I thought of Whittier's wail for the Merrimac:

"Oh stream of my fathers, if answer of thine Could rise from thy waters to question of mine, Methinks, through the din of thy thronged banks a moan Of sorrow would swell for the days that are gone."

-How universal an artist Turgénieff is! Men, women, and serfs; land, sea, clouds; the breath stirring the lake, the indistinct, awe-suggesting sounds of the forest; thoughts, instincts; all, from the most substantial and enduring to the most immaterial and evanescent, he touches in with the same sure, unerringly delicate strokes of his pen. gives a language to inanimate things, a soul to the brute creation, and in so doing adds two new worlds to the range of our thought. His dogs are especially good; they have individuality, a share of humanity even. One feels that he might almost recognize Jermolai's dog as an old acquaintance, as well as Jermolai himself. Valetka was no ordinary quadruped, and he possessed in an extraordinary degree, yet consistently and naturally bound up with his canine characteristics, the one quality wherein we pride ourselves as peculiarly human.—a consummate indifference to all things, worthy of the most ennuyé man of the world. In short, he was blasé. Yet with capabilities of executing his duties in the field that absolved him from the charge of indolence or neglect, two vices inconsistent with the ideally blase temperament, and withal, possessed of a weakness for a hare under the cool, green shadows of a hedge, conscious of an added relish from the ingenious and original objurgations of which he was the object, from the mouth of his master. If you have a chance to meet the beasts and fish and fowl that haunt the fields and streams and woods of the Enchanted Ground, whereof the "Diary of a Sportsman" is written, do not fail to take the pleasure and profit their acquaintance will bring you. They, at least, are free from the curse that lowers, vaguely felt, in the very air for their masters.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

We place in our Record the following:

In Memoriam.

WHEREAS, It has been the pleasure of Almighty God, in his infinite power, to remove from this world BURTON HENRY TODD, our esteemed classmate and friend; and

WHEREAS, We, the Class of '81 S. S. S., sincerely mourn the loss of an associate whose earnest and upright Christian life has left us a worthy example to imitate; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, his fellow-students, by this act put on record our sorrow at this unexpected and premature loss, and tender to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy; and be it

Resolved, That the class wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days; and be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the college papers and a copy sent to his home.

In

Base Ball,

We begin with the victorious score of the first Freshman game with Harvard, which was played on Saturday, April 26, at Hamilton Park:

	YALI	ε, 'έ	32.					HARVARD, '82.								
	R.	IB.	Tl.B	. P.C). A.	R.	T.B.		R.	IB.	rl,ı	B. P.	D. A.	E.	T.B.	
Hopkins, 1b.	2	2	2	13	I	I	6	Snow, c. f.	I	I	I	0	I	3	6	
Billings, p.	2	I	I	O	3	3	6	Hall, l. f.	2	2	2	2	0	3	5	
Platt, 3b.	5	3	3	0	I	Ō	6	Chapin, s. s.	1	I	2	2	3	I	5	
Badger, 2b.	2	2	2	2	7	1	6	Burt, 1b.	I	I	I	7	ō	3	5	
Stanton, c.	3	3	4	7	2	2	7	Leatherbee, 3b.	1	2	2	2	3	2	5	
Griggs, s. s.	2	I	I	I	3	3	6	Andrews, r. f.	2	I	T	0	ŏ	0	Ğ.	
Hebard, r. f.	I	I	I	2	I	O	5	Stevens, c.	0	О	О	6	3	2	5	
McBride, c. f.	2	I	I	2	О	0	5	Richardson, 2b.	2	2	2	3	I	I	5	
Stone, l. f.	0	О	О	О	0	0	5	Knowles, p.	I	I	· I	5	4	I	5	
	_		_	_		_	_	· -	_				_			
	19	14	15	27	18	10	52		11	11	12	27	15	16	47	

Two-base hits—Yale: Stanton, I; Harvard: Chapin, I. Passed balls—Stanton, 2; Stevens, 4. Wild pitches—Billings, I; Knowles, 2. Struck out—Yale, 4; Harvard, 3. Base on balls—Yale, I; Harvard, I. Time of game—2 hours 20 min.

Wednesday, April 30, saw a game with the Springfields at Hamilton Park. Score:

CDDINGRIPI DO

37 A T T

	Y A.	LE.						SPRINGFIELDS.								
	A.B.	R.	в.	T.B.	P.C). A.	E.	1	A.B.	R.	В.	T.B.	P.O	. А.	E.	
Hutchison, s.	s. 3	0	I	I	I	I		Cassidy, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	I	I	
Parker, 3b.	3	I	2	2	I	3	0	Goldsmith, 1b.	3	0	0	0	6	0	0	
Lamb, p.	3	0	0	0	0	5	0	Pike, c. f.	3	0	Į	I	2	0	I	
Walden, 2b.	3	0	I	I	1	I	0	Ferguson, s. s.	3	0	1	1	0	1	0	
Hopkins, 1b.	3	0	I	I	8	0	0	Smith, 3b.	3	I	0	0	0	I	0	
Camp, l. f.	3	0	I	I	1	0	0	Crane, 2b.	3	0	1	1	4	2	0	
Clark, c. f.	2	О	0	0	3	I	0	O'Leary, l. f.	2	0	0	0	I	0	О	
Ives, c.	2	0	0	0	5	2	4	Powers, c.	2	I	2	2	7	5	2	
Ripley, r. f.	2	0	0	0	I	0	o	Corcoran, p.	2	0	0	0	I	4	0	
	_	_	—					· -			_	_		_	_	
	24	I	6	6	21	13	5		24	2	5	5	2 I	14	4	
					scc	RE	BY	INNINGS.								
Inn	ings,		1		2		3	4 5	6		7		8			
Yale,			0		0		ŏ	i ŏ	О		ò		0-	-1		
Springfield	d,		0		1		o	0 0	I		0		0-	-2		

Two-base hits, 0; Three-base hits, 0; Sacrifice hits, Springfield, Smith. 1st base on balls, 0. 1st base on errors—Yale, 1; Springfield, 1. Struck out—Yale, 4; Springfield, 3. Balls called on Lamb, 54; on Corcoran, 88. Strikes on Lamb, 6; on Corcoran, 12. Double plays, Yale, 1. Passed balls—Ives, 1; Powers, 2; Time of game—I hour 40 minutes. Umpire—George Hiller.

Mr. Ives had the misfortune to run against a post while trying to catch a foul fly, and broke his right leg, for which reason the game was called in the eighth inning.

On Saturday, May 3, the first Princeton game was played at Princeton. Score:

3	ALE					PRINCETON.								
	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.	ľ	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Hutchison, s. s.	I	0	0	3	I	Wigton, 1b.	I	I	8	0	0			
Parker, 3b.	I	I	I	3	1	Van Dyke, l. f.	I	I	0	0	3			
Lamb, p.	0	I	0	12	3	Duffield, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0			
Walden, 2b.	3	2	3	I	0	Hamill, 2b.	2	2	2	6	I			
Hopkins, 1b.	I	0	17	1	2	Warren, 3b.	I	2	2	0	4			
Camp, l. f.	3	2	1	0	0	Horton, p.	2	I	0	4	2			
Clark, c. f.	I	I	I	О	0	Budd, s. s.	0	0	I	I	4			
Watson, c.	0	0	2	I	5	McNair, c. f.	0	0	4	0	0			
Smith, c.	I	I	2	3	6	Schenck, c.	I	0	10	I	4			
Ripley, r. f.	2	3	0	I	0		_			_	_			
	_	_	_	_	_		8	7	27	12	18			
	13	11	27	25	18	•		-	_					

		SCO	RE BY	Y INN	INGS.				
Innings,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	I	4	4	0	0	2	2-13
Princeton, .	4	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	o 8

Earned runs, o. First base on errors—Yale, 10; Princeton, 5. First base on balls, o. Two-base hits, Clark, 1. Sacrifice hits, Hopkins, 1. Struck out—Yale, 4; Princeton, 6. Balls called on Horton, 93; on Lamb, 89. Strikes called off Horton, 16, off Lamb, 15. Wild pitches—Horton, 2; Lamb, 3. Passed balls—Watson, 3; Smith, 4; Schenck, 1. Double play, Yale, 1. Time of game—2 hours 40 minutes. Umpire—Devlin, of the League.

On Wednesday, May 7, at Hamilton Park, the game with the Atlantics was easily won by Yale:

	YA	LE.						ATLANTICS.									
	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B	. P.C). A.	E.				A.B.	R.	IB.	т.в	. P.O	. А.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.	. 6	I	3	3	3	4	I	Cra	mer, c	: .	5	2	I	2	4	I	3
Parker, 3b.	6	I	I	Ī	Ī	3	0	Lar	in, 3b		5	2	2	4	Ġ	5	2
Lamb, p.	6	2	3	8	2	5	7	Kno	owdel.	l, s.s.	5	О	0	0	0	3	3
Walden, 2b.	6	1	2	2	1	4	5	Sha	nnon,	r. f.	5	2	0	0	0	Ō	Ō
Hopkins, 1b.	6	I	О	О	τ5	ó	ŏ	Bar	rett, l.	. f.	5	0	1	2	3	0	2
Camp, l. f.	5	2	2	2	I	0	0	Tho	mpso	n, c. f.	. 5	2	0	0	2	0	О
Clark, c. f.	5	2	2	2	0	0	О	Far	rel, 2l	э.	4	I	I	I	I	0	2
Booth, c.	5	2	1	1	3	3	7	Gor	mley,	p.	4	0	1	I	1	4	4
Ripley, r. f.	5	1	0	0	ī	Ĭ			Cabe,	īb.	4	2	I	I	10	ò	İ
	_		_	_	_	_					_	_	_	_	_	_	
	50	13	14	19	27	20	20				42	11	7	11	27	13	17
					SC	ORE	ВУ	INN	INGS.								
Inni	ngs,	,	1		2	3	3	4	5	6	7		8	Ç)		
Yale, .	•		0		2	3		ò	4	0	4		0	Ċ	<u></u> 1	(3	
Atlantics,			2		0		ó	1	3	I	Ö		I	3	3—1	ίΙ	
Earned runs	_v	ale	4 .	Aı	lan	tics	т	Fir	et ha	se on	err	ors.	_v	ale	TC		At_

Earned runs—Yale, 4; Atlantics, 1. First base on errors—Yale, 10; Atlantics, 12. Strikes called on Yale, 6; on Atlantics, 30. Balls called on Lamb, 124; on Gormley, 115. Time of game—2 hours 20 minutes. Umpire George Hiller.

The first University game with Harvard drew all the college to the Park, Saturday, May 10. Score:

	ΥA	LE.								HARV	AR	D.				
	A.B.	R.	В.	T.B.	P.0	. А.	E.			A.B.	R.	В.	T.B	. P.O	. А.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.	. 6	I	I	I	0	5	2	Nunn,	S. S.	5	I	I	I	2	6	2
Parker, 3b.	6	2	2	2	I	2	I	Howe,	c. f.	4	2	2	3	3	I	0
Lamb, p.,	6	2	2	3	0	7	0	Wrigh	t, 1b.	4	I	0	0	9	0	0
Walden, 2b.	6	2	2	2	I	3	0	Coolid	ge, 2b.	4	0	0	0	3	3	0
Hopkins, 1b.	6	I	4	5	17	Ū	2			4	I	3	4	I	0	2
Camp, l. f.	5	I	4	4	2	0	0	Holde	n, c. f.	4	0	ŏ	Ó	4	o	6
Clark, c. f.	5	I		Ï	2	0	I	Olmste	ead, c. f.	4	0	О	0	3	0	I
Smith, c.	5	o	1	1	3	5	3	Cohen	, 3b.	4	0	0	0	Ī	1	2
Ripley, r. f.	5	I	0	0	I	ŏ	ŏ	Alger,		4	О	0	0	0	4	1
	_	_	_	_	_	—	_	ł		_		—	—	_	_	
	50	II	17	19	27	22	9			37	5	6	8	2 6	15	14
					SC	ORE	ву	INNIN	GS.							
Inning	S,		1		2	3	3	4 !	5 6	7		8	(•		
Yale, .			o		o	Č		3	3 1	ò		o	2	í—1	1	
Harvard,			0		0	o)	ŏ		I		3	C	<u>.</u>	5	

Earned runs—Yale, 4; Harvard, 1. Two-base hits—Hopkins and Lamb; Howe and Winsor. First base on errors—Yale, 6; Harvard, 5. Struck out—Yale, 1; Harvard, 5. Balls called off Alger, 76; off Lamb, 88. Strikes called on Alger, 14; on Lamb, 14. Double plays, Coolidge and Wright. Passed balls—Smith, 2; Holden, 4. Time of game—2 hours 20 minutes. Umpire—James G. Sumner, of Boston.

On Wednesday, May 14, the nine played a fine game against the Holyokes. Score:

	YALE.						HOL	YOK	E.				
	R.	IB.	T.B	. P.O	. А.			R.	IB.	T.B.	P.0	. А.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.	2	2	2	1	6	0	Powell, 1b.	0	I	1	14	I	1
Parker, 3b.	I	2	2	2	2	0	Connor, 3b.	0	I	ľ	2	4	2
Lamb, p.	I	0	О	0	4	2	Winchester, 2b.	I	I	I	I	2	0
Walden, 2b.	0	1	1	I	4	0	Burke, l.	0	I	I	8	0	3
Hopkins, 1b.	I	2	2	18	o	0	Sullivan, m.	Ó	0	0	I	0	I
Camp, l.	0	1	I	1	0	0	Welch, r.	0	0	0	2	0	0
Clark, m.	0	0	0	0	О	0	Turbidy, s. s.	0	0	0	2	5	I
Stanton, c.	0	0	О	3	I	4	Burns, p.	0	0	0	0	4	0
Ripley, r.	0	0	0	I	I	0	McGrath, c.	0	0	0	5	I	3
- •	_	_	_	_	_			_	_	_	_	_	_
	5	8	8	27	18	6		I	4	4	27	17	11

		SCC	RE B	Y INN	INGS.				
Innings,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	I	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	0-5
Holvoke, .	0	0	0	I	0	0	Ó	0	0-1

First base on errors—Yale, 5; Holyoke, 1. Struck out—Yale, 2; Holyoke, 1. Strikes called on Yale, 8; on Holyoke, 10. Balls called on Lamb, 71; on Burns, 67. Passed balls—Stanton, 4; McGrath, 2. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—Geo. Hiller.

The second Harvard game took place at Cambridge, Saturday, May 17, splendidly played against discouraging odds, as follows:

	ΥA	LE.						HARVARD.								
		R.	В.	T.B.	P.0	. А.	E.		A.B.	R.	В.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hutchison, s. s.	4	0	I	1	1	4	I	Winsor, r. f.	4	0	0	О	0	О	0	
Parker, 3b.	4	0	τ	I	2	0	0	Tyng, c.	4	0	0	О	3	1	I	
Lamb, p.	4	o	0	О	О	10	I	Ernst, p.	4	0	0	0	2	2	0	
Walden, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	2	I	Howe, c. f.	4	0	I	I	2	1	0	
Hopkins, 1b.	4	0	0	0	11	О	0	Nunn, s. s.	4	I	2	2	2	I	0	
Camp, l.f.	4	0	I	I		0	0	Coolidge, 2b.	3	0	0	0	5	2	0	
Clark, c. f.	4	О	2	2	0	О	0	Alger, l. f.	3	0	0	О	4	0	0	
Smith, c.	4	0	0	0	8	О	5	Olmstead, 1b.	3	I	О	О	9	O	1	
Ripley, r. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	Cohen, 3b.	3	0	I	1	Ó	I	3	
	_	_	_	_	_	_	_	i		_	_			_		
	36	0	5	5	27	16	8	l	32	2	4	4	27	8	5	
					~~	~ n n	* *******									

Earned runs, o. First base on errors—Yale, 4; Harvard, 4. Struck out—Yale, 2; Harvard, 8. Strikes called on Yale, 22; Harvard, 19. Double plays—Howe and Coolidge. Passed balls—Yale, 4; Harvard, 1. Time of game—2 hours 5 minutes. Umpire—Nickerson, of Providence.

On Saturday, May 24, the nine met the Amherst nine on the grounds at Amherst. Score:

	YA	LE.						AMHERST.							
	A.B.	R.	τB.	T.B	. P.O	. А.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B	, P.C	. A.	E.
Hutchison, s.	s. 6	3	2	2	0	2	0	Blair, l.	4	0	2	2	I	0	3
Parker, 3b.	6	3	I	I	1	1	0		4	0	I	I	2	0	0
Lamb, p.	6	3	2	2	I	8	0	Wentz, c.	4	I	I	I	7	I	2
Walden, 2b.	6	2	2	2	3	3	I	Gillett, 2b.	4	0	О	0	5	0	I
Hopkins, 1b.	6	2	2	2	13	0	I	Gordon, r.	4	0	1	I	I	2	3
Camp, l.	6	0	2	2	I	0	0	Gould, p.	. 4	0	0	О	0	2	2
Clark, m.	6	0	2	2	I	О	0	Chase, s. s.	4	0	0	0	3	3	4
Watson, c.	5	0	I	T	7	3	3	Child, 1b.	4	0	0	О	6	2	2
Ripley, r.	5	2	I	2	0	I	0	Thurston, 3b.	4	0	I	I	2	2	5
	_	_	_	_	_	_	_		_	—	_	-	_	_	_
	52	15	15	16	27	18	5	l	36	I	6	6	27	12	22
					SC	VINNINGS									

Innings, I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Yale, . . . 2 0 0 2 I 4 2 0 4—15
Amherst, . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 I 0— I

Earned runs, o. Two-base hits, Ripley. Sacrifice hits—Lamb, Camp, Wentz, Gillett, Gordon. First base on balls—Lamb, Hopkins. First base on errors—Yale, 15; Amherst, 4. Struck out—Lamb, Hutchison, Wentz, Gillett, Gould, Thurston. Strikes called off Lamb, 26; off Gould, 14. Double plays, Gillett. Passed balls—Watson, 4; Wentz, 4. Wild pitches—Amherst, 7. Time of game—2 hours 25 minutes. Umpire—Mr. A. B. Latimer, of Amherst.

Boating

Has furnished the college with matter of interest in the single scull race which was pulled at Worcester on Lake Quinsigamond, between Mr. Edmund P. Livingston, of Yale, and Mr. Warren N. Goddard, of Harvard, on Friday, May 9. It was won by Mr. Goddard by several boat lengths, Mr. Goddard's time being 14.30, Mr. Livingston's, 14.49. The diverse sentiments that found expression at the two university boating meetings on May 16 and 21 have had interested supporters throughout the college. It was a subject that needed definition, as to how far non-graduate members of the professional school should be eligible for the university crew. In connection came up the question of sanctioning the action of Capt. Thompson at New London. After many speeches, presenting many views of the case, the first meeting adjourned on the carrying of a motion to sanction the action of Capt. Thompson as delegate. At the second meeting, after tedious debate, it was carried by a close vote that Yale sign the following agreement:

It is hereby agreed between the Yale University Boat Club, represented by Pres. Chas. F. Aldrich and Capt. O. D. Thompson, and the Harvard University Boat Club, represented by Pres. Walter Trimble and Capt. Richard Trimble, that all students who have been in regular attendance for the whole of any college year, in any department of said universities, shall be eligible in that year to the university crew. Suspension shall not be held to interfere with regular attendance. This agreement shall go into effect in this year of our Lord, 1879, and shall continue to hold good until altered by the mutual consent of both parties.

Signed,

For Yale, { CHAS. F. ALDRICH, O. D. THOMPSON. For Harvard, { WALTER TRIMBLE, RICHARD TRIMBLE.

The Spring Regatta

Was shone upon by a bright, though warm sun, and the day was all that could be wished, save for a stiff breeze that blew up the lake. The programme opened with the single scull race, two mile course, between G. M. Edwards and R. H. Monson, '79, which was won by the former in 18.48¾ min. against 19 min. Next came the barge race between the three crews, which was close and exciting. The course was two miles. Crews: Junior—Preston King (stroke), F. W. Keator, W. R. Innis, F. O. Spencer, W. A. Peters, C. P. Wurts (bow),

E. W. Knevals (cox.); time, 14.0834. Sophomore—W. W. K. Nixon (stroke), F. A. Manning, N. T. Guernsey, O. H. Briggs, J. F. Merrill, Isaac Bromley (bow), H. N. Tuttle (cox.); time, 14.33. Freshman-H. T. Folsom (stroke), H. H. Knapp, G. B. Miller, F. M. Eaton, W. G. Phelps, A. D. Bevan (bow), Aug. Fitzgerald (cox.); time, 14.21. There followed the race between the Dunham four-oared crews from the Senior and Sophomore classes, course one mile. Seniors-E. S. Fowler (stroke), S. P. Willard, W. L. Bruen, W. W. Hawkes (bow); time, 7.523/4. Sophomores—T. H. Myers (stroke), J. R. Ely, H. P. Johnes, H. C. White (bow); time, 8.14. The concluding race of the Senior crews, course one mile, was won by the blue in 7.30, the white following in 8.28. Crews: White-F. A. Stokes (stroke), J. V. Farwell, L. M. Higginson, T. E. Rochfort (bow), J. J. Nairn (cox.). Blue-M. S. Wilson (stroke), A. S. Polhemus, H. Hitchcock, R. H. Monson (bow), Aug. Fitzgerald (cox.).

The forty-sixth

Psi Upsilon Convention

Was held with the Yale Chapter, May 6 and 7, and being at the same time the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Beta Chapter, was an occasion of double interest. The committee of arrangements consisted of Hon. H. E. Pardee, '56; Rev. J. H. Twitchell, '59; G. M. Kimball, '79; A. S. Polhemus, '79; G. W. Butts, '80; E. W. Knevals, '80; F. O. Spencer, '80. All the chapters were represented by their delegates, and there was a large body of graduates in town. Business sessions occupied Tuesday and the morning of Wednesday, an entertainment being given in the Hall Tuesday evening. public exercises took place Wednesday afternoon in Music Hall. Gov. Andrews presided and introduced as chaplain the Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D., as orator, the Hon. B. K. Phelps, and as poet, Dr. J. G. Holland. The orator chose as his subject, "The Duties of Educated Men in Politics," while Dr. Holland charmed his audience with "The Three Great Professions." An ode in honor of the anniversary of the Beta Chapter was read by the Rev. Dr. Dexter. In the evening a supper was attended at the New Haven House, where the Hon. Chauncey Depew acted as toast-master, and which was enlivened by responses from distinguished alumni. The next convention is to be held with the Φ Chapter, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Society Elections

Have been given out as follows: Skull and Bones-William Palmer Allen, Auburn, N. Y.; John Arnold Amundson, Rochester, Minn.; Edward Manross Bentley, Ellenville, N. Y.; Walter Chauncey Camp, New Haven; Edmund Frank Green, Oakland, Cal.; Walter Jennings, Fairfield; Alfred Bull Nichols, Lyme; Henry Choate Ordway, Hampstead, N. H.; Wilbur Parker, Cleveland, O.; Sidney Catlin Partridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Allison Peters, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Doremus Scudder, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edward Curran Spencer, St. Paul, Minn.; Harry Waters Taft, Cincinnati, O.; Walter Crafts Witherbee, New York City. Scroll and Key-Frank Hamilton Ayer, Nashua, N. H.; William Darius Bishop, Jr., Bridgeport; George Henry Clark, Jr., Hartford; William Montague Hall, Ashfield, Mass.: William Forrest Hutchison, Norwich: William Reynolds Innis, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Frederic William Keator, Moline, Ill.; Preston King, Minneapolis, Minn.; Edward Weston Knevals, Fordham, N. Y.; Norris Galpin Osborn, New Haven; Dickinson Woodruff Richards, Litchfield; Grant Alexander Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.; Frank Otho Spencer, Cleveland, O.; Wirt Dexter Walker, Chicago, Ill.; Paul Walton, Ridgewood, N. J. Psi Upsilon, '81-E. E. Aiken, P. G. Bartlett, A. B. Beadle, R. A. Bigelow, J. E. Bowen, W. J. Brewster, H. Q. Cleneay, F. O. Darling, J. B. Dimmick, E. W. Dixon, C. A. S. Dwight, W. C. Eames, S. Evarts, G. Fitch, C. J. French, E. E. Hart, L. C. Hay, C. A. Heald, G. C. Hegeman, C. W. Holzheimer, G. E. Ide, G. S. Isham, H. Ives. B. B. Lamb, W. M. Lovering, J. F. Merrill, T. H. Myers, W. W. K. Nixon, A. H. Ripley, H. H. Sprague, F. H. Stebbins, A. G. Stedman, H. N. Tuttle, E. L. Twombly, H. T. Walden. A. E. White, H. C. White, F. C. Griswold. Delta Kappa Epsilon. '81-I. H. Barnes, D. N. Barney, A. E. Bostwick, I. Bromley, J. D. Burrell, D. A. Carpenter, J. C. Coleman, J. B. Collins, J. M. Drysdale, F. M. Fargo, P. J. Fenn, N. C. Fisher, R. W. Forbes, Jr., P. C. Fuller, E. H. Gilbert, J. D. Hall, W. L. Harkness, L. B. Hasbrouck, F. D. Helmer, H. P. Johnes, G. M. Judd, D. W. McMillan, S. P. Patterson, R. A. Peabody, W. E. Peck, F. Pickersgill, G. B. Preston, F. E. Rice, H. Richardson, G. B. Silliman, W. B. Sterling, N. F. Thompson, A. S. Van de Graaff, F. R. Vernon, C. O. Whitmore, E. W. Young.

BOOK NOTICES.

Motives of Life. By David Swing. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1879. We read this little volume through with great pleasure. Its tone is decidedly healthy and inspired with the purest morality. The author gathers what he has to say about the six topics,—Intellectual Progress, Home, A Good Name, The Pursuit of Happiness, Benevolence, and Religion, "six great motives of action and thought." We liked especially the chapter on "Home." Witness the following: "Thus at a glance we perceive that the vast industry of man does not gravitate about the word commerce, nor about the word money, nor around the word king or president, but around the word 'home." "That home which makes up a God-ordained motive of life, and which has led the human heart captive in all ages, and which will lead the world captive until all shall go to Heaven, is one of the most accommodating ideas known to the heart. Home costs just what you may be able to pay easily. It adapts itself to your income."

The whole book is an eloquent, earnest appeal to the better nature, and in its style departs quite from the beaten track of didactic morality. The preparation of a third edition was found necessary within a month. We notice on page 95, eighth line from the bottom, the insertion of a semi-colon which mutilates the sense.

The German. How to Give it; How to Lead it; How to Dance it. By Two Amateur Leaders. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1879.

We handed this to a friend who is an adept in the art of dancing and leading the "German." He at once recognized it and pronounced it the best of four or five books on the subject that he had made use of. He especially praised the selection of "figures," of which more than a hundred are given. There are no poor ones. It contains hints and instructions for the "hostess," the dancers, and the "leader." To beginners the work will be of the greatest value.

Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters. By Julius Beerbohm. "Leisure Hour Series." New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879. For sale by Judd.

An interesting narrative of personal adventure in the summer and fall of 1877, interspersed with descriptions of the country, its climate, soil, products, and the attempts at its colonization. Ostriches and the vagabond life of the ostrich hunters, as well as the character and customs of the Indians, are carefully treated. The book will be welcome to all interested in works of travel and adventure. There is a full index at the end.

The Secret of Success; or, How to get on in the World. By W. H. Davenport Adams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

To be noticed next month.

Briefs by a Barrister: Occasional Verses. By Edward R. Johnes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879. For sale by Judd.

This little volume is a modest candidate for public favor, filled with much quiet feeling and many a neat poetic turn. The author is a Yale man ('73). From the college poems, we select the following, descriptive of a character still among us:

"Oft have I seen him wandering alone,
With mournful, downcast eye and footstep slow,
When naked, shivering boughs above him groan,
And cold winds blow.

"What griefs are his? Is his sad heart o'ercast By bitter memories of days gone by, Dark shadows called up from the phantom past That never fly.

"And as I pass him, silently he turns
With longing gaze. Sometimes his pale lips part
To body forth a sad refrain that burns
Into my heart.

"And then, he loves too well to steal away
My choice cigars, and cheat me if he can.
Betimes I wish that somebody would slay
That old clothes man."

Madeleine: A story of French Love. (Crowned by the French Academy.) Translated from the French of Jules Sandeau, by Francis Charlot. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

This, the fourth volume of the Chicago series of "Tales from Foreign Tongues," puts before the public in a new shape the old classic of Sandeau. The translation is fairly good, and gives the reader no excuse for failing to be interested in the fortunes of Maurice and Madeleine.

The plot is not new in substance, yet is not old in treatment. The "poor relation" grows up to be the stay of the household, while her cousin goes to Paris and becomes sinisterly Parisian; after the old folks die, Madeleine seeks the suicide-meditating cousin and reclaims him by declaring her dependence upon him for bread; then denouement of wealth, love and happiness ever after. The process of reclamation is not miraculously swift, nor tediously uniform; the prodigal is repeatedly overcome by storms of passion. A shadowy English lord supplies the necessary ingredient of jealousy to precipitate Maurice's love. The maid Ursula is overdrawn, though possible. The chief charm of the book is its pure and gracious style, Frenchly pungent and moving; yet occasionally, as in most French books, we become spectators rather than sharers of the author's emotional appeals. It is well worth a two-hours' perusal, and it will excite throughout surprise that so tender and healthful a book could have come from the pen of Jules Sandeau.

Emergencies: How to avoid them and how to meet them. Compiled by Burt G. Wilder, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The name of the compiler is a sufficient guaranty of the value and soundness of the recommendations here given in various emergencies, as poison-bites, accidents, drowning, apoplexy, choking, etc.

RECEIVED.—School Festival Songs. A collection of favorite English and German trios and choruses, for male or female voices, with piano accompaniment, suitable for Exhibitions, Commencements, Concerts, and Parlor Entertainments. Price, 75 cents. Published by J. Fischer & Bro., New York.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A comparison of the files of our own papers for the last few months with those of the other college papers will, we think, show that poetry at Yale is by no means in such a deplorable state now, at least, as it has at times been supposed to be. If we take that best practical test of poetry, viz., the extent to which it is quoted, our poetry must certainly possess some merit; for, turn

where we will, it is constantly appearing in the exchange notices and clippings. One particular variety, which, we believe, originated here, or, at least, is here produced in its best form, has had a great run of success. We refer to the so-called "Nursery Rhymes." Imitations are attempted on all sides, but, as far as we can see, they fall decidedly below the "Rhymes" published in the *Record*. The one in the last issue is a fair specimen:

"There was a young maid in New Haven
Over whom all the students were raving,
Till a Theolog. tall
Got ahead of them all,
By betrothing this maid of New Haven.

"For the Theolog. bold, I've often been told,
Though of scriptural puns a rejector,
Will oft snatch a kiss
From his dear Jenny-sis,
In the exodus after the lecture."

There is a phenomenal being at Cornell, more lachrymose than Ulysses, for he weeps on slighter provocation, and, moreover, not for himself but for mankind. Nor does he weep in privacy; but he must display his woe in print. Happy man, to have found a melancholy Era, into whose sympathetic ear thou couldst freely pour thy doleful tale. Let those who respect grief listen: "I wept before I finished that book. No volume ever affected me more deeply. I am not apt to be carried away by books, but, as I say, before I reached the last page of that book of Snodkin's, I wept some of the most burning, bitter tears of my life. I wept for my race. I wept for my class which had thus consented, for the sake of a man like Snodkins, to fill up fifty pages of good blank paper, which might have been used, with such a mass of rubbish. I wept for the sake of friendship and affection that thus they might be counterfeited and turned to ridiculous mock sentiment. I wept for Cornell University that it had for four years harbored men, who would consent to do such violence. Nothing for weeks has tired me as did that autograph book."

The May-Day Era contains a happy thought,—"the establishment, on a somewhat different basis, of our college monthly, the Cornell Review." We heartily approve the idea. Make it altogether a college magazine.

There are two substantial publications from the West which we are always glad to receive, the *Chronicle* and the *Ariel*, of the Michigan and Minnesota Universities. They are usually sober and sensible, and advancing on the right track.

Very fickle and restless is the student mind, continually longing for what it has not and discontented with what it has. The unlimited choice of optionals which we so much desire seems not to be altogether satisfactory at Harvard, as the following from the Advocate shows: "In our grand elective system we stand alone, unrivalled. Yet, privately, I should not hesitate to say that nothing here at Harvard, except perhaps morning prayers, gives more occasion for immorality than the worry and anxiety of selecting our courses for the coming year. It is true we receive strong moral support from the powers. They urge us in the Catalogue to make our choice 'with great care, under the best advice, and in such a manner that one's elective courses from first to last may form a rationally connected whole.' But what this 'whole' is to be, and with what it must be 'rationally connected,' are problems too great for the average student mind."

VOL. XLIV.

No. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yatenses Cantabunt Sonoiles, unanimique Patries."

JUNE, 1879.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1830, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fourth Volume with the number for October, 1878. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of triffing importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning

ning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who

would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE VALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

JUNE, 1879.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '80.

JOHN A. AMUNDSON, WILLIAM M. HALL.

ALFRED B. NICHOLS, DOREMUS SCUDDER.

AN EXPIRING ELEMENT.

HAT the present is the age of transition is a senti-I ment so frequently uttered that one is apt to regard change as the sole distinguishing mark of the day, and, under the self-satisfying notion that this is the era of progress, to shut his eyes to what is being gained or lost. A sudden shock—a commercial disaster, an unusual stir in politics or some social commotion—is alone sufficient to arouse attention, and to make evident the forces which are active in influencing the life of the age. slight comparison with the day of a generation preceding is well calculated to furnish data for a statement that there has been gradually ceasing from activity a powerful element, which has yielded to an antagonistic spirit of as constant though opposite progress. There seems to have been fading from the public life of the last twelve years a certain enthusiasm, the spirit so characteristic of the first half of the century.

The chief cause of the transition state of the period is the spirit of investigation, with its two-fold elements of destruction and consequent construction. To scientific research, conducted with all the nicety by which it is now maintained, may be ascribed the source of this wave

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of change. Beginning humbly it has gradually spread, until its course, as it itself increases in power and magnitude, is marked by the demolition which everywhere attends it. It is the era of the overthrow of theory, as well as of a similar upbuilding, while along with this double action new facts are being discovered with surprising rapidity. The inquiring tendency has not been content to busy itself with the sphere of scientific knowledge alone, but has overleaped all bounds and has called in question all opinions and all beliefs with a view to testing their strength. The social world has been invaded, and as a result a fresh department of study has been added to those which now crowd the realm of learning. Some, even, of our oldest and most revered sciences have failed to escape the knife of the destroyer, while the domain of religious thought has been the scene of the severest conflicts which modern days have witnessed. So much at variance with the old strict conservatism of our fathers is this questioning spirit, that whatever in the world of ideas savors of age has come to be considered as inconsistent with the present solely on the ground of its antiquity. Greatest, then, have been the effects of this active force in the sphere of religion. We are fast nearing the extreme, opposite to the one which characterized the days of our fathers, when religious doubt was something unknown. To popular minds the scrutinizing process means more than it really is, and so, like all other evils, unbelief in seeming to gain a foothold has arrogated to itself a large possession. Educated as the present generation has been to estimate Christianity as the groundwork of belief upon which the edifice of all after-thought is to be constructed, it is no wonder that the superstructure should fall in ruins when the foundations are rudely shaken. By men of clear, strong sight there is little to be seen which can move them, but with the many this is not so; the slight wavering has resulted in the sensation of unsettlement, which must now be accepted as one of the most powerful characteristics of the age.

The results of this feeling of instability have been numerous. Most striking is the decadence in power of the old-time motor-force in the realm of the American character, ambition. The hearty, whole-souled, selfishness, the chief element of that ambition, has given place to a lower and weaker desire for success. Immortality of name, which after all is a grand, though by no means the grandest, motive, has ceased to influence most of the strugglers in the life race. The absorbing question of the day is not "what am I to do in the world," but "how am I to get on in life." It is under the pressure of these forces that enthusiasm is being crushed out of our national character. There is in the active life of the period the same haste, excitement, onward struggling and heat as of old, but this is no longer marked by the glow and fervor which betoken the earnestness of the enthusiast.

If we leave the arena of commercial and political conflict to enter the calmer region of social life, we notice again the working of the same forces. The two great reigning ideas, refinement and culture, have been subjected to the test of careful scrutiny, and have come forth with fresh associations. As now understood they fitly reflect the two tendencies of the day, the one representative of the destroying, the other of the upbuilding process in the sphere of character. Instead of the old-time idea of these terms as significant of the purifying and cultivation of the individual nature, we are taught to see in refinement the smoothing power by means of which the character is shorn of its individuality, and in culture the training of what remains to accord with the standard of perfection. Nothing, perhaps, could prove more antagonistic to a spirit of true enthusiasm than a reception of these ideas as ruling, nevertheless their acceptance is becoming more universal, and their restraining force upon the free outflow of nature is every day more clearly to be observed. Years ago no one was anything who possessed not a character individualized by its own peculiarities, and eccentricity was no barrier to

success. To-day, idiosyncrasies are marks of a fool, are only tolerated when there is no alternative save toleration, and on every side suffer the odium of ridicule and sarcasm.

Still another popular sentiment which is a strong source of opposition to the free course of enthusiasm, is perceivable in connection with the realm of ideality. Throughout the world of active life there is sharply drawn the distinction between the ideal and the "practical." To the modern mind, whose only outlook is toward success, the former is emblematic of incapacity. Every one possessed of a tendency toward the abstract is deemed unfit for the severe toils of an earnest career. "practical" man is lauded as most powerful and best adapted to compete with others for the prizes of life. Speculation and day-dreaming are classed in one category. The theorist is the modern bugbear. The aim of education, we are told, should be to guide one in the paths of experience, to remove from the nature the ideal, to enthrone the "practical." The great fact of the interdependence of the two in the perfected man is ignored. The power over others, the command over self, and the infinite source of abstract enjoyment, which a man of intense ideality possesses, are overlooked. Professorial chairs and country churches are considered suitable positions for such, but cares and responsibilities are only for the man of practical opinions. This is one extreme, the other of which Plato held. With such a belief, the enthusiasm which springs from a nature whose ideal side is well developed is an impossibility. The exponent of the age is not the individualized enthusiast, but the cold, polished man of success.

Here in our little college world, so removed in character from the sphere of existence without, we are apt to think of ourselves as uninfluenced by the tides of sentiment which are affecting the general life of the age. True this doubtless is to a large extent, yet the great character-moulding forces are not so shut off from us, but enter with a corresponding power into the formation of our own natures. That there should be among us a

certain subserviency, very humiliating at times, cannot be taken as due to any outside influence, but is rather a characteristic of all communities like ours; in fact it is the grinding down of the younger by the older that developes much of the true man. In the apathy, however, which has grown so much of late years among us is to be seen the direct result of the forces which are everywhere operating in this direction. That sports, which appeal most to the nature of a free young man, are being more and more confined to the few, that natural outbursts of the buoyancy which should characterize youth are now seldom witnessed, that old customs, as they die or are forced from us, beget no new ones savoring of the romantic freshness of boyhood,—all are indications that we are yielding to the notion of refinement that belongs to the age. The Rush, the Jubilee, the Wooden Spoon possessed many elements of barbarity, as well as of evil, yet I doubt whether a touch of such barbarism is not far more calculated to produce healthier, better, perhaps also worse, men than the "namby-pambyism" which now threatens to invade the campus. Witness, too, how the choice of a life-work is generally regarded among us. Apathy in respect to this subject is one of the most dangerous evidences of entire want of strength, betokening the total absence of enthusiasm. Yet how widespread is this apathetic spirit within college walls!

One of the great problems of the hour is, how are we to escape the influence of these various tendencies. An evasion of the difficulties that stare us in the face will be of no avail. Mere strength of purpose can do little. This, however, allied to a persevering attention to our self-education and a conscientious development of our own powers will free us from these bonds. It would be folly to say that in our picked community there are no enthusiasts. Many there are, but they are difficult of discovery. The tendency of the present unfortunately is to shut men up within themselves; especially is this true in the case of earnest men. Herein is the source of the numberless mistakes we are constantly committing in our

judgments of one another. Those of us who are in possession of any deep spring of action are prevented from exhibiting this to others and are forced to keep the knowledge of it to ourselves—a delicious morsel, fit only for our own epicurean palates. Very much so, too, is it in the larger sphere without. Men of real success must possess enthusiasm, and could the world but realize the fact there would be less feeling against this noble passion.

AT THE BRIDGE.

They leaned upon the railing
And watched the waters flow,
His look was sad and tender,
His voice with grief was low.
"Farewell," he said, "sweet maiden,
To battle I must go."

The moonlight fell around them,
Far up the rippling stream
It made the crystal water
A flood of silver seem.
A flood of molten silver
Beneath its silver beam.

How soft the tranquil evening,
How gently sighs the breeze,
How grandly to the heavens
Rise up the lofty trees.
But who can tell the sorrow
Of two such hearts as these?

She felt his arms about her,
In one last fond embrace,
She felt his burning kisses
Upon her tearful face,
Then he was gone, and with him
All beauty left the place.

The scene is changed; the moonlight Shines on the battle plain.

And who lies over yonder,
Among that heap of slain?

Poor maiden, hope no longer,
He'll ne'er return again.

H. S. D.

WORDSWORTH AND CLOUGH.

"For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for."

THIS line furnishes, in Clough's own words, the foundation upon which the action of his life was built. "The thing we are meant for," this is what he was ever striving to discover. According to the self-doubting, questioning skepticism which pervades his serious verse, he never did discover it. Yet the action of his life shows that he did discover it so far as this: the "thing we are meant for" is to be pure and just and widely tolerant. What follows this? Clough does not pretend to answer definitely, though he is constantly bemoaning his inability to do so. An unwilling transcendentalist, he might truly say with Coleridge, "my head was with Spinoza, my heart with Paul and John."

There is a strong likeness between Wordsworth and Clough in the manliness and stern sincerity of their lives. We recognize the high nobility and self-sacrifice of Wordsworth, when, turning his back upon all worldly advantages he departed to the Cumberland Hills determined to lead a life of poverty so that he could but there be a truth seeker and a poet. None the less must we admire the manliness of Clough when, in spite of pecuniary embarrassment and against the wishes of his friends, he gave up his fellowship at Oxford and cast himself penniless upon the world, in order that he too might be a truth seeker and a poet. Through all the transactions of his life we find the same earnest, sincere and manly spirit to breathe. We feel this spirit through all his poems, and this it is which lends them much of their charm. His was not the high morality of Wordsworth, but it was equally pure. In his own words, he believed "we came into this world to do, not kindness to others, but our own duty."

To three minds is it that Tennyson is mainly indebted, i. e., to Theocritus, Keats and Wordsworth. In the case

of Clough, it is again three minds which have preëminently influenced his, and of these Wordsworth is again one. But the other two? Theocritus and Keats? Ah, no. Theocritus was too far away from his own life and times to influence so intensely practical a poet as Clough. The classicism of Keats was too fine spun and shadowy a thing to leave much impression upon a mind so thoroughly in earnest with nineteenth century life and its every day duties as was his. For positivity he turned to Goethe, and that broad genial view of human nature which is so characteristic of him he found again in old Chaucer.

'Clough seems to have commenced his poetic career as a Wordsworthian pure and simple. Thus in his early poem of the "Evening Walk," we have it propounded as an article of faith that moral deformity within utterly excludes from the apprehension of nature's external beauty—a doctrine elaborately worked out by Wordsworth in the earlier parts of "Peter Bell." Again, in Clough's "Incident" we have just such a picture as Wordsworth delighted to draw in "Alice Fell" or "We are Seven." Nor can we imagine anything more truly in Wordsworth's style than when at the age of twenty-five, speaking of the true gentle spirit, Clough said: "I have known peasant men and women in the humblest places, in whom dwelt these qualities (sic) as truly as ever they did in the best of lords and ladies, and who had invented for themselves a whole economy of manners to express them, who were very poets of courtesy." As he advanced in years the eagerness with which he entered into the life around him, and the hard knocks he received in his battle with the world, tended to diminish his respect for the poet who, separating himself from his fellow men, encouraged the hot and weary toilers in the dusty plain of life, from the cool seclusion of his quiet mountain home. We find him speaking impatiently of what he calls the "false or arbitrary positiveness of Wordsworth," the result of his retirement from the scenes of active life. As his friend Arnold says of him:

"Some life of men unblest

He knew, which made him droop, and filled his head.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound

Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;

He could not wait their passing,"

Time but increased this feeling and the result was apparent in his works. "Dipsychus" is a study in empirical psychology, much more after the style of Browning than Wordsworth. His latest work, that charming collection of "Tales on Board," dealing as it does with the social problems of love and marriage, might have been written by a nineteenth century Chaucer. How far Clough had drifted away from Wordsworth in writing the "Mari Magno," we can best realize by recalling the saying of a famous critic, Hazlitt, I think it was, who declared that "in Wordsworth there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

Notwithstanding the gradually decreasing influence of the Grassmere poet over Clough's mind, the poem upon which the latter's reputation has hitherto chiefly rested, bears unmistakable and happy traces of the former's influence. The "Bothie of Tubor-na-Vuolich," exhibits first Clough's own Oxford training, native breadth of thought, intensely modern spirit, and keen, almost Homeric humor; next the strong common sense and eye for the Homely—Beautiful of Goethe, and lastly, the transcendentalism and Nature-love of Wordsworth. It is precisely when the Wordsworthian element predominates that Clough seems to rise highest beyond himself; it is only when under the spell of that magician's wand that he is able to boldly say No to the voice which is ever crying to him in the words of the world-spirit in his own "Dipsychus:"

"Submit, submit!
'Tis common sense, and human wit
Can claim no higher name than it.
Submit, submit."

Child of Wordsworth,—though a truant—as he was, to that Naturalism which characterized Goethe, Clough, though deeply influenced thereby, never could and never did entirely submit. The proof of this we have, I think, in the little poem, "Wen Gott betrügt ist wohl betrogen." There it is, with a German title also, to show where it came from. Adopting the modern materialistic doctrine, which whosoever rejecteth shall be cast outside the heaven of exact thinkers (whoever they may be), adopting this vein, I say, Clough asks whether all that goes to make the poet's glory comes from but a peculiar structure of the cerebral and ventral organs. You shall have the answer in his own words.

"O say it all who think it,
Look straight and never blink it,
If it is so, let it be so,
And we will all agree so.
But the plot has counterplot,
It may be and yet be not."

L. D. S.

PATIENTIA.

Oh, cold eyes! eyes of steel

That pierce me through and through
Can nothing make you feel

The love that longs for you?

Oh, eyes now brimmed with tears— Tears of repentance true, Through all these long, long years I've waited still for you.

Oh, eyes that gladness fills!

The fleeting years renew

This heart of mine, that thrills

Forever, now, for you.

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THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

The Murest of the Age as seen in Titerature:

BY LOUIS JUDSON SWINBURNE, ALBANY, N. Y.

THE forces which have prepared the way for the germination of modern unrest are not to be sought for in the immediate century. They have been evolving this complex product which is now before our eyes slowly by successive stages through the past; their evolution has not, it will be observed, been uniform, any more than transformations in the geological strata or changes in the fauna; it has been attended with great and sudden catastrophes, crises in the history of ideas. Such were the birth and development of Christianity with its new body of aspirations and dogmas, the Reformation, the Revolution, the growth of the natural sciences, the decline of faith. These have been the main events which, in the totality of their action and interaction, have produced the unrest of our age, and occasioned modifications and new departures in the style, tastes, and subjects of literature. In general, the causes of this unrest arise from the clashing of a new order of things which arrive with an old order of things which linger. It is, first of all, a period of conflict of ideas and beliefs, of transition. The grand result, the fundamental fact which underlies every phenomenon, is the universal decay of faith. In all the activities of the human spirit there is a stream of mixed influences, of antiquity, authority, and tradition on one hand, of doubt, denial, and revolt on the other, which surge to and fro in a confined channel. At the same time, while we must recognize the mutual interaction of the past and the present, the independent and isolated force of the new order of things should not escape our attention. The salient feature about the new order is that it is new, that it is a beginning again, a departure, a voyage. "Vous êtes appelés à reconmencer l'histoire," says Barère. It is the new problems which engage us, with their new factors, their new combinations, and their results, which, it is to be hoped, will also be new.

First among the special causes which it chiefly interests us to notice is the French Revolution. It is only by regarding this mighty event as the resultant of forces long at work subtly and silently in the minds of men that it is possible to estimate understandingly the issues which followed it with such incredible rapidity and destructive power. In all its characteristics the XVIIth century was, to use a distinction of Compte, an organic period, in which there existed an unquestioned, positive creed, authorizing and actually holding more or less jurisdiction over men's thought and manner of life. In the XVIIth century, then, Christianity in its existing form sufficed for men's needs. Faith was the ruling power. Antiquity, authority, tradition, were still vital forces. Reason was subaltern.

The spirit of reaction and revolt which rose up against this state of things exhibited itself by that powerful dissolving agent, speculation—speculation, as Mr. Taine has shown, along two distinct lines of thought,—Democracy and Philosophy. It is difficult for us who stand in complete possession of the finished results of Democracy to appreciate all the name implies, and to grasp at once the magnitude of the transformation which its principles wrought in the ideas of equality, property, social position, etc., commonly held in the XVIIth century. We have to carry ourselves back in imagination to a system of things which embraced a monarchy, hedged in by divinely appointed prerogatives, a splendid and dissolute court having the force of immemorial tradition, and an aristocracy in absolute possession of all social and political patronage; a system of things which implied the absence of any middle class, and shut out it as well as the lower classes from hope of advancement, subjecting them both to measures of oppression, injustice, and violence.

Suddenly there emerged the middle class. The results

of this emergence may be roughly stated in saying that what had been the privilege of the few was now thrown open to all—prosperity in trade, opportunity to rise in political life, in the church, in private life, leisure, education, books, religion,—all the avenues of human ambition and ideal happiness were opened up to minds that had long been under the pressure of restraining conditions, though ever striving with accelerated endeavor as the years went on to overcome and break through them. What discontent with the old order of things must have accompanied this vast change! what unfoldings of desire and accessions of hope for the future! what gleams of ambition! what dreams of paradise! what excesses of folly!

While the Revolution was achieving these great social changes in France, in Germany it was effecting the same end by different agencies and in a different sphere, adapted to the national character of the people.

In Germany it was a philosophic revolution, attacking use and want in the domain of ideas. There was Kant with his schemes for the regeneration of the world by pure reason; the Teutonic followers of Rousseau agitating the questions of happiness, education, and a return to nature; the caustic Herder seeking, amid hissing and ridicule, to apply the principles which Lessing had evolved, and bring back the poets to the great models, Homer and Shakespeare—a revolution in itself.

The prodigious advance of the natural sciences at the close of the XVIIIth century is another important cause. In both scientific and philosophical methods there was a complete reversal of the processes of the last century. Discarding books, prejudices, authority of all kind whatsoever, they set themselves to investigate phenomena by analysis, induction, and experiment. Everything was called into question, everything was submitted to test. Reason was now the ruling power. Authority, antiquity, tradition were subaltern. It is described, with a certain air of intellectual pride, as the "age of Reason," the "Siècle des lumières."

Another of the main causes which has tended to accelerate the unrest of minds in Europe has been the decline of Catholicism. It began with the Reformation, and had been increasing with occasional ebb and flow down to the Revolution. That accomplished the dissolution, as a practical and operative power over men's minds, of this ancient and splendid faith. Catholicism as a spiritual force, is not yet dead; it would be absurd to assert that. But the striking and pregnant truth to keep clearly before the mind is that before the violent upheavals of the XVIIIth century the Roman Catholic Church had been an organic unity, and not only that, but a living faith, with European thinkers supporting it in theory, and cultivated men and women obedient to its behests and submissive to its dog-The Revolution broke up that unity, threw off the temporal yoke; thinkers, courtiers, people refused that support, that obedience, that submission. What could happen when this magnificent structure of religious traditions and precious aspirations, so like one of its own cathedrals in the beauty and grandeur and apparent massiveness of its building, which indeed it had taken centuries to build, and which the fierce buffetings of time and storm, and the fire and frost of aggression, had not been able to undermine, what could happen when this great faith fell, stone by stone, beneath the hammer-like strokes of the XVIII philosophers? What but trembling and amaze on the part of even the indifferent! What but outcries of despair and stupefaction from the bosom of Rome! What but foreboding vast and dread, all over the world, that the foundations of all faith were tottering and sinking!

Looking now at the tastes and style of literature at the threshold of the XIXth century, the first effect of these revolutionary causes which we are able to perceive, is the general and widespread reaction of XVIIIth century thought. This shows itself in the strongest light, in the two great poets, Goethe and Byron.

That a serene and self-centered mind like Goethe's, so many-sided, so liberal, so fortified by the concrete, should be perplexed and made restless by this reaction of unbelief on faith is, indeed, a remarkable attestation of the pressure and the pressingness of the Zeitgeist. Yet so it was; and Goethe has projected upon the literature of the age the shadow of his unrest in Faust, the most sombre conception as well as the grandest of all modern poetry. Faust is the strongest type of that class of tired minds who have essayed all the paths of knowledge, trodden all the fields and by-ways of speculation, and found, where they looked for fruit and flowers, only thorns and thistles,—a type which has stamped itself indelibly on modern literature, by ceaseless imitation and repetition under all conceivable forms.

The new, troubled spirit which expressed itself in Goethe in Germany, found in England a sympathetic echo and a powerful and peculiar voice in Byron. this we have the best reflection in Manfred. But what is the philosophy of this poem,—nay, of Childe Harold and Lara, too, for the same strain of melancholy and misanthropy runs through them all? All that we gather is that the world is a web of illusions. No boon is found, no thirst is slaked. We are lured ever by phantoms; circumstances control us; they are the crutch to our ills. If we ask for the poet's remedy, the answer is plaintively and desperately simple-endure-endure; that is your only hope. And does this not hold good also of the spirit of the great mass of literature produced at that epoch by men living in the currents of continental thought? find it in "Goetz," in Schiller's Robbers, in Lamartine, in Chateaubriand's René, the last of which with the figures of Faust and Manfred make indeed a striking trio, with incredible similarities in the character of their unrest.

If we turn to the Romantic school, the same phenomena meets us. Take Heine. Heine reflects the spirit of his age so clearly because, more than most poets, he swam with the main current of modern life and sympathized so intensely with all its "burning questions." He had the old, poet's quarrel with his age. The materialism of the life of Germany stifled him. He seemed to see everywhere the waste and ravages of the "barba-

rians" as he saw fit to call them, and so, the fine temper of a mind that was pristinely idealistic wore away its edge, and thenceforward he hacked at the abuses of the time as with a two-edged sword. Hence the scathing wit, the withering scorn, the sardonic laughter, in the midst of tears, of this brilliant and wounded spirit. Hence, too, he could say, after that the singing of those simple, tender, graceful lyrics, breathing nevertheless such unrest, had ceased, "Lav on my coffin a sword, for I have been a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity." What is it, too, we may ask, which beats in the songs of Robert Burns but the rebellious and plebeian instincts of the Revolution, the unrest of a poetic democrat? What is it in the splendid lyrics of Shelly that jangles the nobler harmonies with a sad and savage refrain, but the scorn and indignation of a mind having "visions of a sublime beauty and happiness."

And look at the novelists of society and manners. What, more than spiritual unrest in its various forms, has influenced them? In the exercise of the creative imagination, it has been a stupendous force. George Sand, that "sonorous soul," as M. Renan has finely called her, is penetrated with social discontent. It is the marriage tie which she attacks, with protest, with ridicule, with contempt, with passion. All the sadness and moral depression of her novels spring from this.

If we turn to the English novel, it is the result of the hidden working of this spirit which we see in Dickens, when, beholding the misery and squalor of the great masses in crowded cities, the abuses of the courts of justice, the hypocrisy of Pecksniffs and pretenders of all kinds; in short, the various evils of a complex social system: he is filled with pity and astonishment, and sets to work to reveal the whole thing to the world, with infinite pathos, with tears for its cruelty, with laughter for its oddities, its eccentricities; the same spirit which has taken hold of Thackery when he levels his shafts, tipped in the venom of a caustic and serious satire, at the inequalities of English social life, the shams and shows of

society, the dissolute practices of the old aristocracy, the snobs, and the Becky Sharps.

And what shall we say of George Elliot? That great woman's intellect so profoundly wearied, that spirit so desperately wounded? In all the large pictures of life she has drawn, is it not the battle of faith with intelligence which we half discern, the two great shadowy forces contending in the dim background of her best thought? In all, what melancholy depression! what recurring doubts and apprehensions; what tragic questioning of the Fates! what half smothered cries for the light of truth and the warmth of reality!

A POLISH LEGEND.

WHEN asked if he believed in ghosts, a celebrated writer answered, "No. I have seen too many to believe in them." So, if I am asked whether I believe in legends or not, I reply, "No. I have heard too many to believe in them all; but one, yes, only one has claims upon my credulity which cannot be disregarded." "And pray what can that one be, for in these days to acknowledge belief in legends is to show decided signs of superstition mingled often with what we charitably call a 'weakened intellect?'" Listen and judge for yourself. In the fall of 1860 I was journeying with a companion through the north-eastern portion of Prussia, close to the Polish border. Weary and worn with several days of railroading, we were glad of the few hours sleep which was afforded us at L-, whither we were to depart at daylight on our return journey to Dresden. We left word with the porter to call us at half past three for the western train, but whether through some mistake of our own or the thick-headedness of the afore-mentioned porter, we started at the appointed hour in the train destined to travel in precisely the opposite direction, and when we

awoke from the comfortable nap into which we had immediately fallen on entering the coupé, we found to our amazement and disgust that we were already some forty or fifty miles within the boundaries of Poland. But one thing could be done—we must stop at the next station and wait for the return train. The spot where it was our fortune to spend the rest of the day and night-for there was but one train a day-indulged in the euphonious title of Nordleskorff, and there we put up at the only hotel which the village possessed, and made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances and a blissful ignorance of the Polish tongue would allow. Our host, who was out when we arrived, returned in the evening and did all in his power to make our stay pleasant and to entertain us with anecdotes and stories, which was comparatively easy, as we both spoke French quite fluently. But far more attractive to us than any of the marvellous tales of "mine host," was the smiling face of his pretty daughter who had set the table and waited upon us at our evening meal.

He evidently had noticed the impression she had created for after her departure he remarked: "I see you are pleased with my waiting-maid, and well you may be, for she is my only daughter and the joy and pride of her father's heart. Ah! many a suitor has sought her hand; but no—she says she prefers to stay at home and keep house for her father, as she has done ever since her mother died."

Our conversation during the evening rambled conversally, until finally it turned upon legends, and each us in turn related some favorite one of his. When came to the turn of our host he said: "Well, gentlement the two stories you have told me have been very beautiful indeed, but I doubt if they can claim as much semblance of truth for themselves as the one which I am about to relate. It was many, many years ago now that my great-grandfather was burgermeister of this village, when it was much smaller than it is to-day. There was no railroad here then and the mail coach only came twice

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a week, so that the news we got of what was going on in the outside world was somewhat scanty even when it In those old days rumors of war and terrible battles were rife and great stories were told by travelers, of the doings of the tyrannical monarch of Russia and his ruthless cruel army; but all this worried the good villagers very little indeed, for they were very quiet, peaceful people, living up among these lonely hills, and happen what might, they felt sure that war with all its terrors and sufferings would never be known to them. weeks and months wore on, when one night a messenger on horseback came dashing into the village and startled the good people into excitement by the announcement which he brought. Well he might! For the news was terrible indeed. The Russians were coming! Yes, day and night they had been marching and now were only two days' journey from the village. They would spare nothing in their destructive course. Fire and sword swept everything away! The fathers met together for counsel in the old village church that night, with the venerable burgermeister at their head. Long and carefully they discussed the question on which their life or death depended, 'How could the Russians be prevented from destroying the village?' So they planned and planned way into the night, and were as much in perplexity as ever when the clock in the belfry struck the hour of mid-Then there suddenly appeared in their midst a figure clad in armor of steel. Whence he came no one knew or suspected, but there he stood on the old sounding board over the pulpit, gazing intently at the assembled fathers. A death-like silence fell over all when the figure undid its helmet clasp and revealed a face wrinkled with years and a beard as white as the driven snow. Without warning or invitation he raised his hand aloft and thus he spoke:

"'O, fathers of Nordleskorff, ye know not who I am, though ye have heard of me ever since your childhood's days. I am the spirit of yonder mountain—the spirit of the Nordlesberg and the guardian of this village and your homes. The Russians are close upon you, and if they

attack the village and you resist—as resist you will—not one of you will be spared alive. I promise you to turn them aside and save you all, on one condition: that I shall be permitted to seize and carry off with me the fairest daughter in your village just a hundred years from to-night. Do you approve?'

"The fathers almost unconsciously bowed their approval and the spirit vanished as it came. That night came the most fearful snow storm ever known in the land. It drifted and drifted and heaped itself up in mountain barriers around the village. Days passed by. Days of terrible anxiety and suspense they were, but the Russians never came, and when the war was over we learned that the storm had driven them back and they had gone in another direction. They passed us by entirely, and so the village was saved!"

"Just how many years ago was this?" I asked, deeply interested in his tale. "Just a hundred years ago this season." "And was the exact day recorded?" "Yes, it was-if I remember rightly-the fifteenth of September. Why-how strange-just a hundred years ago to-night, exactly." "And if the old spirit is faithful to his word he ought to summon the maiden away to-night, ought he "Why, yes-I never thought"-but before he finished the sentence a flash of lightning came (for during all our conversation the storm had been gathering) so vivid that we rose in momentary horror from our seats and rushed to the center of the room. Then came the thunder. I never shall forget it. It shook the building to the very foundations. For a moment we were silent. Riveted to the spot by this terrible demonstration of nature we for an instant lost our consciousness-but only for an instant, for we were awakened to our senses by a dull thud in the adjoining apartment which told us that something had fallen. "MY DAUGHTER!" was all the landlord said, and disappeared through the door. an instant he returned with the maiden in his arms. All was over. The blackened face told of the unerring and fatal stroke of the lightning. The spirit of the mountain was appeased!

LEAF-TALK.

At the day-death,
When the twilight
Brings the breeze,
The wood-elfins,
Laughing, dancing,
Wake the trees.

Then each tiny leaflet,
Whispering to its mate,
Tells its hidden secrets—
Tales of life and fate,

Murmuring and gossiping
Of the things of men,
Thinking that its mystic talk
Is far beyond our ken.

Now they talk of warriors, Of blood and battle-strife, Of death—defeat—of victory, Of fame more dear than life.

In soft words, sweet and joyous,
They tell of lovers gay—
Of glancing eyes and ruby lips,
Of flowers, and months of May.

In tones that fall like voices
From the Unknown on our ears,
They speak of death and sorrow,
Broken hearts, and woful tears.

So the leaves talk, Lisping words of Meaning great, Like the old oaks At Dodona— Telling fate.

NOTABILIA.

It is now several years since the proposition of compelling us to rise during the singing at chapel services was first put in effect, and if any benefits were expected to result from the innovation, we are in a good situation to judge of the efficiency of this, which has become a custom. We used to hear it remarked that a stoppage of the habit of study during the religious services was intended through the instrumentality of this forced uprisal of the worshippers. If true, as it doubtless is, the intention has been frustrated. It is undeniable that men, whose consciences or feelings of propriety will allow them to indulge in the forbidden practice, still persist in peeping into their books, and owing to their carefulness with impunity. The second object of the plan was to improve the congregational singing. As we never experienced the pleasure of attending morning prayers within the walls of the Old Chapel, we know not to what extent the voices of the students were there upraised in the hymn of praise, but unfortunately we do realize the truth, that in our present sacred tabernacle few outside of the choir there are whose voices ever succeed in producing a sound of greater intensity than a whisper. Why is this? we ask ourselves. Doubtless the unusual modesty of the Yale man-of course leaving out of account the freshman—exercises a restraining influence upon his willing spirit. Still as we have often observed men, whose sense of duty overbalanced their feelings of bashfulness, striving day after day with most commendable perseverance to join in the sacred songs, and only after months of untiring labor have we seen them giving up the struggle, we are loth to believe this to be the sole cause of the failure of congregational singing among us. Two more reasons there are and very important. They both relate to the music. Nearly every one who has tried to sing any part save the air of a familiar tune, as he learned it, has been struck with the fact

that the note which is being played on the organ oftentimes is in discord with the one he is singing. Continued experience confirms his opinion that the organist has very different—perhaps very superior—ideas as to the manner in which nearly all the good old tunes are to be played. Such a belief conduces not at all to the furtherance of chapel singing. Again and most important of all, our hymn books are devoid of notes. If we had these we could join in singing the unfamiliar tunes and both the director and ourselves would be forced to render the approved version. As long as there is no change in this matter of tune-books there can never be improvement in our singing. The faculty have the summer before them and, if they desire, can take measures to introduce the needed reforms in the next term. Let them do this and we feel sure that our congregational singing will not be the farce which it now is.

THE optional list for the next year shows clearly the disposition on the part of the faculty to afford us as wide field for choice as any can desire. The course in English literature has, as it should be, been restricted to Junior year. Much as this may grieve those who have been looking forward to participating in its joys during the last year, we cannot help feeling that the faculty have done wisely in taking from us this enjoyable study and in confining us to branches severer though of far more importance at present. The offering to us of Italian and Spanish will prove most acceptable to many who have long desired that these courses should be added to the curriculum. It is every day becoming more evident that a tolerable acquaintance with the leading European tongues is most necessary to a well rounded education. Doubtless some ardent souls will suffer disappointment as they look in vain for the long expected Art optional, and those who have passed a very delightful term in that most pleasant of all studies, Botany, will regret that they are not to be granted an opportunity of still further pursuing the branch during the fall. However, the faculty deserve our thanks for what they have given us, and we feel sure that we shall find ample employment, if not enjoyment, in the year that is coming.

MANY of us listened, last Monday, to the Townsend speakers, and notwithstanding the lofty ideas entertained by us in our anticipations of the pleasure which we were to derive from the event of the morning, we all were more than satisfied. But alas! what a small audience. was the reflection of each one. This may have been, and doubtless was, due in part to the unavoidable postponem nt; but every year we notice this same apparent lack of interest in this occasion. And how can we expect to see a larger number present? There certainly can not be chosen a more unfortunate time for this, the true culmination of the course, than is the day usually appointed. Most of the undergraduates have fled from the city and none of the gay visitors of the commencement season have yet arrived. Thus it is that the best representation of the literary culture we gain at Yale is suffered to pass by unnoticed, save by the few who are always on the watch for free entertainments and who constitute a most unsympathizing and disheartening audience. It is becoming more and more evident every year that our Commencement day speaking does not represent the chief talent of the college. Our best speakers and writers either confine their efforts to the contest for the Townsend, or else strive to win a place on both the lists, the consequence being that either the Townsend speaking is of a high order of excellence and Commencement day is conspicuous for its lack of interest, or that both of these occasions illustrate the truth of the impossibility of attempting two actions at the same time. Of late years our board of instructors has shown its desire to introduce improvements. There is still a great benefit which it is in its power to confer upon the college and this is so to unite the speaking for the Townsend and on Commencement day that the resultant may partake of the good that characterizes both and may lack all their elements of evil.

THERE is one subject of interest, of deepest interest, to us all. which we think about most and see mentioned in the pages of our periodicals least. What can this be save the absorbing topic of money? Perhaps it is because we have so little of it that we esteem the matter of too trivial importance to form an object of comment. Or as may seem more likely, perhaps the thoughts, aspirations and hopes that cluster around this center of attraction are of too deep and holy a nature to find outward expression. Whichever of these may be the real cause of our reticence it would be difficult to decide. It is allotted to about two dozen individuals in each class to serve a term as drummers for those most obnoxious of all buyable articles, subscriptions. All of us have at various times had experience of these subtle reasoners and there is no need to expatiate upon the peculiarities of the genus. However, to these men must we go if we desire to gain sound opinions upon the money question. Unfortunately the class is divided, some holding that the majority of men here have little money, others that from the actions of their victims the subject, i. e. the dollar, is so holy and sacred that not only speech concerning it, but even a touch or sight of the earnestly sought object is with the utmost difficulty granted them. Constituted as we are, umpires in this unfortunate debate, we are in doubt as to the decision. It is undeniable that our subscription solicitors are the only confidence men in our community. If we bear this in mind we can never allow ourselves to impeach their authority. We must therefore allow to both divisions a certain latitude and decide the merits of the question on our own convictions. That there do exist illstarred individuals of the lack-money class we ourselves by the sad experience of our own empty pockets, our depleted clothes presses and deserted book shelves can testify. That, too, there is great reason to believe there are many representatives of the Hold-All species we are not inclined to dispute, as it is a settled canon of our inmost belief that should we ever be so fortunate as to gain undisputed possession of any species of the ruddy

metal, heaven or earth or even the irresistible eloquence of the subscriptionist could never force it from us. We, therefore, notwithstanding our earnest desire to extricate ourselves once and forever from this dilemma, are reluctantly compelled to plead our inability and to leave the question for wiser heads to determine.

AT length the year is finished, the last battle has been fought, and most of us are among the victorious survivors, while a few have succumbed and are lost forever to their class. One short week have we passed rejoicing in a rest so unusual to this place of study and by our presence joining in the festivities which are to close with a parting. Now, however, the time for farewells has come. We will not say that we do not envy you, who to-day are to go forth into the world. There is ever a fascination in witnessing a beginning, and with all the education of the past few years, we have not yet been able to eradicate from our natures the desire, innate in every American, to enter, in earnest and immediately, into our life work. Doubtless you are glad to have completed this stage of preparation, though perchance you feel as if you would not be loth to remain a little longer. To you first of all is our most hearty farewell extended. That you may prosper, and reflect credit upon yourselves and our Alma Mater is our warmest wish. The rest of us have two months of recreation in view. If we enter into the enjoyment of these with the ardor which befits our youth, fresh, strong and full of good hope we shall return next fall. Away, then, with a hasty good-bye to this city of elms, and let us fill to the brim the cup of rejoicing.

PORTFOLIO.

—I have an old letter. The handwriting is charming. It has the clear incision and stately grace of line that show so well on a surface delicately yellowed by the slow, soft touch of Time. The accurate folding, by laws mysterious to our eyes; the seal, "Tiens ta Foy," carefully impressed and as carefully cut around in opening;—of how elegant a leisure they tell in these plebeian days of envelopes and postal cards! The paper unfolds with an air of reluctance, yet of gracious consent that is in itself courtly. Landor's conception was not amiss that "men may be negligent in their handwriting, for they may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either an amiable woman or an estimable one whose handwriting was disorderly." The converse also is true. This Stella, of the last century,—her starry eyes shine still from a miniature,—was writing no love-letter; there is only a quiet friendliness shown, yet what most concerns the writer is made clear with a frank simplicity that recalls nothing so much as Ampére's letters to Julie Carron, with their naïve intimation of his need of his new breeches, and his placid delight in the mingled contemplation of the "amiable ducks" on the river, and his adored Julie. I mean that Stella has little notice for events; she is writing about herself, and she is a world of her own. To-day, to-morrow—when is it?—my chum or yours, ('tis all the same), has an epistle from the Stella of our times. Dainty, perfumed; charming likewise, without the aroma of age; bright, witty-all mutual friends and interests discussed; —one is transported back into the familiar home circles; who does not like to get such letters? I am no cynic or mysoginist,—bless us, no! But, chum of mine, do you know any more of Stella than before?—and don't you know all that she does of herself? I don't wonder that memoirs have gone out of fashion.

—As one goes out toward the Western hills that bend a sturdy arm around our village, a wood-road turns, and, after some passage through woods and fields, brings you to one of those nooks which the spirits of the region do most haunt. New England's very deficiencies have saved to her an individuality which is being cleared and burned and plowed

off the face of the more fertile West. Her rock-bound pastures, with their sullen chiaroscuro of cedars, offer little to the plow, and so lie in scorching quiet under the windless summer suns, not more deathly still in their shroud of winter. On such summer noons, when there is abroad in the air the spicy, resinous odor distilled from the low-topped pines, to one lounging on the scant grass that parts the surfaces of grey rock there comes a weird conciousness, hard to put in words, -a feeling that, if the spirit of New England should take bodily form, it would be that of a woman, grey-haired and wan with years, wise with all strange lore, inviolate in her strength—yet old,—old with an age beside which all history is young. Not the time-rounded shoulders of mountains or the most ancient of ruins have ever brought home to me the burden of the lapse of time as these bare, grey, voiceless fields. If they lie within sound of the sea, or within sight of the distant gleam of its blue, as does this nook of mine, it is the old fable over again;—immortal youth beside the eternity of a deathless old age: the sea, Aurora; the land, Tithonus.

-The force and compass of an exquisitely applied word is Heine's "diablerie;"—it is a volume in four syllables. His was that inspiration of supernatural mischief, half divine, half Satanic,—divine in the reality of its power, Satanic in the glitter of its sneer,—that can not be called cynicism for the pain lurking beneath it, nor heart-ache for the scornful contempt that holds sympathy at arm's length. Theodore Martin has done a good service to English readers in his skillful and conscientious translations of Heine's shorter poems. The evanescence of their essential quality is something that one cannot appreciate until he has himself tried to distil this into the alembic of another tongue. grace of his love living, the biting scorn of it dead; the keen recognition of all beauty, and the inseparable conciousness of its fleetingness; the fervid struggle for success, and the accepting of failure as the ultimate and inevitable, rang their wearv changes to the confession

"Die allerschlimmste Krankheit ist das Leben, Und heilen kann sie nur der Tod."

There are but rare moods for most of us—happily perhaps—when the music on such a minor key delivers its sweetness, when it finds a place, and a response in our feelings. But this

happens oftener for Heine's poetry than for his prose. They are alike; in both he pours out his soul as completely as such a self-conscious nature ever can. But the prose we can disbelieve in the depths of our hearts, the poetry never; although Heine, the Jew of Frankfort, vanishes to a voice, Heine, the soul of sorrow and longing and unrest of all nationalities, speaks, when we hear at all, as our hearts.

"The spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!"

---It was one day last summer. I had adjusted the twenty-ninth worm on her hook, had reassured her against the broad bare rock on which she stood being the haunt of a select society of rattlesnakes or boa-constrictors, had entreated for a quarter of an hour's silence from splashing,—under some conditions it is a happy ordering of nature that trout do not mind conversation, -- and had betaken myself cautiously down the stream to where a dam afforded a hermitage to a patriarchal trout, endowed by legend and history with an uncanny age and wariness. I anxiously seek to lodge a couple of Coachmen in the pool by the apron;—the confounded snell is caught on that twig. As I mention to myself in a low but earnest tone the common noun appertaining to the structure beside me, dulcet tones come floating down, laden with the command that I put a worm on her hook at once,—those cunning little minnows have stolen it again, and she's sure she saw a trout jump. I leave my rod and impale another worm. In the brief interval of the process she has broken the tip of her pole, found that she has lost her handkerchief, torn her glove,—and besides is tired and wants to rest. I feel that the pleasures of society are incompatible with success in providing one's table with trout; however-She: "How horridly red you are, Clarence." (C. is not my name, but what it would have been had my parents been persons of the most correct taste.) "Am I getting sunburned too?"—In a tone of alarm. I say she never looked so charming; I try to quote the lines of Tennyson about "sweet girlgraduates, with their golden hair,"—she's Vassar, and I learned the lines on purpose,—but can't remember them.

supplies them promptly, and I feel like a fool. (Confound it, she's thinking that I look so, I know she is!) I go on winding the tip. She: "Don't try to pay compliments, Clarence; you always get them wrong. Don't you remember how you tried that same quotation on Miss Jones,—it went well enough till you got to the hair,—and hers is so red; but you oughtn't have pointed it by stopping short. She was awfully mad." (How the devil did she hear of that.) He: "That was another fellow, not me." She: "You told me about it yourself." (With a touch of hauteur.) I back down at once, remarking that I never could quote. Whereupon she gives Mill and Ruskin on the folly of stealing other people's words with their ideas, and wants to know if I recall Novella's witty saying. As I am a Fourth Division man I don't. Am glad of it. She gives it,—heavens, in the Italian! I say I did not take the Italian optional, I preferred Sanskrit. (That's a settler!) "Do I think the Sâma-Veda comparable as to dialectic purity with ----?" A thousand pardons, but wasn't that a snake? With that base manœuvre, I catch up my rod and dejectedly escort her back to camp. Now what I want to know is, how to stop this sort of thing. I say my wittiest things,—at any rate other girls have always laughed at them,—but she doesn't mind them. Yet I am her slave ah, me! And the trout; -I am going to the interior of Alaska this summer.

——It is some time since I came to the conclusion that the world is hollow, and that most of the human dolls upon it have their heads filled with saw-dust. This melancholy reflection forced itself upon me one evening after a fashionable reception. There, for nearly half an hour, Miss Rattlebrain poured into my ear a babbling rill of insipid small talk and gossip. After that Miss Slowhead and I exchanged a few crude ideas at five minute intervals, and when at last I was about to enjoy a few moments of pleasure, listening to a brilliant, ardent creature, an iceberg of a mamma floated up to us, and chilled out the last spark of warmth. To cap the climax, Fred Snipkins-you all know what an insufferable bore he is-came home with me and talked for two mortal hours about that same Miss R., who had quite captivated the fellow. Having reached this sad conclusion about humanity, the necessity of a long sojourn in the

midst of that stupid and uninteresting mass made my only resource a patient resignation to go through the world, boring my fellow creatures and being bored in turn. It is out of that resignation that my great hope of relief has come. I strive never to be irritated but always calm and philosophic in the presence of the most tiresome. I am studying individual peculiarities of thought, word, utterance and action, and am greatly amused thereby. I have become quite a student of human nature, not only of the deep marks that characterize all humanity, but of the small, personal grooves and scratches that can be classified only with difficulty. All the Snipkinses the Rattlebrains, and the Slowheads trouble me less and less. They are but interesting specimens of the genus homo, species bore, who may be further classed as conscious or unconscious bores, selfish bores, good natured bores, etc. Thus I am. arranging and classifying this uninviting mass of mankind like other productions of nature, and I assure you it is an interesting study.

-A friend said to me yesterday, "There is one thing I shall never understand,—why we shun so carefully that emotional heightening of intellectual interest that is systematically sought in the most highly developed literatures, and which found such abundant expression in the works of the Elizabethan poets." Now my friend said this, not I. theories are too often iconoclastic and revolutionary, therefore I would not rashly father one. "There is a stereotyped idea," he went on, "that all intense delight in beauty of sentiment, or of the senses inevitably tends to ultimate "slopping over." -degenerates into a sentimental epicurism that simply ener-That a course of Charles Baudelaire is injudicious for the callow mind,—il va sans dire; yes, you may include Swinburne if you wish. All I mean to say is that there is a vast treasure-house of cleanly, wholesome sentiment, quite independent of 'science' and 'facts' for its effects, which all of us would be the better for experiencing. But, forsooth, because much of it is in poetry, and most of it fictitious, we turn up our practical, progressive noses at what is as far above us as God's stars. No, I am not getting mad at the limitations and shortcomings of the ordinary man; I take him as I find him and I find him worth the taking. Only let him read,—Kingsley, Thackeray, Winthrop's 'John Brent,'- not to go out of our own times nor into poetry,—and have some conscious feelings excited beside a languid interest in the story. He will be tenfold the better man for it. Isn't it true, as somebody says, that poetry is the absolute reality, and the more poetic the truer? Cast out science to the four winds if she is to break the sweep of those divine wings that can, if we will, bear us toward the Infinite and the Eternal.' Here, happily, the bell rang and we went our different ways. I was glad of the interruption, for I am conservative.

---Those of us who have learned to love George Eliot through the personages of her earlier tales, and who find in the quaint wit and wisdom of Mrs. Poyser something better than Mordecai's wealth of learning, in the simple devotion of Mr. Gilfil something nobler than Deronda's critical, conscious love-making, feel ourselves in a tiresome, glaring world when we meet the dazzle of a new work from our author's pen. We are disillusionne and she is to blame. We feel like children who, after closing a fairy tale with a sigh of regret, are told by our wiser elders that the princess and the prince as well as the fairies are only clever inventions. This is to say that we inconsistently buy "Theophrastus Such," read it delightedly, and turn around and abuse it. The title is an aggravation. It flings the gauntlet in our faces with the implication that even the aids of probability or euphemism are superfluous. Yes, and they are. We are angry with ourselves; we feel that we are unfaithful to our first loves, but we grin perforce at the puppets that are so skillfully manipulated from behind the curtain. Look at Hinze, the deferential man; who always strokes his hat with downcast eyes, "as if to relieve his feelings under the pressure of the remarkable conversation which it is his honor to enjoy." The ass gains a character at his expense: "some listeners, incautious in their epithets, would have called Hinze 'an ass.' For my part, I would never insult that intelligent and unpretending animal, who, no doubt, brays with perfect simplicity and substantial meaning to those acquainted with his idiom, and if he feigns more submission than he feels, has weighty reasons for doing so." It is very satirical, very amusing, but—.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record begins with the

Spring Athletic Games,

Held at Hamilton Park, Saturday, May 24. Prizes were awarded as follows: 100 yards dash—J. Moorhead, '79 S.S.S.; quarter-mile run—F. A. Stokes, '79; mile run—A. F. Jones, Law; standing high jump—F. S. Peabody, '81 S.S.S.; half-mile dash—C. H. Wetmore, Law; 220 yards run—W. C. Witherbee, '80; throwing base ball—J. Moorhead, '79 S.S.S.; "Go-as-you-please" race, six miles—M. G. Norton, Law.

The first championship game of

Base Ball

With the Brown University nine was won at Hamilton Park, Friday, May 30. Score:

	BROWN.														
	A.B.	R.	В.	T.B	P.O	. А.	H.	1	A.B.	R.	В.	T.B	. P.O	. А.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.	5	0	3	4	3	I	1	Richmond, p.	4	О	0	О	2	9	2
Parker, 3b.	5	О	2	3	2	2	I	Hovey, c. f.	4	0	I	I	0	Ó	0
Lamb, p.	4	0	0	Ō	I	5	I	Meader, r. f.	4	0	2	2	I	0	0
Walden, 2b.	4	o	0	0	5	4	3	Winslow, c.	4	0	0	0	11	0	0
Hopkins, 1b.	4	0	I	1	10	Ġ	ō	White, 1b.	4	0	I	1	8	0	0
Camp, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	Ladd, 2b.	4	0	Ö	0	I	2	0
Clark, c. f.	4	0	1	1	2	О	0	Dilts, s. s.	3	0	I	1	I	5	I
Smith, c.	4	I	1	I	3	2	1	Greene, l. f.	3	0	o	o	2	ō	0
Ripley, r. f.	-	I	0		I	0	0	Waterman, 3b.	3	0	0	0	I	I	0
			_	_	_		_		_	—	_			_	
	38	2	8	10	27	14	7		33	0	5	5	27	17	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

1	nni	ing	s,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,				О	0	0	0	0	0	2	О	0-2
Brown.				. 0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

Two-base hits—Hutchison, Parker. 1st base on balls—Yale, 1. 1st base on errors—Yale, 2; Brown, 3. Struck out—Yale, 7; Brown, 2. Balls called—on Lamb, 66; on Richmond, 70. Strikes called—on Lamb, 12; on Richmond, 10. Passed balls—Smith, 1. Wild pitches—Lamb, 1. Time of game—2 hours 10 minutes. Umpire—Geo. J. Hiller.

This game was followed the next day at the same place by the second and final victory over Princeton, as follows:

	YAI	LE.						P	RINC	ETC	N.				
	A.B.	R.	В.	T.B	. P.C), A.	E.	·	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B	. P.C). A.	B.
Hutchison, s. s	s. 4	О	I	I	0	6	0	Wigton, 1b.	4	0	0	0	14	I	I
Parker, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	3	0	Van Dyke, l. f.	4	0	О	О	Ö	0	0
Lamb, p.	4	0	0	0	2	8	0	Pennock, 3b.	4	0	0	• о	I	2	2
Walden, 2b.	4	0	0	0	0	2	I	Snook, 2b.	3	0	О	0	5	4	I
Hopkins, 1b.	4	I	0	o	τ8	o	1	Warren, s. s.	3	0	o	О	Ĭ	8	3
Camp, l. f.	4	2	2	2	0	0		Horton, p.	3	0	0	o	0	4	ĭ
Clark, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	О	0		3	0	0	o	1	ö	0
Watson, c.	4	0	I	I	7	5	0	McNair, c. f.	3	0	o	o	2	0	0
Ripley, r. f.	4	o	0	0	Ö	ŏ	1	l a a a'	3	0	0	О	3	2	2
1 ,,		_			_	_	_	·		_			_	_	_
	36	3	4	4	27	24	3		30	o	o	o	27	21	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,									
Princeton, .	0	О	О	О	0	0	О	0	0-0

First base on balls—Yale, 1. 1st base on errors—Yale, 8; Princeton, 3 Struck out—Yale, 2; Princeton, 7. Balls called—on Lamb, 102; on Horton, 86. Strikes called—on Lamb, 17; on Horton, 22. Passed ball—Schenck, 1. Time—2 hours 25 minutes. Umpire—Geo. J. Hiller.

On Saturday, June 7, the nine, demoralized by annuals, played a loose game with Springfield at Hamilton Park. Score:

	YA:	LE.						SPI	RING	FIE	ELD.				
	A.B.	R.	В.	T.B	. P.C). A.	E.		A.B	. R.	В.	T.B	. P.C). A.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.	. 4	0	0	0	I	3	4	Cassidy, 1b.	6	3	3	4	7	0	0
Parker, 3b.	4	2	2	4	2	0	2	O'Leary, l. f.	5	4	3	6	Ö	0	0
Lamb, p.	4	I	I	I	o	3	0	Dunnigan, r. f.	5	2	2	2	О	0	0
Walden, 2b.	4	I			4	2	2	Pike, c. f.	5	2	3	4	3	0	1
Smith, c. f.	2	0	0	0	ò	0	0	1 ~	5	1	2	2	3	2	2
Camp, l. f.	3	I	I	1	3	0	1	Corcoran, s. s.	5	2	0	0	ŏ	4	0
Clark, 1b, c. f.	3			I	5	0	2	l	5	2	T	I	2	ŏ	Ī
Stanton, c.	I		Ī		3	0	2		5	I	I	I	ī	3	ī
Ripley, r. f.	3	o	I	2	ő	2	0	l ' *	5	2	3	3	5	2	3
Watson, c.	2	o	0	o	T	0	T			_		_		_	_
Hopkins, 1b.	7	Õ	o	ō	2	T	ī		46	τo	т8	23	21	7.7	8
110pm, 10.	_	_		_	_	_	_		40	-9	-0	-3		••	J
	27	5	8	11	21	ΙI	15								

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Inning	ŗs,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7
		o	o	0	I	o	3	1 5
Springfield,		9	Ţ	2	3	0	4	0—19

Earned runs—Yale, 1; Springfield, 3. Two-base hits—Ripley, Pike, Cassidy. Three-base hit—Parker. Home run—O'Leary. 1st base on errors—Yale, 3; Springfield, 9. Struck out—Yale, 3; Springfield, 1. Strikes called—Lamb, 11; Goldsmith, 10. Passed balls—Stanton, 2; Watson, 1; Knowdell, 2. Wild pitch—Goldsmith, 1. Time—1 hour 42 minutes. Umpire—Geo. J. Hiller.

The return game with Brown was lost at Providence, Monday, June 9, by the following score:

	ΥA	LE.							BRO	WN					
		R.	В.	T.B	. P.O	. А.	E.		A.B.	R.	В.	T.B	. P.O	. А.	В.
Hutchison, s. s.	4	I	1	2	0	2	0	Hovey, c. f.	4	I	I	1	o	I	0
Parker, 3b.	4	О	I	I	1	0	0	Meader, r. f.	4	I	I	1	1	0	0
Lamb, p.	4	o	О	0	0	4	2	Winslow, c.	4	0	0	0	6	4	I
Walden, 2b.	4	0	o	0	3	4	0	White, 1b.	4	0	3	3	12	ö	2
Hopkins, 1b.	4	0	I	I		Ö		Ladd, 2b.	4	0	ō	ō	5	2	2
Camp, l.f.	4	o	I	I	3	0	0	Dilts, s. s.	4	О	0	o	ō	5	0
Clark, c. f.	À	0	0	o	3	0	2	Richmond, p.	4	1		2	1	7	3
Smith, c.	4	o	0	o	=	4		Greene, l. f.	4	ō	I	I	Ī	ó	ő
Ripley, r. f.	4	I				ŏ	ó		3	o	o	ō	I	o	2
		_	_	_	_		_	J		_	_		_	_	_
	36	2	5	6	27	14	12		35	3	7	8	27	19	01
					SC	ORE	INNINGS.								

Inning	ζS,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, .		1	0	0	0	О	О	o	I	0-2
Brown, .		1	0	0	0	0	I	1	О	0-3

Earned run—Yale, 1. Two-base hits—Hutchison, Richmond. 1st base on balls—Yale, 1; Brown, 1. 1st base on errors—Yale, 7; Brown, 3. Struck out—Yale, 5; Brown, 6. Balls called—on Lamb, 71; on Richmond, 90. Strikes called—on Lamb, 15; on Richmond, 22. Double play—Walden and Hopkins. Passed balls—Smith, 7. Wild pitch—Lamb, 1; Richmond, 1. Time—2 hours 37 minutes. Umpire—Cross.

The Providence league nine was defeated by Yale at Hamilton Park, Wednesday, June 11. Score:

	ΥA	LE.						PR	ovii	EN	CE.				
	A.B.	. R.	В.	T.E	3. P.C). A.	E.		A.B.	R.	В.	т. 1	3. P.C). A	. E.
Hutchison, s.	s. 5	1	2	2	0	5	3	Start, 1b.	5	2	4	4	9	0	0
Parker, 3b.	5	1	2	2	3	1	0	Hines, c. f.	5	I	2	2	3	I	О
Lamb, p.	5	I	3	4	I	6	О	O'Rourke, r. f.	5	0	I	I	ō	0	0
Walden, 2b.	5	I	Ō	o	2	I	I	McGeary, 2b.	5	I	2	2	3	4	0
Hopkins, 1b.	5	I	I	I	12	0	0	Wright, s. s.	4	0	0	О	2	2	0
Camp, l. f.	5	2	I	I	3	0	0	York, l. f.	4	0	I	3	0	1	0
Watson, c.	5	I	I	2	2	3	2	Brown, c.	4	I	0	ō	9	2	4
Ripley, r. f.	4	I	I	I	0	I	0	Matthews, p., 3	b. 4	0	0	О	ó	5	4
Platt, c. f.	4	I	2	2	4	0	0	Ward, 3b., p.	4	I	0	О	1	5	3
		_		_	_		_	_	_					_	
	43	10	13	15	27	17	6		40	6	10	12	27	20	11

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	o	I	2	2	0	4	0	0	110
Providence.	0	0	I	1	3	Ó	1	0	o 6

Earned runs—Yale, 3; Providence, 2. Two-base hits—Watson, Lamb. Three-base hit—York. 1st base on balls—Yale, 3. 1st base on errors—Yale, 4; Providence, 4. Struck out—Yale, 3; Providence, 5. Balls called—on Lamb, 86; on Mathews and Ward, 142. Strikes called—on Lamb, 18; on Mathews and Ward, 19. Double play—Hines and McGeary. Passed balls—Watson, 2; Brown, 3. Wild pitches—Mathews, 1. Time—3 hours 20 min. Umpire—Robert Ferguson.

On Friday, June 13, the nine played at the Park their third game with Holyoke, and were beaten by heavy batting:

	YA	LE.						HO	LY	OK	E.				
		R.	B.	T.B	. P.O). A.	E.		۱.В.	R.	В.	T.B	. P.O	. А.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.	4	0	1	1	1	5	1	McGrath, c.	5	2	2	2	3	4	3
Parker, 3b.	4	I	I	3	I	2	I	Powell, 1b.	5	2	3	5	9	0	0
Lamb, p.	4	0	2	2	2	6	I	Connor, 3b.	5	I	2	3	Ī	4	I
Walden, 2b.	4	0	1	I	4	2	σ	Winchester, 2b.	5	I	2	4	4	I	I
Hopkins, 1b.	4	0	0	0	12	0	T	Gillespie, l. f.	5	1	0	Ó	4	0	1
Camp, l. f.	4	0	0	О	3		О	W. Sullivan, r. f	. 5	I	2	4	o	О	0
Clark, c. f.	3	1	. 0	О	Ī	0	2	Welch, p.	4	0	3	3	2	5	0
Stanton, c.	3	0	I	I	3	3	I	J. Sullivan, c. f.	4	О	ŏ			ō	0
Ripley, r. f.	3	О	I	2	ō	ō			4		0	0	2	3	0
	_	_	_	_	_	_	_	•	_		—	_	_	_	_
	33	2	7	10	27	18	7		42	8	14	2 I	27	17	6
					SC	ORE	ву	INNINGS.							
Innina	_		-		_				_		0				

Innings,	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	0	o	1	I	0	0	o—2
Holyoke, .	0	I	1	o	0	2	I	О	38

Earned runs—Yale, I; Holyoke, 6. Two-base hits—Ripley, Connor, W. Sullivan 2; Three-base hits—Parker, Powell, Winchester. 1st base on errors—Yale, 2; Holyoke, 3. Struck out—Yale, 3; Holyoke, 7. Balls called—on Lamb, 94; on Welch, 107. Strikes called—on Lamb, 21; on Welch, 9, Double play—Hutchison, Walden, and Hopkins. Passed ball—Stanton 1. Wild pitch—Lamb, 1. Time—2 hours 7 min. Umpire—Geo. J. Hiller.

On Saturday, the 14th, at Hamilton Park, the nine outplayed the Utica professionals, but were nevertheless defeated, as follows:

	Y.A	LE.						1	UT	CA.					
		. R.	В.	T.B	. P.O	. А.	R.		A.B.	R.	В.	T.B	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.	- 5	0	0	0	2	6	0	Daily, s. s.	5	0	0	0	I	4	I
Parker, 3b.	4	0	0	О	I	I	1	Mack, 1b.	4	I	1	1	12	I	0
Lamb, p.	4	1	τ	I	1	5	0	Dennin, 2b.	4	0	0.	0	8	2	1
Walden, 2b.	4	О	I	I	4	Ī	0	Battin, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	3	I
Watson, 1b., c.	4	o	2	2	13	0	I	Remsen, c. f.	. 4	0	I	I	3	ō	0
Camp, l.f.	4	0	1	I	2	o	0	Kennedy, l. f.	4	I	2	2	Ī	0	I
Clark, c. f.	4	О	o	0	0	1	o	Dolan, c.	4	0	2	2	2	5	I
Smith, c., 1b.	4	0	I	1		I		Roche, r. f.	4	0	1	I	I	ŏ	0
Ripley, r. f.	•							Keefe, p.	4	0	0	0	1	5	4
• • •							_			_	—	_	_	_	
	37	1	6	6	30	16	4		37	2	7	7	30	20	9
					SC	ORE	ву	INNINGS.							
Inninge				•				5 6 7		R	_		7.0		

			SCOR	E BY	INNIN	GS.				
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	О	0	0	I	0—1
Utica,	I	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	I2

First base on balls—Yale, 2. 1st base on errors—Yale, 5; Utica, 1. Struck out—Yale, 3; Utica, 2. Balls called—on Lamb, 48; on Keefe, 107. Strikes called—on Lamb, 12; on Keefe, 13. Passed balls—Smith, 2; Watson, 1. Wild pitches—Keefe, 2. Time—2 hours 5 minutes. Umpire—Robert Ferguson.

This experience was almost exactly repeated in the very next game, which was played against Worcester on the Howard avenue grounds Thursday, June 19, and resulted in an undeserved defeat in ten innings:

YALE.								WORCESTER.							
	A.B.	R.	В.	T.B.	P.O	. А.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O	. А.	E.
Hutchison, s. s	5. 5	О	I	I	I	3	0	Bennett, c. f.	4	0	О	0	I	0	0
Parker, 2b.	5	0	0	0	2	O	I	Knight, r. f.	4	0	I	1	2	0	o
Lamb, p.	4	0	2	3	I	7	0		4	I	I	I	4	o	0
Walden, 2b.	4	0	I	I	1	5	I		4	I	0	0	Q	3	0
Hopkins, 1b.	4	0	О	0	12	0	О	Sullivan, 1b.	4	0	1	I	II	0	I
Camp, l. f.	2	0	0	0	I	0	0	Nichols, p.	4	0	0	0	0	II	0
Clark, c. f.	4	0	0	0	4	0	1	Irwin, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	4	2
Watson, c.	4	0	0	0	7	1	4	Bushong, c.	3	0	0	0	8	Ī	4
Ripley, r. f.	4	0	I	I	Ó	0	o	Brady, 2b.	3	0	0	0	3	0	ò
Smith, l. f.	2	0	1	I	I	0	О	,	_	_				_	—
	_	_		_	—		_	ļ	33	2	3	3	30	19	7
	38	0	6	7	30	16	7	1					-	•	•

		S	CORE	BY II	NNING	s.				
Inning s ,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	О	0	0	0	00
Worcester, .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2-2

Earned runs—none. Two-base hit—Lamb. 1st base on errors—Yale, 3; Worcester, 1. Struck out—Yale, 7; Worcester, 3. Balls called—on Lamb, 88; on Nichols, 83. Strikes called—Lamb, 13; Nichols, 18. Double play—Irwin and Sullivan. Passed balls—Watson, 4; Bushong, 1. Time—2 hours 20 minutes. Umpire—G. J. Hiller.

The Freshman nine defeated Williston Seminary at Easthampton, May 24, and won the Freshman championship by overcoming Harvard at Cambridge, May 31. Score:

								iuge,									
YALE, '82.								williston.									
	A.B	. R.	B. T.B. P.O. A. E.				A.B. R				R.	B.	T.B.	P.O	. А.	E.	
Platt, 3b.	7	5	3	5	0	2	1					2	2	2	6	I	2
Badger, 2b.	7	4	3	3	2	4	0	Gardner, 3b.				2	I	2	2	I	3
Billings, 1b.	7	2	3	5	14	0	2	Bell, r. f.				2	2	2	0	О	I
Stanton, c.	7	3	2	2	6	I	I	Jessup, p.				2	2	2	I	9	3
Griggs, s. s.	6	I	2	2	2	4	1	Lawrence, c. f.				I	2	2	О	ó	ō
Kellogg, r. f.	6	2	2	2	I	0	1	Lym	an, s	s. s.	5 5	I	2	2	О	1	1
Chamberlain,	p. 6	2	2	2	0	6	I	Júdd	, l. f.		4	0	2	2	o	0	0
McBride, c. f.	6	1	1	1	I	О	0	Hills			5	0	О	0	12	0	4
Tracy, l. f.	6	1	·1	2	I	0	1	Wilcox, 2b.			4	1	0	0	6	4	i
,,	_		_		_	_				_	_	_	_			_	
	58	21	19	24	27	17	8				43	11	13	14	27	16	15
					SCC	DRE	BY	INNI	IGS.								
Inn	ings	,	1		2	3	}	4	5	6	7		8	ç)		
Yale, .			О		2	C)	0	II	2	I		3	2	22	19	
Williston,			2		0	О)	0 0 3				2 0-11		1			
								•	·	,	4		2	C	_,		
									Ü	•	·		_				
	YALE	c, '8	2.						Ū	HA	·	RD,	_		,— .		
	YALI A.B.	R.	В.		. P.O		E.			HA	RVA	RD,	'82	₽.	, P.O		E.
Platt, 3b.		R. 2	в. 2	т.в. 2	P.O 2	. a .	E. O	Snov	, 3 b	HA)	RVA		'82	₽.			E. O
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b.	а.в. 4 5	R. 2 3	В.					Olm	7, 3b	HA1	RVA	R.	'82 в.	г. В.	. р.о 2 3	. А.	
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p.	а.в. 4 5	R. 2	в. 2	2	2	6	0	Olm: Chap	, 3b sted,	HA) 1. f. s. s.	RVA A.B 5	R.	'82 в. І	2. т.в. ј	. p.o 2 3 3	. A. I	0
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p. Stanton, c.	а.в. 4	R. 2 3	в. 2 3	2 3	2 4	6 4	0	Olms Chap Burt	7, 3b sted, oin, 1b.	HA) 1. f. s. s.	RVA A.B 5 4 4	. R. I	'82 в. І	2. Т.В. І І	. р.о 2 3	. A. I O	0 0 1
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p. Stanton, c.	а.в. 4 5	R. 2 3 I	в. 2 3 I	2 3 1	2 4 1	6 4 1	0 0 2	Olms Chap Burt Rich	7, 3b sted, oin, 1b. ards	HA) 1. f. 5. s. 60n, 2b.	RVA A.B 5 4 4	. R. I I	'82 B. I I	2. T.B. J I 2	. p.o 2 3 3	. A. I O 2	0
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p.	A.B. 4 5 5 5	R. 2 3 I	в. 2 3 1 0	2 3 1 0	2 4 1 2	6 4 1 1	0 0 2 2	Olms Chap Burt Rich	7, 3b sted, oin, 1b. ards	HA) 1. f. 5. s. 60n, 2b.	RVA A.B 5 4 4	. R. I I O	'82 B. I I I	2. T.B. J I 2	. р.о 2 3 3	. A. I O 2	0 0 1
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p. Stanton, c. Griggs, s. s.	A.B. 4 5 5 5 4 4	R. 2 3 1 0	B. 2 3 I 0 2	2 3 1 0 2	2 4 1 2 1	6 4 1 1 3	0 0 2 2 2	Olms Chap Burt Rich Perr	7, 3b sted, oin, 1b. ards in, c	HA) 1. f. 5. s. 6on, 2b. 6. f. 6.	RVA A.B 5 4 4 4	. R. I I O I	'82 B. I I O I	2. T.B. I I 2 O I	. P.O 2 3 3 8 4	. A. I O 2 I 2	0 0 0 I 2
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p. Stanton, c. Griggs, s. s. Hebard, tb.	A.B. 4 5 5 5 4 4	R. 2 3 1 0 0	B. 2 3 I 0 2 I	2 3 1 0 2 1	2 4 1 2 1 13	6 4 1 3 0	0 0 2 2 2 1	Olms Chap Burt Rich Perr	7, 3b sted, oin, 1b. ards in, c	HA) 1. f. 5. s. 60n, 2b. 6. f.	RVA A.B 5 4 4 4 4	. R. I I O I	'82 B. I I O I	T.B. I I 2 O I O	. P.O 2 3 3 8 4 3	. A. I O 2 I 2	0 0 0 1 2
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p. Stanton, c. Griggs, s. s. Hebard, tb. Chamberlain, 1	A.B. 5 5 5 4 4 r.f. 4	R. 2 3 1 0 0	B. 2 3 I 0 2 I	2 3 1 0 2 1 0	2 4 1 2 1 13 2	6 4 1 3 0 0	0 0 2 2 2 1 1	Olms Chap Burt Rich Perr	7, 3b sted, oin, 1b. ards in, c ens,	HAD 1. f. s. s. son, 2b. . f. c. i, r. f.	RVA A.B 5 4 4 4 4 4	. R. I I O I O	'82 B. I I O I	2. T.B. I 2 O I O	. P.O 2 3 3 8 4 3 5	. A. I O 2 I 2 I 4	0 0 0 1 2 0 3
Platt, 3b. Badger, 2b. Billings, p. Stanton, c. Griggs, s. s. Hebard, tb. Chamberlain, th. McBride, c. f.	A.B. 4 5 5 5 4 4 r.f. 4	R. 2 3 I 0 O 0 O	B. 2 3 I 0 2 I 0	2 3 1 0 2 1 0 0	2 4 1 2 1 13 2 2	6 4 1 3 0 0	0 0 2 2 2 1 1	Olms Chap Burt Rich Perr Steve	7, 3b sted, oin, 1b. ards in, c ens,	HAD 1. f. s. s. son, 2b. . f. c. i, r. f.	RVA A.B 5 4 4 4 4 4 4	. R. I I O O O O	'82 B. I I O I O	T.B. J 1 2 0 1 0 0 0	3 3 3 4 3 5	. A. I O 2 I 2 I 4 O	0 0 0 1 2 0 3 1

SCORE BY INNINGS.											
Innings,		I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Yale, '82,				o	2	0	0	0	I	o	1— 6
Harvard, '82,		0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	0—5
Umpire—Mr	. K	Cello	gg.								_

Into the midst of these athletic contests the shadow of the next season was cast by the

Election of Officers

For the rowing, base ball, and foot ball associations of 1879-80, with the following result: Boat Club—President, W. C. McHenry, '80; Vice President, W. S. McCrea, '80 S.S.S.; Treasurer, Prof. A. M. Wheeler; Assistant Treasurer, W. J. Brewster, '81; Secretary, G. B. Preston, '81. Base Ball Association—President, J. F. Shepley, '80; Treasurer, W. E. Decrow, '80; Secretary, D. W. McMillan, '81. Foot Ball Association—President, E. W. Walker, '80; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Barnes, '81; Reception Committee, F. Brooks and W. T. Haviland, '80. The crew have chosen for their captain next year G. B. Rogers, '80 S.S.S., and the foot ball team have re-elected W. C. Camp, '80.

The beginning of the end was likewise marked by the

Class Suppers

Held at Savin Rock, June 16 by the Scientific Seniors, and June 18 by their Academic brethren, the latter occasion being preceded by the usual ceremonies at the fence; and by the Freshmen at New London, June 19.

The exercises of Commencement Week began on Monday, June 23, with the

DeForest Speaking

By the six Townsend men, whose names and subjects were the following: Lucien F. Burpee, Rockville, Conn., "The Benevolence of Law;" Samuel M. Foster, Newburgh, N. Y., "Edmund Burke;" George W. Kirchwey, Albany, N. Y., "Edmund Burke;" Louis J. Swinburne, Albany, N. Y., "The Unrest of the Age as seen in its Literature;" L. DuPont Syle, Baltimore, Md., "The Comparative Influence of Wordsworth

and Byron on the English Poetry of To-day;" Ambrose Tighe, Brooklyn, N. Y., "The Benevolence of Law." The DeForest medal was awarded by the faculty to Louis J. Swinburne. The successful oration, a production of unusual merit, is printed, according to custom, in this number of the Lit.

We close the Memorabilia of this volume with the following recent

Items.

The Yale Book is on the campus.—G. W. Pach has been elected class photographer by the Academic Juniors, and Notman and Campbell by the Scientifics. - The Senior Statistics have been published by J. G. C. Sonn.—The Index was issued, June 14, by L. L. Stanton and J. D. Torreyson, '79. --- M. Coxe, L. L. Stanton, H. J. TenEyck, F. W. Williams, and J. E. Wilson, were ushers at the Townsend Speaking.— The base ball president and captain have been empowered by the university to contract with Harvard next fall an agreement to abstain from using players of less than one year's college standing.—The university crew went to New London, Thursday, June 19.—A praise service of unusual excellence was held in Battell Chapel Sunday evening, June 15. —Two parties of Juniors have left for Europe.—The graduating committee of '79 S.S.S. consists of G. F. H. Bartlett, A. W. Congdon, G. W. Meeker, H. Roorbach, and W. S. Silsby.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Secret of Success; or, How to Get on in the World. With some remarks upon true and false success, and the art of making the best use of life. By By W. H. Davenport Adams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879. For sale by Judd.

Though the author has entered a field where others have labored successfully before him, he has nevertheless produced a work well worth reading, even by those who are familiar with Craik's Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, Smiles' Self-Help, and Matthews' Getting on in the World. Having acquainted himself with the ground covered by his predecessors, he has filled out their deficiencies and really made an addition to the literature on the subject. Passing over the chapters on "Time and its Uses," "Aims in Life," "A Steady purpose," "The Three P's—Punctuality, Prudence, Perseverance," we come to three that occupy nearly one-half of the book—namely, those on "Business Habits," "Business Men and Business Notes," and "The Race and the Athlete." It is in these chapters that the peculiar value of the work consists. A large number of business maxims enforced by a rich abundance of examples from real business life will commend themselves to all young men who are beginning life on their own account and who wish to begin aright.

Detmold: A Romance. By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1879.

This romance differs from most works of fiction in that properly it has no hero or heroine, no persons that are exalted above the usual run of men and women. It reads like a bit of history from common life. Its moderation in tone and trueness to the facts of life as we daily observe them, form its chief attractions. There is no straining whatever for effect. As the author says in closing, "he (the central figure) is presented simply for what he is; there are both better and worse." The scene is laid in Verona and among the Alps. Detmold, a young architect, having fallen in love with a rich merchant's adopted daughter, and resolving that foreign travel on her part should not put him at a disadvantage by giving her a fund of experience to which he would be a stranger, and which would tend to some extent to separate their courses of thought, follows her to Europe. In that country, too, he would be more free from that dark shadow that continually galled his sensitive spiritthe shadow of a crime committed by his father and his father's partner in business, in consequence of which, it was his fate to be born near prison walls. The history of his early life is unknown to the lady whom he loves. In the first proposal he completely surprises her and is rejected. Soon after a rival breaks the story of his father's disgrace, and, thinking that all is over, Detmold suddenly departs. He, however, sends her a letter, giving an exact account of his origin. She takes the letter to her adoptive father, who, when

he has read it amid some excitement, makes known to her that she is the daughter of the partner of Detmold's father. This discovery of a common shadow resting upon both draws her toward him, and having met him at an inn in an Alpine pass, it becomes her part to try to regain his friendship and love. A match and a marriage is the result. This is the plot, such as it is, in brief. Only a perusal of the work itself can give a complete idea of the skill and naturalness with which it is written.

RECEIVED.—From O. Ditson & Co., Boston, a song, "Let others seek," etc., by Arthur Sullivan, with a portrait of the author on the title page. Also one of Roeckel's songs, "The River and the Rose," and a ballad and chorus, called "The Chain of Daisies," of which George Cooper wrote the words. Also the "Fairies' March" by Mendelsohn; from "Midsummer Night's Dream;" a galop from the new opera "Fatinitza." and a four-hand piece by Christie, called "Sparkling Jewels."

EDITORS TABLE.

Again Lampy formulates the thought of editors, who, left in the lurch by contributors, are compelled to stay through Commencement week, simply to get out the last number of their paper.

"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
With constant calls for matter for the press,
And none turn up to help us through the mess?
Give us a rest! Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Give us a rest! How long will this thing last?
Where are the younger men that ought to come
And help us on with this incessant grind?
Couldn't they do it if they had a mind,
Or is it—as the inner spirit sings—
That we are still the roof and crown of things,
And undergraduate wit is all a hum?
Why should we toil alone to benefit mankind?"

The Beloit Round Table succumbs to the pressure by printing nearly fifteen columns on "The Value of the Spirit of Nationality as a Producing Cause of Literature," and "The Love and Appreciation of the Beautiful as Related to Morality."

The *Chronicle* defends co-education and adduces statistics to show that, of the whole number of gentlemen entered in the seven years of the existence of co-education, 66 per cent. graduated, and that of the whole number of ladies entered, 68 per cent. graduated.

The Miscellany bubbles over with enthusiam in its description of the excursion of the Junior and Senior classes on the steamer Mary Powell, in May. It also lays down this sound plank, on which every Vassar girl is supposed to take her stand: "The Vassar girl does desire a career. Whether it be a public career or a private career, she cares not, but she does wish it to be a useful career. If she is called out into the world, as many a woman is, she is ready and prepared to go. On the other hand, if she is called upon to stay at home, she will devote all her attainments to making that home one of culture and beauty."

The Lampoon discourses wisely and well on "The Class Poet:"

"The ship metaphor is a good one, but somewhat worn. The average poet is very prone to liken his class to a ship sailing for four years on the academic mill-pond, and about to be launched on the tempestuous sea of life. The garland simile is a little less hackneyed,—to represent the class as a beautiful chaplet of flowers lying in the sunshine of Alma Mater, its varied component parts forming a fragrant and perfect whole. These and others of a like stamp are undeniably good, but the public craves novelty,—something to suit the times. For example:

Four festive fleeting years are flown
Since, coming smiling to the scratch,
We started, classmates, you and I,
Upon our four years' walking match.

This is a capital theme, and offers a vast field for ingenuity. The laps of a walking track and the lapse of time afford an opportunity for subtle jests. The impediments to the feet of the athletes offered by Greek roots and logarithms might be effectively handled, and a flock of sheep could be introduced at the finish eagerly waiting to give up their hides to be converted into A. B.'s, as the prizes of the race."

Our pen sticks in the paper and breaks. Good-bye and a pleasant vacation!

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

7UNE, 1879.

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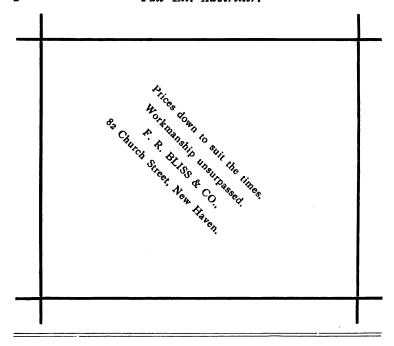
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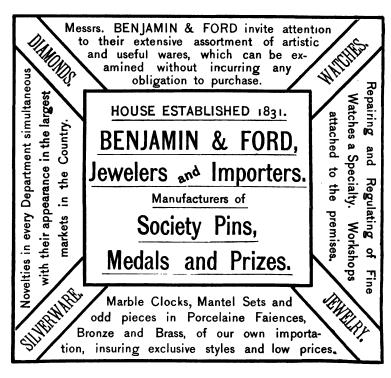
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